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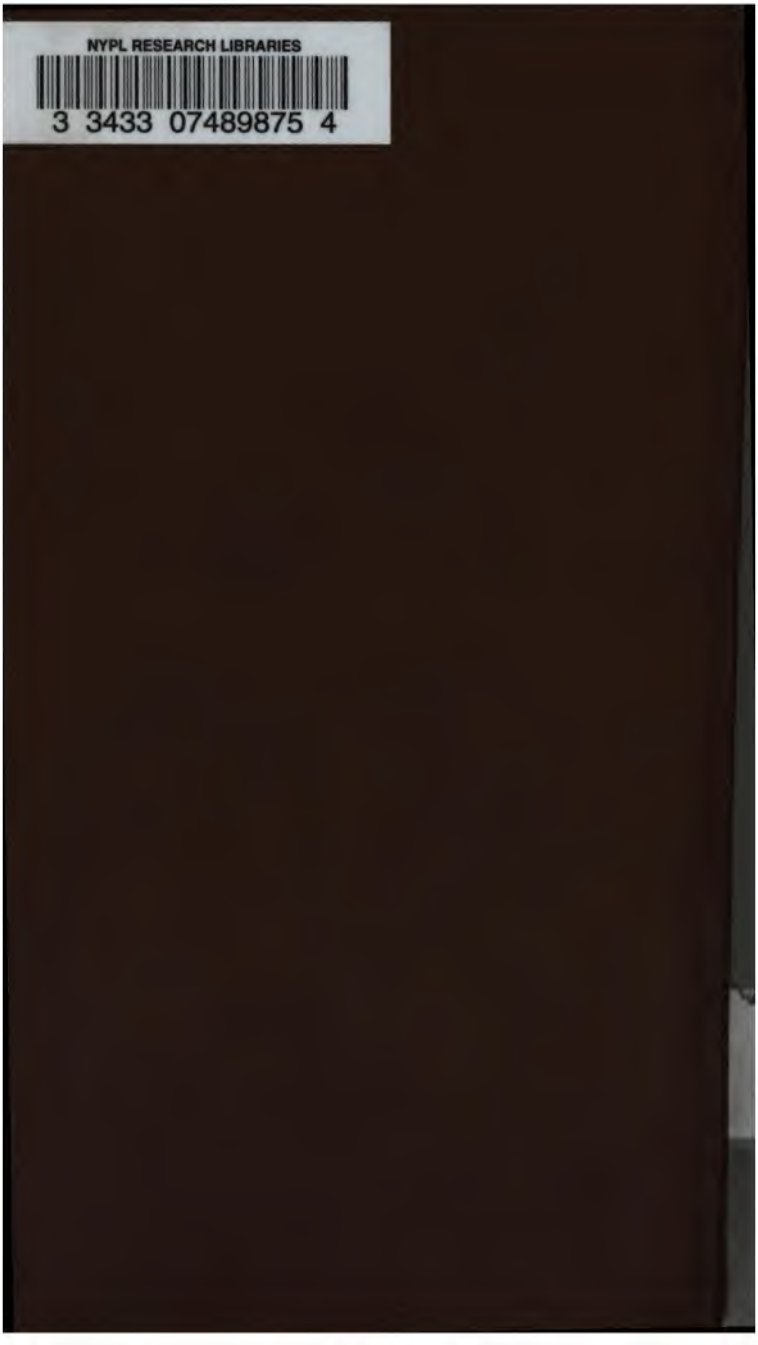
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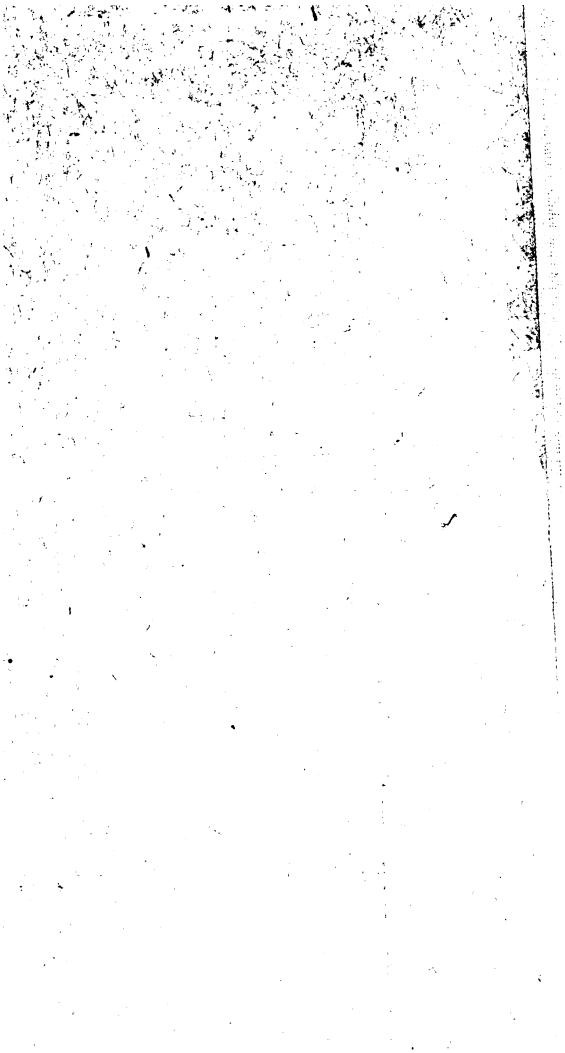

Shakespeare

THE

WORKS

OF

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

VOLUME SIXTH.

THE

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WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

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CONTAINING

KING LEAR,
TIMON OF ATHENS,
TITUS ANDRONICUS,
MACBETH,
CORIOLANUS.

EDINBURGH:

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1899

THE LIFE AND DEATH OF KING LEAR.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

'ing *of* Britain.
France.
Burgundy.
Cornwall.
Albany.
Glo'ſter.
Kent.
on to Glo'ſter.
, *baſtard ſon to* Glo'ſter.
courtier.

Steward to Gonerill.
in, employ'd by Edmund.

Gentleman, Attendant on Cordelia.
A Herald.
Old man, tenant to Glo'ſter.
Servant to Cornwall.
1ſt, 2d, } *Servants to* Glo'ſter.
Gonerill, Regan, Cordelia, } *daughters to* Lear.

Knights attending on the King, Officers, Meſſengers, Soldiers, and Attendants.

SCENE lies in Britain.

ACT I. SCENE I.

The King's palace.

nter Kent, Glo'ſter, and Edmund the Baſtard.

I Thought the King had more affected the Duke
any than Cornwall.
It did always ſeem ſo to us: but now, in the divi-
the kingdom, it appears not which of the Dukes
es moſt; for qualities are ſo weigh'd, that curio-
n neither *can make* choice of either's moiety.

rioſity, for exacteſt ſcrutiny.

Kent. Is not this your ſon, my Lord?

Glo. His breeding, Sir, hath been at my charge. I have ſo often bluſh'd to acknowledge him, that now I am braz'd to't.

Kent. I cannot conceive you.

Glo. Sir, this young fellow's mother could; whereupon ſhe grew round-womb'd; and had indeed, Sir, a ſon for her cradle, ere ſhe had a huſband for her bed. Do you ſmell a fault?

Kent. I cannot wiſh the fault undone, the iſſue of it being ſo proper.

Glo. But I have a ſon, Sir, by order of law, ſome year elder than this, who yet is no dearer in my account: though this knave came ſomewhat ſaucily into the world before he was ſent for, yet was his mother fair; there was good ſport at his making, and the whorſon muſt be acknowledged. Do you know this Nobleman, Edmund?

Edm. No, my Lord.

Glo. My Lord of Kent;——
Remember him hereafter as my honourable friend.

Edm. My ſervices to your Lordſhip.

Kent. I muſt love you, and ſue to know you better.

Edm. Sir, I ſhall ſtudy your deſerving.

Glo. He hath been out nine years, and away he ſhall again. [*Trumpets ſound, within.*
The King is coming.

SCENE II.

Enter King Lear, Cornwall, Albany, Gonerill, Regan, Cordelia, and Attendants.

Lear. Attend the Lords of France and Burgundy, Glo'ſter.

Glo. I ſhall, my Liege. [*Exit.*

Lear. Mean time we ſhall expreſs our darker† purpoſe.
Give me the map here: know, we have divided,
In three, our kingdom; and 'tis our firſt intent,
To ſhake all cares and buſineſs from our age:
Conferring them on younger ſtrengths, while we
Unburthen'd crawl tow'rd death. Our ſon of Cornwall,
And

† *Darker, for more ſecret; not for indirect, oblique.*

And you, our no leſs loving ſon of Albany,
We have this hour a conſtant will to publiſh
Our daughters ſev'ral dow'rs, that future ſtrife
May be prevented. The princes France and Burgundy,
Great rivals in our younger daughter's love,
Long in our court have made their am'rous ſojourn,
And here are to be anſwer'd. Tell me, daughters,
(Since now we will diveſt us, both of rule,
Int'reſt of territory, and cares of ſtate)
Which of you, ſhall we ſay, doth love us moſt?
That we our largeſt bounty may extend,
Where nature doth with merit challenge. Gonerill,
Our eldeſt born, ſpeak firſt.

Gon. I love you, Sir,
Dearer than eye-ſight, ſpace, and liberty;
Beyond what can be valued, rich or rare;
No leſs than life, with grace, health, beauty, honour;
As much as child e'er lov'd, or father found:
A love that makes breath poor, and ſpeech unable,
Beyond all manner † of ſo much I love you.

Cor. What ſhall Cordelia do? love, and be ſilent. [*Aſide.*

Lear. Of all theſe bounds, ev'n from this line to this,
With ſhadowy foreſts and with champions rich'd,
With plenteous rivers, and wide-ſkirted meads,
We make thee lady. To thine and Albany's iſſue
Be this perpetual.——What ſays our ſecond daughter,
Our deareſt Regan, wife of Cornwall? ſpeak.

Reg. I'm made of that ſelf-metal as my ſiſter,
And prize me at her worth, in my true heart.
I find ſhe names my very deed of love;
Only ſhe comes too ſhort: that I profeſs
Myſelf an enemy to all other joys,
Which the moſt precious ſquare of ſenſe poſſeſſes;
And find I am alone felicitate
In your dear Highneſs' love.

Cor. Then poor Cordelia! [*Aſide.*
And yet not ſo, ſince I am ſure my love's
More pond'rous than their tongues.

Lear. To thee and thine, hereditary ever,
Remain this ample third of our fair kingdom;

† *i. e. beyond all expreſſion.*

No leſs in ſpace, validity †, and pleaſure,
Than that conferr'd on Gonerill.—— Now our joy,
Although our laſt, not leaſt; in whoſe young love,
The vines of France, and milk of Burgundy,
Strive to be int'reſs'd: what ſay you, to draw
A third, more opulent than your ſiſters? ſpeak.

Cor. Nothing, my Lord.

Lear. Nothing?

Cor. Nothing.

Lear. Nothing can come of nothing; ſpeak again.

Cor. Unhappy that I am, I cannot heave
My heart into my mouth: I love your Majeſty
According to my bond, no more nor leſs.

Lear. How, how, Cordelia? mend your ſpeech a little,
Leſt you may mar your fortunes.

Cor. Good my Lord,
You have begot me, bred me, lov'd me. I
Return thoſe duties back, as are right fit;
Obey you, love you, and moſt honour you.
Why have my ſiſters huſbands, if they ſay,
They love you all? haply, when I ſhall wed,
That Lord whoſe hand muſt take my plight, ſhall carry
Half my love with him, half my care and duty.
Sure, I ſhall never marry like my ſiſters,
To love my father all.——

Lear. But goes thy heart with this?

Cor. Ay, my good Lord.

Lear. So young, and ſo untender?

Cor. So young, my Lord, and true.

Lear. Let it be ſo, thy truth then be thy dower:
For by the ſacred radiance of the ſun,
The myſteries of Hecate, and the night,
By all the operations of the orbs,
From whom we do exiſt, and ceaſe to be;
Here I diſclaim all my paternal care,
Propinquity, and property of blood,
And as a ſtranger to my heart and me,
Hold thee from this for ever. The barb'rous Scythian,
Or he that makes his generation meſſes,
To gorge his appetite, ſhall to my boſom
Be as well neighbour'd, pitied, and reliev'd,

As

† *Validity, for worth, value;* not for integrity, or good title.

As thou my ſometime daughter.
Kent. Good my Liege——
Lear. Peace, Kent!
Come not between the dragon and his wrath.
I lov'd her moſt, and thought to ſet my reſt
On her kind nurs'ry. Hence, avoid my ſight!—[*To Cor.*
So be my grave my peace, as here I give
Her father's heart from her. Call France; who ſtirs?
Call Burgundy.——Cornwall and Albany,
With my two daughters' dowers digeſt the third.
Let pride, which ſhe calls plainneſs, marry her.
I do inveſt you jointly with my power,
Preheminence, and all the large effects
That troop with Majeſty. Ourſelf by monthly courſe,
With reſervation of an hundred knights,
By you to be ſuſtain'd, ſhall our abode
Make with you by due turns: only retain
The name and all th' addition to a King;
The ſway, revenue, execution of th' reſt,
Beloved ſons, be yours; which to confirm,
This coronet part between you. [*Giving the crown.*
Kent. Royal Lear,
Whom I have ever honour'd as my King,
Lov'd as my father, as my maſter follow'd,
And as my patron thought on in my pray'rs——
Lear. The bow is bent and drawn, make from the
Kent. Let it fall rather, though the fork invade [ſhaft.
The region of my heart; be Kent unmannerly,
When Lear is mad: what would'ſt thou do, old man?
Think'ſt thou that duty ſhall have dread to ſpeak,
When power to flatt'ry bows? to plainneſs honour
Is bound, when Majeſty to folly falls.
Reſerve thy ſtate; with better judgment check
This hideous raſhneſs; with my life I anſwer,
Thy youngeſt daughter does not love thee leaſt;
Nor are thoſe empty-hearted, whoſe low ſound
Reverbs no hollowneſs.
Lear. Kent, on thy life no more.
Kent. My life I never held but as a pawn
To wage againſt thy foes; nor fear to loſe it,
Thy ſafety being the motive.
Lear. Out of my ſight?

Kent. See better, Lear, and let me ſtill remain
The true blank of thine eye.
Lear. Now by Apollo———
Kent. Now by Apollo, King,
Thou ſwear'ſt thy gods in vain.
Lear. O vaſſal! miſcreant!———
[*Laying his hand on his ſword.*
Alb. Corn. Dear Sir, forbear.
Kent. Kill thy phyſician, and thy fee beſtow
Upon the foul diſeaſe; revoke thy doom,
Or whilſt I can vent clamour from my throat,
I'll tell thee thou doſt evil.
Lear. Hear me, recreant!
Since thou haſt ſought to make us break our vow,
Which we durſt never yet; and with ſtrain'd pride,
To come betwixt our ſentence and our power†:
Which nor our nature, nor our place, can bear,
Our potency make good; take thy reward.
Five days we do allot thee for proviſion,
To ſhield thee from diſaſters of the world;
And, on the ſixth, to turn thy hated back
Upon our kingdom; if, the tenth day following,
Thy baniſh'd trunk be found in our dominions,
The moment is thy death: away! By Jupiter,
This ſhall not be revok'd.
Kent. Fare thee well, King; ſith thus thou wilt appear,
Freedom lives hence, and baniſhment is here;
The gods to their dear ſhelter take thee, maid, [*To Cor.*
That juſtly think'ſt, and haſt moſt rightly ſaid;
And your large ſpeeches may your deeds approve,
[*To Gon. and Reg.*
That good effects may ſpring from words of love.
Thus Kent, O princes, bids you all adieu,
He'll ſhape his old courſe in a country new. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

Enter Glo'ſter, with France and Burgundy, and Attendants.

Glo. Here's France and Burgundy, my Noble Lord.
Lear. My Lordof Burgundy,
We firſt addreſs tow'rd you, who with this King
Have

† *power, for execution of the ſentence.*

Have rivall'd for our daughter; what at leaſt
Will you require in preſent dower with her,
Or ceaſe your queſt of love?
Bur. Moſt Royal Majeſty,
I crave no more than what you Highneſs offer'd,
Nor will you tender leſs.
Lear. Right Noble Burgundy,
When ſhe was dear to us, we held her ſo;
But now her price is fall'n. Sir, there ſhe ſtands,
If aught within that little ſeeming ſubſtance,
Or all of it with our diſpleaſure piec'd,
And nothing more, may fitly like your Grace,
She's there, and ſhe is yours.
Bur. I know no anſwer.
Lear. Will you with thoſe infirmities ſhe owes,
Unfriended, new-adopted to our hate,
Dower'd with our curſe, and ſtranger'd with our oath,
Take her, or leave her?
Bur. Pardon, Royal Sir;
Election makes not up on ſuch conditions.
Lear. Then leave her, Sir; for by the pow'r that made me,
I tell you all her wealth.——For you, Great King,
[*To France.*
I would not from your love make ſuch a ſtray,
To match you where I hate; therefore beſeech you
T' avert † your liking a more worthy way,
Than on a wretch, whom nature is aſham'd
Almoſt t' acknowledge her's.
France. This is moſt ſtrange!
That ſhe, who ev'n but now was your beſt object,
Your praiſe's argument, balm of your age,
Deareſt and beſt, ſhould in this trice of time
Commit a thing ſo monſtrous, to diſmantle
So many folds of favour! Sure, th' offence
Muſt be of ſuch unnatural degree,
As monſters it; or your fore-vouch'd affection
Fall'n into taint: which to believe of her,
Muſt be a faith that reaſon without miracle
Should never plant in me.
Cor. I yet beſeech your Majeſty,

† *To avert, for to turn,* ſimply.

(If,

(If, for I want that glib and oily art,
To ſpeak and purpoſe not; ſince what I will intend,
I'll do't before I ſpeak), that you make known
It is no vicious blot, murther, or foulneſs,
No unchaſte action, or diſhonour'd ſtep,
That hath depriv'd me of your grace and favour:
But ev'n the want of that, for which I'm richer,
A ſtill-ſoliciting eye, and ſuch a tongue,
That I'm glad I've not; though not to have it,
Hath loſt me in your liking.

Lear. Better thou
Hadſt not been born, than not have pleas'd me better.

France. Is it but this? a tardineſs in nature,
Which often leaves the hiſtory unſpoke
That it intends to do? My Lord of Burgundy,
What ſay you to the lady? Love's not love
When it is mingled with regards, that ſtand
Aloof from th' entire † point. Say, will you have her?
She is herſelf a dowry.

Bur. Royal King,
Give but that portion which yourſelf propos'd,
And here I take Cordelia by the hand,
Ducheſs of Burgundy.

Lear. Nothing.——I've ſworn.

Bur. I'm ſorry then you have ſo loſt a father,
That you muſt loſe a huſband.

Cor. Peace be with Burgundy;
Since that reſpects of fortune are his love,
I ſhall not be his wife.

France Faireſt Cordelia, that art moſt rich, being
Moſt choice, forſaken! and moſt lov'd, deſpis'd! [poor!
Thee and thy virtues here I ſeize upon.
Be't lawful I take up what's caſt away.
Gods, gods! 'tis ſtrange, that from their cold'ſt neglect
My love ſhould kindle to inflam'd reſpect.
They dow'rleſs daughter, King, thrown to my chance,
Is queen of us, of ours, and our fair France.
Not all the Dukes of wat'riſh Burgundy
Can buy this unpriz'd, precious, maid of me.
Bid them farewel, Cordelia, tho' unkind;
Thou loſeſt here, a better where to find.

Lear.

† *entire,* for *right, true.*

Lear. Thou haſt her, France; let her be thine, for we
Have no ſuch daughter; nor ſhall ever ſee
That face of her's again; therefore be gone
Without our grace, our love, our benizon.
Come, Noble Burgundy.

[*Flouriſh. Exeunt Lear and Burgundy.*

SCENE IV.

France. Bid farewel to your ſiſters.

Cor. Ye jewels of our father, with waſh'd eyes
Cordelia leaves you. I know what you are,
And, like a ſiſter, am moſt loth to call
Your faults, as they are nam'd. Love well our father.
To your profeſſing boſoms I commit him;
But yet, alas! ſtood I within his grace,
I would prefer him to a better place.
So farewel to you both.

Reg. Preſcribe not us our duty.

Gon. Let your ſtudy
Be to content your Lord, who hath receiv'd you
At fortune's alms; you have obedience ſcanted,
And well are worth the want that you have vaunted.

Cor. Time ſhall unfold what plaited cunning hides,
Who cover'd faults at laſt with ſhame derides.
Well may you proſper!

France. Come, my fair Cordelia.

[*Exeunt France and Cordelia.*

SCENE V.

Gon. Siſter, it is not little I've to ſay,
Of what moſt nearly appertains to us both;
I think our father will go hence to-night.

Reg. That's certain, and with you; next month with us.

Gon. You ſee how full of change his age is, the obſervation we have made of it hath not been little: he always lov'd our ſiſter moſt, and with what poor judgment he hath now caſt her off, appears too groſsly.

Reg. 'Tis the infirmity of his age; yet he hath ever but ſlenderly known himſelf.

Gon. The beſt and ſoundeſt of his time hath been but rash; and muſt we look, from his age, to receive not alone

alone the imperfections of long-ingrafted condition, but therewithal the unruly waywardneſs that infirm and choleric years bring with them.

Reg. Such unconſtant ſtarts are we like to have from him, as this of Kent's baniſhment.

Gon. There is further compliment of leave-taking between France and him; pray you, let us hit together: if our father carry authority with ſuch diſpoſition as he bears, this laſt ſurrender of his will but offend us.

Reg. We ſhall further think of it.

Gon. We muſt do ſomething, and i' th' heat. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Changes to a caſtle belonging to the Earl of Glo'ſter.

Enter Edmund, with a letter.

Edm. Thou, Nature, art my goddeſs; to thy law
My ſervices are bound; wherefore ſhould I
Stand in the plage of cuſtom, and permit
The courteſy of nations to deprive me,
For that I am ſome twelve or fourteen moon-ſhines
Lag of a brother†? Why *baſtard?* wherefore *baſe?*
When my dimenſions are as well compact,
My mind as gen'rous, and my ſhape as true,
As honeſt Madam's iſſue? why brand thy us
With baſe? with baſeneſs? baſtard? baſe, baſe?
" Who, in the luſty ſtealth of nature, take
" More compoſition and fierce quality,
" Than doth, within a dull, ſtale, tired bed,
" Go to creating a whole tribe of fops,
" Got 'tween a-ſleep and wake? Well then, good bro-
Legitimate Edgar, I muſt have your land; [ther,
Our father's love is to the baſtard Edmund,
As to th' legitimate; fine word——*legitimate*——
Well,

† Edmund is here inveighing againſt the tyranny of cuſtom, of which he produces two diſtinct inſtances; one with reſpect to younger brothers, the other with reſpect to baſtards. In the former, he muſt not be underſtood to mean himſelf, though he ſpeaks in the firſt perſon, but according to a common mode of ſpeech to ſuppoſe *the caſe his own*, and as in his own perſon to exclaim againſt the *unreaſonableneſs and injuſtice* of the thing. The argument thus *becomes general, implying more than is ſaid, namely, Wherefore ſhould I, or any man*, &c.

Well, my legitimate, if this letter ſpeed,
And my invention thrive, Edmund the baſe
Shall be th' legitimate.——I grow, I proſper;
Now, gods, ſtand up for baſtards!

SCENE VII. *To him, enter Glo'ſter.*

Glo. Kent baniſh'd thus! and France in choler parted?
And the King gone to-night! ſubſcrib'd * his pow'r!
Confin'd to exhibition! all is gone
Upon the gad!—Edmund, how now? what news?

Edm. So pleaſe your Lordſhip, none. [*Putting up the letter.*

Glo. Why ſo earneſtly ſeek you to put up that letter?

Edm. I know no news, my Lord.

Glo. What paper were you reading?

Edm. Nothing, my Lord.

Glo. No! what needed then that terrible diſpatch of it into your pocket? the quality of nothing hath not ſuch need to hide itſelf. Let's ſee; come, if it be nothing, I ſhall not need ſpectacles.

Edm. I beſeech you, Sir, pardon me; it is a letter from my brother, that I have not all o'er-read; and for ſo much as I have perus'd, I find it not fit for your o'erlooking.

Glo. Give me the letter, Sir.

Edm. I ſhall offend, either to detain, or give it. The contents, as in part I underſtand them, are to blame.

Glo. Let's ſee, let's ſee.

Edm. I hope, for my brother's juſtification, he wrote this but as an eſſay, or taſte of my virtue.

Glo. [reads.] *This policy and reverence of ages* † *makes the world bitter to the beſt of our times; keeps our fortunes from us, till our oldneſs cannot reliſh them. I begin to find an idle and fond bondage in the oppreſſion of aged tyranny; which ſways, not as it hath power, but as it is ſuffered. Come to me, that of this I may ſpeak more. If our father would ſleep till I wak'd him, you ſhould enjoy half his revenue for ever, and live the beloved of your brother,* EDGAR.
——Hum——Conſpiracy!——Sleep till I wake him——you ſhould enjoy half his revenue——My ſon Edgar!

* *ſubſcrib'd*, for *tranſferred, alienated.*
† *ages* ſignifies *former times.*

gar! had he a hand to write this! a heart and a brain to breed it in! When came this to you? who brought it?

Edm. It was not brought me, my Lord; there's the cunning of it. I found it thrown in at the caſement of my cloſet.

Glo. You know the character to be your brother's?

Edm. If the matter were good, my Lord, I durſt ſwear it were his; but, in reſpect of that, I would fain think it were not.

Glo. It is his.

Edm. It is his hand, my Lord; I hope his heart is not in the contents.

Glo. Has he never before ſounded you on this buſineſs?

Edm. Never, my Lord. But I have heard him oft maintain it to be fit, that ſons at perfect age, and fathers declining, the father ſhould be as a ward to the ſon, and the ſon manage his revenue.

Glo. O villain, villain! his very opinion in the letter. Abhorred villain! unnatural, deteſted, brutiſh villain! worſe than brutiſh! Go, ſirrah, ſeek him; I'll apprehend him. Abominable villain, where is he?

Edm. I do not well know, my Lord. If it ſhall pleaſe you to ſuſpend your indignation againſt my brother, till you can derive from him better teſtimony of his intent, you ſhould run a certain courſe; where, if you violently proceed againſt him, miſtaking his purpoſe, it would make a great gap in your own honour, and ſhake in piece the heart of his obedience. I dare pawn down my life for him, that he hath writ this to feel my affection to your Honour, and to no other pretence of danger †.

Glo. Think you ſo?

Edm. If your honour judge it meet, I will place you where you ſhall hear us confer of this, and by an auricular aſſurance have your ſatisfaction; and that without any further delay than this very evening.

Glo. He cannot be ſuch a monſter.

Edm. Nor is not, ſure.

Glo. To his father, that ſo tenderly and entirely loves him.——Heav'n and earth? Edmund, ſeek him out; wind me into him, I pray you; frame the buſineſs after

† *pretence*, for *purpoſe*; *danger*, for *wickedneſs*.

ter your own wiſdom. I would unſtate myſelf, to be in a due reſolution.

Edm. I will ſeek him, Sir, preſently, convey † the buſineſs as I ſhall find means, and acquaint you withal.

Glo. Theſe late eclipſes in the ſun and moon portend no good to us; though the wiſdom of nature can reaſon it thus and thus, yet nature finds itſelf ſcourg'd by the ſequent effects. "Love cools, friendſhip falls off, bro-"thers divide. In cities, mutinies; in countries, diſ-"cord; in palaces, treaſon; and the bond crack'd "'twixt ſon and father." This villain of mine comes under the prediction, There's ſon againſt father; the King falls from bias of nature, there's father againſt child. "We have ſeen the beſt of our time. Machina-"tions, hollowneſs, treachery, and all ruinous diſorders, "follow us diſquietly to our graves!" Find out this villain, Edmund; it ſhall loſe thee nothing, do it carefully.——And the noble and true-hearted Kent baniſh'd! his offence, honeſty. 'Tis ſtrange. [*Exit.*

SCENE VIII. *Manet Edmund.*

Edm. "This is the excellent foppery of the world, "that when we are ſick in fortune, (often the ſurfeits "of our own behaviour), we make guilty of our diſ-"aſters, the ſun, the moon, and ſtars, as if we were "villains on neceſſity; fools, by heavenly compulſion; "knaves, thieves, and treacherous, by ſpherical pre-"dominance; drunkards, lyars, and adulterers, by an "inforc'd obedience of planetary influence; and all "that we are evil in, by a divine thruſting on. An ad-"mirable evaſion of whoremaſter man, to lay his "goatiſh diſpoſition on the change of a ſtar! My father "compounded with my mother under the Dragon's "tail, and my nativity was under *Urſa major*; ſo "that it follows I am rough and lecherous. I ſhould "have been what I am, had the maidenlieſt ſtar in the "firmament twinkled on my baſtardizing.

† *Convey*, for *introduce*: but *convey* is a fine word, as alluding to the *practice of clandeſtine conveying* goods, ſo as not to be found upon the felon.

SCENE IX. *To him, enter Edgar.*

Pat!——" He comes like the cataſtrophe of the old co-" medy;" my cue is villanous melancholy, with a ſigh like Tom o' Bedlam——O, theſe eclipſes portend theſe diviſions! fa, ſol, la, me——— [*Humming.*

Edg. How now, brother Edmund, what ſerious contemplation are you in?

Edm. I am thinking, brother, of a prediction I read this other day, what ſhould follow theſe eclipſes.

Edg. Do you buſy yourſelf with that?

Edm. I promiſe you, the effects he writes of ſucceed unhappily. When ſaw you my father laſt?

Edg. The night gone by.

Edm. Spake you with him?

Edg. Ay, two hours together.

Edm. Parted you in good terms, found you no diſpleaſure in him, by word or countenance?

Edg. None at all.

Edm. Bethink yourſelf wherein you have offended him: and, at my intreaty, forbear his preſence, until ſome little time hath qualified the heat of his diſpleaſure; which at this inſtant ſo rageth in him, that with the miſchief of your perſon it would ſcarcely allay.

Edg. Some villain hath done me wrong.

Edm. That's my fear. I pray you have a continent forbearance till the ſpeed of his rage goes ſlower; and, as I ſay, retire with me to my lodging, from whence I will fitly bring you to hear my Lord ſpeak. Pray you, go; there's my key. If you do ſtir abroad, go arm'd.

Edg. Arm'd, brother!

Edm. Brother, I adviſe you to the beſt; I am no honeſt man, if there be any good meaning toward you. I have told you what I have ſeen and heard, but faintly, nothing like the image and horror of it. Pray you away.

Edg. Shall I hear from you anon? [*Exit.*

SCENE X.

Edm. I do ſerve you in this buſineſs:
A credulous father, and a brother noble,
Whoſe nature is ſo far from doing harms,

That

That he ſuſpects none; on whoſe fooliſh honeſty
My practices ride eaſy: I ſee the buſineſs.
Let me, if not by birth, have lands by wit;
All with me's meet, that I can faſhion fit. [*Exit.*

SCENE XI. *The Duke of Albany's palace.*

Enter Gonerill and Steward.

Gon. Did my father ſtrike my gentleman for chiding of his fool?

Stew. Ay, Madam.

Gon. By day and night he wrongs me; every hour
He flaſhes into one groſs crime or other,
That ſets us all at odds: I'll not endure it.
His knights grow riotous, and himſelf upbraids us
On ev'ry trifle. When he returns from hunting,
I will not ſpeak with him; ſay, I am ſick.
If you come ſlack of former ſervices,
You ſhall do well: the fault of it I'll anſwer.

Stew. He's coming, Madam; I hear him.

Gon. Put on what wary negligence you pleaſe,
You and your fellows: I'd have it come to queſtion.
If he diſtaſte it, let him to my ſiſter,
Whoſe mind and mine I know in that are one,
Not to be over-rul'd. Idle old man,
That ſtill would manage thoſe authorities
That he hath giv'n away!——Now, by my life,
Old folks are babes again; and muſt be us'd
With checks, not flatt'ries, when they're ſeen abus'd.
Remember what I have ſaid.

Stew. Very well, Madam.

Gon. And let his knights have colder looks among you:
What grows of it, no matter; and adviſe
Your fellows ſo. I'll write ſtraight to my ſiſter
To hold my courſe. Go, and prepare for dinner.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE XII.

Changes to an open place before the palace.

Enter Kent diſguis'd.

Kent. If but as well I other accents borrow,

And can my ſpeech diffuſe †, my good intent
May carry through itſelf to that full iſſue,
For which I raz'd my likeneſs. Now, baniſh'd Kent,
If thou can'ſt ſerve where thou doſt ſtand condemn'd,
So may it come, thy maſter, whom thou lov'ſt,
Shall find thee full of labours.

Horns within. Enter Lear, Knights, and Attendants.

Lear. Let me not ſtay a jot for dinner; go, get it ready.
How now, what art thou? [*To Kent.*

Kent. A man, Sir.

Lear. What doſt thou profeſs? what would'ſt thou with us?

Kent. I do profeſs to be no leſs than I ſeem; to ſerve him truly that will put me in truſt; to love him that is honeſt; to converſe with him that is wiſe; to ſay little; to fear judgment; to fight when I cannot chuſe; and to eat no fiſh.

Lear. What art thou?

Kent. A very honeſt-hearted fellow, and as poor as the King.

Lear. If thou beeſt as poor for a ſubject as he's for a King, thou art poor enough. What would'ſt thou?

Kent. Service.

Lear. Whom would'ſt thou ſerve?

Kent. You.

Lear. Doſt thou know me, fellow?

Kent. No, Sir; but you have that in your countenance which I would fain call maſter.

Lear. What's that?

Kent. Authority.

Lear. What ſervices canſt thou do?

Kent. I can keep honeſt counſels, ride, run, mar a curious tale in telling it, and deliver a plain meſſage bluntly: that which ordinary men are fit for, I am qualify'd in; and the beſt of me is diligence.

Lear. How old art thou?

Kent. Not ſo young, Sir, to love a woman for ſinging,

† *To diffuſe*, here ſignifies to *diſorder*, to *put out of a regular courſe*. *It is uſed in the ſame ſenſe* in other places in this author; *diffuſed attire, diffuſed ſounds.*

ing, nor ſo old to doat on her for any thing. I have years on my back forty-eight.

Lear. Follow me, thou ſhalt ſerve me. If I like thee no worſe after dinner, I will not part from thee. Yet no dinner? ho, dinner—where's my knave? my fool? Go you, and call my fool hither. You, you, ſirrah, where's my daughter?

Enter Steward.

Stew. So pleaſe you——— [*Exit.*

Lear. What ſays the fellow there? call the clotpole back: where's my fool, ho?———I think the world's aſleep. How now? where's that mongrel?

Knight. He ſays, my Lord, your daughter is not well.

Lear. Why came not the ſlave back to me when I call'd him?

Knight. Sir, he anſwer'd me in the roundeſt manner, he would not.

Lear. He would not?

Knight. My Lord, I know not what the matter is; but, to my judgment, your Highneſs is not entertain'd with that ceremonious affection as you were wont; there's a great abatement of kindneſs appears, as well in the general dependents, as in the Duke himſelf alſo, and your daughter.

Lear. Ha! ſay'ſt thou ſo?

Knight. I beſeech you pardon me, my Lord, if I be miſtaken; for my duty cannot be ſilent, when I think your Highneſs is wrong'd.

Lear. Thou but remember'ſt me of my own conception. I have perceiv'd a moſt faint neglect of late, which I have rather blamed as my own jealous curioſity, than as a very pretence † and purpoſe of unkindneſs. I will look farther into't. But where's my fool? I have not ſeen him theſe two days.

Knight. Since my young lady's going into France, Sir, the fool hath much pined away.

Lear. No more of that, I have noted it well; go you, and tell my daughter, I would ſpeak with her. Go you, call hither my fool. O, you, Sir, come you hither, Sir; *who am I, Sir?*

† *pretence, for indication.*

Enter Steward.

Stew. My Lady's father.

Lear. My Lady's father? my Lord's knave! you whorſon dog, you ſlave, you cur.

Stew. I am none of theſe, my Lord; I beſeech your pardon.

Lear. Do you bandy looks with me, you raſcal? [*Striking him.*

Stew. I'll not be ſtruck, my Lord.

Kent. Nor tript neither, you baſe foot-ball player. [*Tripping up his heels.*

Lear. I thank thee, fellow. Thou ſerv'ſt me, and I'll love thee.

Kent. Come, Sir, ariſe, away; I'll teach you differences: away, away; if you will meaſure your lubber's length again, tarry. But away, go to; have you wiſdom? ſo.—— [*Puſhes the Steward out.*

Lear. Now, my friendly knave, I thank thee; there's earneſt of thy ſervice.

SCENE XIII. *To them, enter Fool.*

Fool. Let me hire him too, here's my coxcomb. [*Giving his cap.*

Lear. How now, my pretty knave? how doſt thou?

Fool. Sirrah, you were beſt take my coxcomb †.

Kent. Why, my boy?

Fool. Why? for taking one's part that is out of favour; nay, an' thou canſt not ſmile as the wind ſits, thou'lt catch cold ſhortly. There, take my coxcomb; why, this fellow has baniſh'd two of his daughters, and did the third a bleſſing againſt his will; if thou follow him, thou muſt needs wear my coxcomb. How now, nuncle? would I had two coxcombs, and two daughters!

Lear. Why, my boy?

Fool. If I give them all my living, I'll keep my coxcomb myſelf; there's mine, beg another of thy daughters.

Lear.

† Meaning his cap, called ſo, becauſe on the top of the fool or *jeſter's cap was ſewed* a piece of red cloth, reſembling the comb of *a cock. The word*, afterwards, uſed to denote a vain, conceited, *meddling fellow.*

Lear. Take heed, ſirrah, the whip.———

Fool. Truth's a dog muſt to kennel; he muſt be whipp'd out, when the Lady Brach may ſtand by the fire, and ſtink.

Lear. A peſtilent gall to me.

Fool. Sirrah, I'll teach thee a ſpeech. [*To Kent.*

Lear. Do.

Fool. Mark it, nuncle;

Have more than thou ſhoweſt,
Speak leſs than thou knoweſt,
Lend leſs than thou oweſt,
Ride more than thou goeſt,
Learn more than thou troweſt,
Set leſs than thou throweſt,
Leave thy drink and thy whore,
And keep within door,
And thou ſhalt have more
Than two tens to a ſcore.

Kent. This is nothing, fool.

Fool. Then it is like the breath of an unfee'd lawyer, you gave me nothing for't. Can you make no uſe of nothing, nuncle?

Lear. Why, no, boy; nothing can be made out of nothing.

Fool. Pr'ythee, tell him, ſo much the rent of his land comes to: he will not believe a fool †. [*To Kent.*

Lear. Doſt thou call me fool, boy?

Fool. 'All thy other titles thou haſt given away; that 'thou waſt born with.'

Kent. 'This is not altogether fool, my Lord.'

Fool. 'No, 'faith; lords and great men will not let 'me; if I had a monopoly on't, they would have part on't:

† ——— believe a fool.

Lear. A bitter fool!———

Fool. Doſt thou know the difference, my boy, between a bitter fool and a ſweet one?

Lear. No, lad, teach me.

Fool. That Lord that counſel'd thee to give away thy land,
Come, place him here by me! or do thou for him ſtand;
The ſweet and bitter fool will preſently appear,
The one in *motely here, the other* found out there.

Lear. Doſt thou call, &c.

'on't: nay, the ladies too, they'll not let me have all 'fool to myſelf, they'll be ſnatching.'
Give me an egg, nuncle, and I'll give you two crowns.

Lear. What two crowns ſhall they be?

Fool. Why, after I have cut the egg i' th' middle, and ate up the meat, the two crowns of the egg; when thou cloveſt thy crown i' th' middle, and gav'ſt away both parts, thou bor'ſt thine aſs on thy back o'er the dirt; thou had'ſt little wit in thy bald crown, when thou gav'ſt thy golden one away. If I ſpeak like myſelf in this, let him be whipp'd that firſt finds it ſooth.

Fools ne'er had leſs grace in a year, [Singing.
For wiſe men are grown foppiſh,
And know not how their wits to wear,
Their manners are ſo apiſh.

Lear. Since when were you wont to be ſo full of ſongs, ſirrah?

Fool. I have uſed it, nuncle, e'er ſince thou mad'ſt thy daughters thy mothers: for when thou gav'ſt them the rod, and putt'ſt down thy own breeches,

Then they for ſudden joy did weep, [Singing.
And I for ſorrow ſung,
That ſuch a King ſhould play bo-peep,
And go the fools among.

Pr'ythee, nuncle, keep a ſchoolmaſter that can teach thy fool to lye; I would fain learn to lye.

Lear. If you lye, ſirrah, we'll have you whipp'd.

Fool. I marvel what kin thou and thy daughters are: they'll have me whipp'd for ſpeaking true, thou'lt have me whipp'd for lying; and ſometimes I am whipp'd for holding my peace. I had rather be any kind o' thing than a fool, and yet I would not be thee, nuncle; thou haſt pared thy wit o' both ſides, and left nothing i' th' middle. Here comes one o' th' parings.

SCENE XIV. *To them, enter Gonerill.*

Lear. How now, daughter, what makes that frontlet on? you are too much of late i' th' frown.

Fool. Thou waſt a pretty fellow, when thou hadſt no need to care for her frowning; now thou art an O without

out a figure; I am better than thou art now; I am a fool, thou art nothing.———Yes, forſooth, I will hold my tongue, [*To Gonerill.*]; ſo your face bids me, tho' you ſay nothing.

Mum, mum, he that keeps nor cruſt nor crum, [Singing.
Weary of all, ſhall want ſome.

Thou art a ſheal'd peaſcod. [*Speaking to Lear.*

Gon. Not only, Sir, this your all-licens'd fool,
But other of your inſolent retinue,
Do hourly carp and quarrel, breaking forth
In rank and not to be endured riots.
I thought, by making this well known unto you
T' have found a ſafe redreſs; but now grow fearful,
By what yourſelf too late hath ſpoke and done,
That you protect this courſe, and put it on *
By your allowance. If you ſhould, the fault
Would not 'ſcape cenſure, nor the redreſſes ſleep,
Which, in the tender of a wholeſome weal,
Might in their working do you that offence,
(Which elſe were ſhame), that then neceſſity
Will call diſcreet proceeding.

Fool. For you know, nuncle,

The hedge-ſparrow fed the cuckoo ſo long,
That it had its head bit off by its young;

So out went the candle, and we were left darkling.

Lear. Are you our daughter?

Gon. I would you would make uſe of your good wiſdom, [dom,
Whereof I know you are fraught, and put away
Theſe diſpoſitions, which of late tranſport you
From what you rightly are.

Fool. May not an aſs know when the cart draws the horſe? whoop, Jug, I love thee.

Lear. Does any here know me? this is not Lear:
Does Lear walk thus? ſpeak thus? Where are his eyes?
Either his notion weakens, his diſcernings
Are lethargied——Ha! waking——'tis not ſo;
Who is it that can tell me who I am †?

Lear's

* *i. e.* promote, put it forward.
† ———*who I am.*
Fool. Lear's ſhadow.
Lear. Lear's ſhadow? &c.

Lear's shadow? I would learn; for by the marks
Of sovereignty of knowledge, and of reason,
I should be false persuaded I had daughters.
Your name, fair gentlewoman?———
Gon. This admiration, Sir, is much o' th' savour
Of other your new pranks. I do beseech you,
To understand my purpose aright.
You, as you're old and reverend, should be wise.
Here do you keep a hundred knights and 'squires,
Men so disorder'd, so debauch'd and bold,
That this our court, infected with their manners,
Shews like a riotous inn; epicurism and lust
Make it more like a tavern or a brothel,
Than a grac'd palace *. Shame itself doth speak
For instant remedy. Be then desir'd
By her, that else will take the thing she begs,
Of fifty to disquantity your train;
And the remainders, that shall still depend †,
To be such men as may besort your age,
And know themselves and you.
Lear. Darkness and devils!
Saddle my horses, call my train together.———
Degen'rate bastard! I'll not trouble thee;
Yet have I left a daughter.
Gon. You strike my people, and your disorder'd rab-
Make servants of their betters. [ble

SCENE XV. *To them, enter Albany.*

Lear. Woe! that too late repents——O, Sir, are you come?
Is it your will, speak, Sir? prepare my horses.——
[*To Albany.*
Ingratitude! thou marble-hearted fiend,
More hideous, when thou shew'st thee in a child,
Than the sea-monster.
Alb. Pray you, Sir, be patient.
Lear. Detested kite! thou lyest. [*To Gonerill.*
My train are men of choice and rarest parts,
That all particulars of duty know;
And in the most exact regard support
The

* *i. e.* a palace grac'd with the presence of its sovereign.
† *depend*, for continue in service.

The worſhips of their names. O moſt ſmall fault!
How ugly didſt thou in Cordelia ſhew?
Which, like an engine, wrench'd my frame of nature
From the fix'd place *; drew from my heart all love,
And added to the gall. O Lear, Lear, Lear!
Beat at this gate that let thy folly in, [*Striking his head.*
And thy dear judgment out.——Go, go, my people.
Alb. My Lord, I'm guiltleſs, as I'm ignorant
Of what hath mov'd you.
Lear. It may be ſo, my Lord———
Hear, Nature, hear; dear goddeſs, hear a father!
Suſpend thy purpoſe, if thou didſt intend
To make this creature fruitful:
Into her womb convey ſterility,
Dry up in her the organs of increaſe,
And from her derogate † body never ſpring
A babe to honour her! if ſhe muſt teem,
Create her child of ſpleen, that it may live,
And be a thwart diſnatur'd torment to her;
Let it ſtamp wrinkles in her brow of youth,
With candent tears fret channels in her cheeks:
Turn all her mother's pains and benefits
To laughter and contempt; that ſhe may feel
How ſharper than a ſerpent's tooth it is,
To have a thankleſs child.——Go, go, my people.
Alb. Now, gods, that we adore, whereof comes this?
Gon. Never afflict yourſelf to know of what:
But let his diſpoſition have that ſcope
That dotage gives it.
Lear. What, fifty of my followers at a clap?
Within a fortnight!———
Alb. What's the matter, Sir?
Lear. I'll tell thee——life and death! I am aſham'd
That thou haſt power to ſhake my manhood thus;
[*To Goneril.*
That theſe hot tears, which break from me perforce,
Should make thee worth them.———Blaſts and fogs upon thee!
Th' untented woundings of a father's curſe
Pierce every ſence about thee! Old fond eyes,
Beweep

* Alluding to the famous boaſt of Archimedes.
† *derogate, for unnatural.*

Beweep this cauſe again, I'll pluck ye out,
And caſt you, with the waters that you loſe,
To temper clay. Ha! is it come to this?
Let it be ſo: I have another daughter,
Who I am ſure is kind and comfortable;
When ſhe ſhall hear this of thee, with her nails
She'll flea thy wolfiſh viſage. Thou ſhalt find,
That I'll reſume the ſhape which thou doſt think
I have caſt off for ever. [*Ex. Lear and Attendants.*

SCENE XVI.

Gon. Do you mark that?
Alb. I cannot be ſo partial, Gonerill,
To the great love I bear you.
Gon. Pray you, be content. What, Oſwald, ho!
You, Sir, more knave than fool, after your maſter.
Fool. Nuncle Lear, nuncle Lear, tarry take the fool
A fox, when one has caught her, [with thee:
And ſuch a daughter,
Should ſure to the ſlaughter,
If my tap would buy a halter;
So the fool follows after. [*Exit.*
Gon. This man hath had good counſel——a hundred knights?
Is't politic, and ſafe, to let him keep
A hundred knights? yes, that on ev'ry dream,
Each buz, each fancy, each complaint, diſlike,
He may inguard his dotage with their pow'rs,
And hold our lives at mercy. Oſwald, I ſay.
Alb. Well, you may fear too far;——
Gon. Safer than truſt too far.
Let me ſtill take away the harms I fear,
Not fear ſtill to be harm'd. I know his heart;
What he hath utter'd, I have writ my ſiſter;
If ſhe'll ſuſtain him and his hundred knights,
When I have ſhew'd th' unfitneſs——

Enter Steward.

How now, Oſwald?
What, have you writ that letter to my ſiſter?
Stew. Ay, Madam.
Gon. Take you ſome company, and away to horſe;
Inform

Inform her full of my particular fears,
And thereto add ſuch reaſons of your own,
As may compact † it more. So get you gone,
And haſten your return. [*Exit Steward.*
——No, no, my Lord,
This milky gentleneſs and courſe of your's,
Though I condemn it not, yet, under pardon,
You are much more at taſk for want of wiſdom,
Than prais'd for harmful mildneſs.

Alb. How far your eyes may pierce, I cannot tell;
Striving to better, oft we mar what's well.

Gon. Nay then———

Alb. Well, well, th' event. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE XVII.

A court-yard belonging to the Duke of Albany's palace.

Re-enter Lear, Kent, Gentlemen, and Fool.

Lear. Go you before to Glo'ſter with theſe letters; acquaint my daughter no further with any thing you know, than comes from her demand out of the letter; if your diligence be not ſpeedy, I ſhall be there afore you.

Kent. I will not ſleep, my Lord, till I have delivered your letter. [*Exit.*

Fool. If a man's brain were in his heels, were't not in danger of kibes?

Lear. Ay, boy.

Fool. Then, I pr'ythee, be merry, thy wit ſhall not go ſlip-ſhod.

Lear. Ha, ha, ha.

Fool. Shalt ſee thy other daughter will uſe thee kindly; for though ſhe's as like this as a crab's like an apple, yet I can tell what I can tell.

Lear. What canſt tell, boy?

Fool. She will taſte as like this, as a crab does to a crab. Canſt thou tell why one's noſe ſtands i' th' middle of one's face?

Lear. No.

Fool. Why, to keep one's eyes of either ſide one's

† *compact, for confirm.*

noſe; that what a man cannot ſmell out, he may ſpy into.

Lear. I did her wrong———

Fool. Canſt tell how an oyſter makes his ſhell?

Lear. No.

Fool. Nor I neither; but I can tell why a ſnail has a houſe.

Lear. Why?

Fool. Why, to put's head in; not to give it away to his daughters, and leave his horns without a caſe.

Lear. I will forget my nature: ſo kind a father! be my horſes ready?

Fool. Thy aſſes are gone about 'em; the reaſon why the ſeven ſtars are no more than ſeven, is a pretty reaſon.

Lear. Becauſe they are not eight.

Fool. Yes, indeed; thou would'ſt make a good fool.

Lear. To take't again perforce!——Monſter ingratitude!

Fool. If you were my fool, nuncle, I'd have thee beaten for being old before thy time.

Lear. How's that?

Fool. Thou ſhould'ſt not have been old, till thou hadſt been wiſe.

Lear. O, let me not be mad, not mad, ſweet heav'n! Keep me in temper, I would not be mad.

Enter Gentleman.

How now, are the horſes ready?

Gent. Ready, my Lord.

Lear. Come, boy.

Fool. She that's a maid now, and laughs at my departure,
Shall not be a maid long, unleſs things be cut ſhorter.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

A caſtle belonging to the Earl of Glo'ſter.

Enter Edmund and Curan, ſeverally.

Edm. SAVE thee, Curan.

Cur. And you, Sir. I have been with your father, and

and given him notice that the Duke of Cornwall, and Regan his Ducheſs, will be here with him this night.

Edm. How comes that?

Cur. Nay, I know not; you have heard of the news abroad, I mean the whiſper'd ones, for they are yet but ear-kiſſing arguments.

Edm. Not I; pray you, what are they?

Cur. Have you heard of no likely wars toward, 'twixt the Dukes of Cornwall and Albany?

Edm. Not a word.

Cur. You may then in time. Fare you well, Sir.

[*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Edm. The Duke be here to-night! the better! beſt!
This weaves itſelf perforce into my buſineſs;
My father hath ſet guard to take my brother,
And I have one thing of a queazy queſtion
Which I muſt act: brieſneſs and fortune work!
Brother, a word; deſcend, brother, I ſay;——

To him, enter Edgar.

My father watches; O Sir, fly this place,
Intelligence is given where you are hid;
You've now the good advantage of the night——
Have you not ſpoken 'gainſt the Duke of Cornwall?
He's coming hither now i' th' night, in haſte,
And Regan with him; have you nothing ſaid
Upon his party 'gainſt the Duke of Albany †?
Adviſe yourſelf.

Edg. I'm ſure on't, not a word.

Edm. I hear my father coming. Pardon me——
In cunning I muſt draw my ſword upon you——
Draw, ſeem to defend yourſelf.
Now quit you well——
Yield—come before my father—light hoa, here!—
Fly, brother—torches!—ſo farewel— [*Ex. Edgar.*
Some blood drawn on me, would beget opinion
[*Wounds his arm.*
Of my more fierce endeavour. I've ſeen drunkards

† *Meaning upon the party engaged by him againſt the Duke Albany.*

Do more than this in ſport. Father! father!
Stop, ſtop, no help?———

SCENE III.

To him, enter Glo'ſter, and ſervants with torches.

Glo. Now, Edmund, where's the villain?
Edm. Here ſtood he in the dark, his ſharp ſword out,
Mumbling of wicked charms, conj'ring the moon
To ſtand's auſpicious miſtreſs.
Glo. But where is he?
Edm. Look, Sir, I bleed.
Glo. Where is the villain, Edmund?
Edm. Fled this way, Sir, when by no means he could—
Glo. Purſue him, ho? go after. By no means, what?—
Edm. Perſuade me to the murther of your Lordſhip;
But that, I told him, the revenging gods
'Gainſt parricides did all the thunder bend,
Spoke with how manifold and ſtrong a bond
The child was bound to th' father.——Sir, in fine
Seeing how lothly oppoſite I ſtood
To his unnat'ral purpoſe, in fell motion
With his prepared ſword he charges home
My unprovided body, lanc'd my arm;
And when he ſaw my beſt alarmed ſpirits,
Bold in the quarrel's right, rous'd to th' encounter,
Or whether ghaſted by the noiſe I made,
Full ſuddenly he fled.
Glo. Let him fly far;
Not in this land ſhall he remain uncaught;
And found, diſpatch'd.—The Noble Duke my maſter,
My worthy arch † and patron, comes to-night:
By his authority I will proclaim it,
That he who finds him, ſhall deſerve our thanks,
Bringing the murth'rous coward to the ſtake;
He that conceals him, death.
Edm. When I diſſuaded him from his intent,
And found him pight to do it, with curs'd ſpeech
I threaten'd to diſcover him; he replied,
Thou unpoſſeſſing baſtard! do'ſt thou think,
If I would ſtand againſt thee, would the repoſal

Of

† *i. e. chief.*

Of any truſt, virtue, or worth in thee
Make thy words faith'd? No; when I ſhould deny,
(As this I would, although thou didſt produce
My very character), I'd turn it all
To thy ſuggeſtion, plot, and damned practice;
And thou muſt make a dullard of the world,
If they not thought the profits of my death
Were very pregnant and potential ſpurs
To make thee ſeek it. [*Trumpets within.*
Glo. O ſtrange, faſten'd villain!
Would he deny his letter?——I never got him.——
Hark, the Duke's trumpets! I know not why he comes——
All ports I'll bar; the villain ſhall not 'ſcape;
The Duke muſt grant me that; beſides, his picture
I will ſend far and near, that all the kingdom
May have due note of him; and of my land
(Loyal and natural boy!) I'll work the means
To make thee capable.

SCENE IV.

Enter Cornwall, Regan, and Attendants.

Corn. How now, my noble friend? ſince I came hither,
Which I can call but now, I have heard ſtrange news.
Reg. If it be true, all vengeance comes too ſhort,
Which can purſue th' offender. How does my Lord?
Glo. O Madam, my old heart is crack'd, 'tis crack'd.
Reg. What, did my father's godſon ſeek your life?
He whom my father nam'd? your Edgar?
Glo. O Lady, Lady, ſhame would have it hid.
Reg. Was he not companion with the riotous knights
That tend upon my father?
Glo. I know not, Madam: 'tis too bad, too bad.
Edm. Yes, Madam, he was of that conſort.
Reg. No marvel then, though he were ill affected;
'Tis they have put him on the old man's death,
To have th' expence and waſte of his revenues.
I have this *preſent evening* from my ſiſter
Been well inform'd of them; and with ſuch cautions,
That if they come to ſojourn at my houſe

I'll not be there.

Corn. Nor I, I aſſure thee, Regan.
Edmund, I hear, that you have ſhewn your father
A child-like office.

Edm. 'Twas my duty, Sir.

Glo. He did bewray his practice, and receiv'd
This hurt you ſee, ſtriving to apprehend him.

Corn. Is he purſued?

Glo. Ay, my good Lord, he is.

Corn. If he be taken, he ſhall never more
Be fear'd of doing harm: make your own purpoſe,
How in my ſtrength you pleaſe. As for you, Edmund,
Whoſe virtue and obedience in this inſtance
So much commends itſelf, you ſhall be ours;
Natures of ſuch deep truſt we ſhall much need:
You we firſt ſeize on.

Edm. I ſhall ſerve you, Sir,
Truly, however elſe.

Glo. I thank your Grace.

Corn. You know not why we came to viſit you.——

Reg. Thus out of ſeaſon threading dark-ey'd night;
Occaſions, Noble Glo'ſter, of ſome poiſe,
Wherein we muſt have uſe of your advice.——
Our father he hath writ, ſo hath our ſiſter,
Of diff'rences, which I beſt thought it fit
To anſwer from our home: the ſev'ral meſſengers
From hence attend diſpatch. Our good old friend,
Lay comforts to your boſom; and beſtow
Your needful counſel to our buſineſſes,
Which crave the inſtant uſe.

Glo. I ſerve you, Madam:
Your Graces are right welcome. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Enter Kent, and Steward, ſeverally.

Stew. Good downing † to thee, friend; art of this [houſe?

Kent. Ay.

Stew. Where may we ſet our horſes?

Kent. I' th' mire.

Stew. Pr'ythee, if thou lov'ſt me, tell me.

Kent.

† *i. e. good reſt*; the common evening-ſalutation of that time.

Kent. I love thee not.

Stew. Why then I care not for thee.

Kent. If I had thee in Lipſbury pinfold, I would make thee care for me.

Stew. Why doſt thou uſe me thus? I know thee not.

Kent. Fellow, I know thee.

Stew. What doſt thou know me for?

Kent. A knave, a raſcal, an eater of broken meats, a baſe, proud, ſhallow, beggarly, three-ſuited, hundred-pound, filthy worſted-ſtocking knave; a lily-liver'd, action-taking knave; a whorſon, glaſs-gazing, ſuperſerviceable, finical rogue; one-trunk-inheriting ſlave; one that would'ſt be a bawd in way of good ſervice; and art nothing but the compoſition of a knave, beggar, coward, pander, and the ſon and heir of a mongrel bitch; one whom I will beat into clam'rous whining, if thou deny'ſt the leaſt ſyllable of thy addition.

Stew. Why, what a monſtrous fellow art thou, thus to rail on one, that is neither known of thee nor knows thee?

Kent. What a brazen-fac'd varlet art thou, to deny thou know'ſt me? is it two days ago ſince I tript up thy heels, and beat thee before the King? Draw, you rogue; for tho' it be night, yet the moon ſhines; I'll make a ſop o' th' moonſhine of you; you whorſon, cullionly, barber-monger, draw. [*Drawing his ſword.*

Stew. Away, I have nothing to do with thee.

Kent. Draw, you raſcal; you come with letters againſt the King; and take Vanity, the puppet's part, againſt the royalty of her father. Draw, you rogue, or I'll ſo carbonado your ſhanks—draw, you raſcal, come your ways.

Stew. Help, ho! murther! help!———

Kent. Strike, you ſlave; ſtand, rogue, ſtand, you neat ſlave, ſtrike. [*Beating him.*

Stew. Help ho! murther! murther!———

SCENE VI.

Enter Edmund, Cornwall, Regan, Glo'ſter, and Servants.

Edm. How now, what's the matter? part———

Kent.

Kent. With you, goodman boy, if you pleaſe; come, I'll fleſh ye; come on, young maſter.

Glo. Weapons? arms? what's the matter here?

Corn. Keep peace, upon your lives; he dies that ſtrikes again; what's the matter?

Reg. The meſſengers from our ſiſter and the king?

Corn. What is your difference? ſpeak.

Stew. I am ſcarce in breath, my Lord.

Kent. No marvel, you have ſo beſtirr'd your valour; you cowardly raſcal! nature diſclaims all ſhare in thee: a tailor made thee.

Corn. Thou art a ſtrange fellow; a tailor make a man?

Kent. Ay, a tailor, Sir; a ſtone-cutter, or a painter could not have made him ſo ill, tho' they had been but two hour's o' th' trade.

Corn. Speak yet, how grew your quarrel?

Stew. This anciet ruffian, Sir, whoſe life I have ſpar'd at ſuit of his grey beard———

Kent. Thou whorſon zed! thou unneceſſary letter! my Lord, if you would give me leave, I will tread this unbolted † villain into mortar, and daub the wall of a jakes with him. Spare my grey beard? you wag-tail!———

Corn. Peace, ſirrah!
You beaſtly knave, know you no reverence?

Kent. Yes, Sir, but anger hath a privilege.

Corn. Why art thou angry?

Kent. That ſuch a ſlave as this ſhou'd wear a ſword,
Who wears no honeſty: ſuch ſmiling rogues as theſe,
Like rats, oft bite the holy cords in twain
Too intrinſicate t' unlooſe; ſooth every paſſion
That in the nature of their lords rebels;
Bring oil to fire, ſnow to their colder moods;
Renege, affirm, and turn their halcyon beaks
With ev'ry gale and vary of their maſters,
As knowing nought, like dogs, but following.
A plague upon your epileptic viſage!
Smile you my ſpeeches as I were a fool?
Gooſe, if I had you upon Sarum plain,

I'd

† *i. e. unrefined* by education, the bran yet in him; a metaphor *from the bakehouſe.*

I'd drive ye cackling home to Camelot *.

Corn. What, art thou mad, old fellow?

Glo. How fell you out? ſay that.

Kent. No contraries hold more antipathy
Than I and ſuch a knave.

Corn. Why doſt thou call him knave? what is his fault?

Kent. His countenance likes me not.

Corn. No more perchance does mine, nor his, nor her's.

Kent. Sir, 'tis my occupation to be plain;
I have ſee better faces in my time
Than ſtand on any ſhoulders that I ſee
Before me at this inſtant.

Corn. "This is ſome fellow,
"Who having been prais'd for bluntneſs, doth affect
"A ſaucy roughneſs; and conſtrains the garb †
"Quite from his nature. He can't flatter, he,——
"An honeſt mind and plain, he muſt ſpeak truth;
"An' they will take it, ſo; if not, he's plain.
"Theſe kind of knaves I know, which in this plainneſs
"Harbour more craft, and more corrupter ends
"Than twenty ſilky ducking obſervants,
"That ſtretch their duties nicely.

Kent. Sir, in good faith, in ſincere verity,
Under th' allowance of your grand aſpect,
Whoſe influence, like the wrath of radiant fire
On flickering Phœbus' front——

Corn. What mean'ſt by this?

Kent. To go out of my dialect, which you diſcommend ſo much. I know, Sir, I am no flatterer; he that beguil'd you in a plain accent, was a plain knave; which for my part I will not be, though I ſhould win your diſpleaſure to intreat me to't.

Corn. What was th' offence you gave him?

Stew. I never gave him any.
It pleas'd the King his maſter very lately
To ſtrike at me upon his miſconſtruction:
When he conjunct and flatt'ring his diſpleaſure,

Tript

* Camelot was the place where the romances ſay King Arthur *kept his court in the weſt.* So this alludes to ſome proverbial ſpeech in thoſe romances.

† *Garb, for habit, cuſtom.*

Tript me behind; being down, inſulted, rail'd,
And put upon him ſuch a deal of man,
That worthied him; got praiſes of the King,
For him attempting who was ſelf-ſubdu'd;
And, in the flaſhment of this dread exploit,
Drew on me here again.

Kent. None of theſe rogues and cowards,
But Ajax is their foil.

Corn. Fetch forth the ſtocks.
You ſtubborn ancient knave, you rev'rend braggart,
We'll teach you———

Kent. Sir, I am too old to learn.
Call not your ſtocks for me; I ſerve the King;
On whoſe employment I was ſent to you.
You ſhall do ſmall reſpect, ſhew too bold malice
Againſt the grace and perſon of my maſter,
Stocking his meſſenger.

Corn. Fetch forth the ſtocks;
As I have life and honour, there ſhall he ſit till noon.

Reg. Till noon! till night, my Lord, and all night too.

Kent. Why, Madam, if I were your father's dog,
You could not uſe me ſo.

Reg. Sir, being his knave, I will. [*Stocks brought out.*

Corn. This is a fellow of the ſelf-ſame nature
Our ſiſter ſpeaks of. Come, bring away the ſtocks.

Glo. Let me beſeech your Grace not to do ſo;
His fault is much, and the good King his maſter
Will check him for't; your purpos'd low correction
Is ſuch, as baſeſt and the meaneſt wretches
For pilf'rings and moſt common treſpaſſes,
Are puniſh'd with. The king muſt take it ill,
That he, ſo ſlightly valued in his meſſenger,
Should have him thus reſtrain'd.

Corn. I'll anſwer that.

Reg. My ſiſter may receive it much more worſe,
To have her gentleman abus'd, aſſaulted,
For following her affairs. Put in his legs———
[*Kent is put in the ſtocks.*
Come, my Lord, away. [*Exeunt Regan and Cornwall.*

SCENE

SCENE VII.

Glo. I'm ſorry for thee, friend; 'tis the Duke's pleaſure,
Whoſe diſpoſition, all the world well knows,
Will not be rubb'd or ſtopp'd *. I'll intreat for thee.

Kent. Pray, do not, Sir. I've watch'd and travell'd hard;
Some time I ſhall ſleep out, the reſt I'll whiſtle:
A good man's fortune may grow out at heels;
Give you good morrow.

Glo. The Duke's to blame in this; 'twill be ill taken. [*Exit.*

Kent. Good King that muſt approve the common ſaw,
Thou out of heaven's benediction com'ſt
To the warm ſun †! ‡ All weary and o'erwatch'd,
Take vantage, heavy eyes, not to behold
This ſhameful lodging.
Fortune, good night; ſmile once more, turn thy wheel. [*He ſleeps.*

SCENE *changes to a part of a heath.*

Enter Edgar.

Edg. I've heard myſelf proclaim'd;
And, by the happy hollow of a tree,
Eſcap'd the hunt. No port is free, no place,
That guard and moſt unuſual vigilance
Does not attend my taking. While I may 'ſcape,
I will preſerve myſelf: and am bethought
To take the baſeſt and the pooreſt ſhape,
That ever penury, in contempt of man,
Brought near to beaſt: my face I'll grime with filth;
Blanket my loins; elſe all my hair in knots;
And

* A metaphor from bowling.

† An old proverbial ſaying applied to thoſe who are turn'd out of houſe and home, deprived of all the comforts of life, excepting the common benefits of the air and ſun.

‡ ——— warm ſun!
Approach, thou beacon, to this under-globe, [*Looking up to the moon.*
That by thy comfortable beams I may
Peruſe this letter. Nothing almoſt ſees miracles,
But miſery. I know 'tis from Cordelia;
Who hath moſt fortunately been inform'd
Of my obſcured courſe. I ſhall find time
From this enormous ſtate, and ſeek to give
Loſſes their remedies. All weary, &c.

And with preſented nakedneſs outface
The winds and perſecutions of the ſky.
The country gives me proof and precedent
Of bedlam beggars, who, with roaring voices,
Strike in their numb'd and mortify'd bare arms,
Pins, wooden pricks, nails, ſprigs of roſemary;
And with this horrible object, from low farms,
Poor pelting villages, ſheep-cotes, and mills,
Sometimes with lunatic bands, ſometimes with pray'rs,
Inforce reer charity; poor Turlupin! poor Tom!——
That's ſomething yet: Edgar I nothing am. [*Exit.*

SCENE IX.

Changes again to the Earl of Glo'ſter's Caſtle.

Enter Lear, Fool, and Gentleman.

Lear. 'Tis ſtrange, that they ſhould ſo depart from home,
And not ſend back my meſſenger.

Gent. As I learn'd,
The night before there was no purpoſe in them
Of this remove.

Kent. Hail to thee, Noble maſter!

Lear. Ha! mak'ſt thou thy ſhame thy paſtime?

Kent. No, my Lord.

Fool. Ha, ha, he wears cruel garters; horſes are ty'd by the heads, dogs and bears by th' neck, monkeys by th' loins, and men by th' legs; when a man is over-luſty at legs, then he wears wooden nether ſtocks.

Lear. What's he that hath ſo much thy place miſtook,
To ſet thee here?

Kent. It is both he and ſhe,
Your ſon and daughter.

Lear. No.

Kent. Yes.

Lear. No, I ſay.

Kent. I ſay, Yea.

Lear. By Jupiter, I ſwear, No.

Kent. By Juno, I ſwear, Ay.

Lear. They durſt not do't.
They could not, would not do't; 'tis worſe than murther,
To do upon reſpect † ſuch violent outrage:

Reſolve

† *Reſpect, for one in honourable employment.*

Reſolve me with all modeſt * haſte, which way
Thou might'ſt deſerve, or they impoſe this uſage,
Coming from us?

Kent. My Lord, when at their home
I did commend your Highneſs' letters to them,
Ere I was riſen from the place, that ſhew'd
My duty kneeling, came a reeking poſt,
Stew'd in his haſte, half breathleſs, panting forth
From Goneril his miſtreſs ſalutation;
Deliver'd letters ſpight of intermiſſion †;
Which preſently they read; on whoſe contents
They ſummon'd up their meiny ‡, ſtraight took horſe;
Commanded me to follow, and attend
The leiſure of their anſwer; gave me cold looks;
And meeting here the other meſſenger,
Whoſe welcome I perceiv'd had poiſon'd mine;
(Being the very fellow which of late
Diſplay'd ſo ſaucily againſt your Highneſs),
Having more man than wit about me, I drew;
He rais'd the houſe with loud and coward cries:
Your ſon and daughter found this treſpaſs worth
The ſhame which here it ſuffers.

Fool. Winter's not gone yet, if the wild geeſe fly that way.
Fathers that wear rags,
Do make their children blind;
But fathers that bear bags,
Shall ſee their children kind.
Fortune, that arrant whore,
Ne'er turns the key to th' poor.
But, for all this, thou ſhalt have as many dolours ‖ from
Thy dear daughters, as thou canſt tell in a year.

Lear. Oh, how this mother ſwells up tow'rd my heart!
Hyſterica paſſio, down, thou climbing ſorrow,
Thy element's below. Where is this daughter?

Kent. With the Earl, Sir, here within.

Lear. Follow me not; ſtay here. [*Exit.*

* *Modeſt*, for *reaſonable*.

† *Intermiſſion*, for another meſſage which they had then before them to conſider of; called *intermiſſion*, becauſe it came between their leiſure and the Steward's meſſage.

‡ *Meiny*, *i. e. people.*

‖ *A quibble intended between dolours and dollars.*

Gent. Made you no more offence
But what you ſpeak of?

Kent. None.
How chance the King comes with ſo ſmall a number

Fool. An' thou hadſt been ſet i' th' ſtocks for t queſtion, thou'dſt well deſerved it.

Kent. Why, fool?

Fool. We'll ſet thee to ſchool to an ant, to teach th there's no lab'ring i' the winter. All that follow th noſes are led by their eyes, but blind men; and the not a noſe among twenty, but can ſmell him that's ſti ing—Let go thy hold, when a great wheel runs do a hill, leſt it break thy neck with following it; but great one that goes upward, let it draw thee aft When a wiſe man gives thee better counſel, give mine again; I would have none but knaves follow ſince a fool gives it.
That, Sir, which ſerves for gain,
And follows but for form,
Will pack when it begins to rain,
And leave thee in the ſtorm:
But I will tarry, the fool will ſtay,
And let the wiſe man fly:
The knave turns fool that runs away;
The fool no knave, perdy.

Kent. Where learn'd you this, fool?

Fool. Not i' th' ſtocks, fool.

SCENE X. *Enter Lear and Glo'ſter.*

Lear. Deny to ſpeak with me? they're ſick, they weary,
They have travell'd all the night? mere fetches.
The images † of revolt and flying off.
Bring me a better anſwer———

Glo. My dear Lord,
You know the fiery quality of the Duke:
How unremovable and fix'd he is
In his own courſe.

Lear. Vengeance! plague! death! confuſion!—
Fiery? what fiery quality? why, Glo'ſter,
I'd ſpeak with the duke of Cornwall and his wife.

† *images, for indications.*

Glo. Well, my good Lord, I have inform'd them ſo.
Lear. Inform'd them? doſt thou underſtand me, man?
Glo. Ay, my good Lord.
Lear. The King would ſpeak with Cornwall, the dear father
Wou'd with his daughter ſpeak; commands her ſervice?
Are they inform'd of this? my breath and blood!—
"Fiery? the fiery Duke? tell the hot Duke, that—
"No, but not yet; may be he is not well;
"Infirmity doth ſtill neglect all office,
"Whereto our health is bound; we're not ourſelves,
"When nature, being oppreſs'd, commands the mind
"To ſuffer with the body." I'll forbear;
And am fall'n out with my more headier will,
To take the indiſpos'd and ſickly fit
For the ſound man!—Death on my ſtate! but wherefore
Should he ſit here? This act perſuades me,
That this remotion of the Duke and her
Is practice only. Give me my ſervant forth;
Go, tell the Duke and's wife, I'd ſpeak with them:
Now, preſently,—bid them come forth, and hear me,
Or at their chamber-door I'll beat the drum,
Till it cry, Sleep to death.
Glo. I would have all well betwixt you. [*Exit.*
Lear. Oh me, my heart! my riſing heart! but down.
Fool. Cry to it, nuncle as the cockney did to the eels, when ſhe put them i' th' paſty alive; ſhe rapp'd 'em o' th' coxcombs with a ſtick, and cry'd, Down, wantons, down: 'twas her brother, that in pure kindneſs to his horſe butter'd his hay.

SCENE XI.

Enter Cornwall, Regan, Glo'ſter, and Servants.

Lear. Good morrow to you both.
Corn. Hail to your Grace! [*Kent is ſet at liberty.*
Reg. I am glad to ſee your Highneſs.
Lear. Regan, I think you are; I know what reaſon
I have to think ſo; if thou wert not glad,
I would divorce me from thy mother's tomb,
Sepulchring an adult'reſs. O, are you free? [*To Kent.*
Some other time for that. Beloved Regan,

Thy ſiſter's naught: oh Regan, ſhe hath tied
" Sharp-tooth'd unkindneſs like a vulture here †;
[*Points to his heart*
I can ſcarce ſpeak to thee; thou'lt not believe
With how deprav'd a quality—oh Regan!——
Reg. I pray you, Sir, take patience; I have hope,
You leſs know how to value her deſert,
Than ſhe to ſcant her duty.
Lear. Say? how is that?——
Reg. I cannot think my ſiſter in the leaſt
Would fail her obligation. If, perchance,
She have reſtrain'd the riots of your followers,
'Tis on ſuch ground, and to ſuch wholeſome end,
As clears her from all blame.
Lear. My curſes on her!——
Reg. O Sir, you are old,
Nature in you ſtands on the very verge
Of her confine; you ſhould be rul'd and led
By ſome diſcretion, that diſcerns your ſtate
Better than you yourſelf: therefore I pray you,
That to our ſiſter you do make return;
Say, you have wrong'd her, Sir.
Lear. Aſk her forgiveneſs?
Do you but mark how this becomes the houſe?
Dear daughter, I confeſs that I am old; [*Kneeling*
Age is unneceſſary: on my knees I beg,
That you'll vouchſafe me raiment, bed, and food.
Reg. Good Sir, no more; theſe are unſightly tricks
Return you to my ſiſter.
Lear. Never, Regan.
She hath abated me of half my train;
Look'd black upon me; ſtruck me with her tongue,
Moſt ſerpent-like, upon the very heart.
All the ſtor'd vengeances of Heaven fall
On her ingrateful top! ſtrike her young bones,
You taking airs, with lameneſs!——
Corn. Fie, Sir! fie!
Lear. You nimble lightnings, dart your blinding
Into her ſcornful eyes! infect her beauty, [flame
You fen-ſuck'd fogs, drawn by the pow'rful ſun
To blaſt, and blaſt her pride.

Re

† *Alluding to the fable of Prometheus.*

Reg. O the bleſs'd gods!
So will you wiſh on me, when the raſh mood is on.
Lear. No, Regan, thou ſhalt never have my curſe:
Thy tender-hefted nature ſhall not give
Thee o'er to harſhneſs; her eyes are fierce, but thine
Do comfort, and not burn. 'Tis not in thee
To grudge my pleaſures, to cut off my train,
To bandy haſty words, to ſcant my ſizes,
And, in concluſion, to oppoſe the bolt
Againſt my coming in. Thou better know'ſt
The offices of nature, bond of childhood,
Effects of courteſy, and dues of gratitude:
Thy half o' th' kingdom thou haſt not forgot,
Wherein I thee endow'd.
Reg. Good Sir, to th' purpoſe. [*Trumpet within.*
Lear. Who put my man i' th' ſtocks?

Enter Steward.

Corn. What trumpet's that?
Reg. I know't, my ſiſter's: this approves her letter,
That ſhe would ſoon be here. Is your lady come?
Lear. This is a ſlave, whoſe eaſy-borrow'd † pride
Dwells in the fickle grace of her he follows.
Out, varlet, from my ſight.
Corn. What means your Grace?

SCENE XII. *Enter Goneril.*

Lear. Who ſtock'd my ſervant? Regan, I've good hope
Thou didſt not know on't.—Who comes here?
O heav'ns!
If you do love old men, if your ſweet ſway
Hallow obedience, if yourſelves are old,
Make it your cauſe; ſend down, and take my part.
Art not aſham'd to look upon this beard?
O Regan, will you take her by the hand?
Gon. Why not by th' hand, Sir? how have I offend-
All's not offence that indiſcretion finds. [ed?
And dotage terms ſo.
Lear. O ſides, you are too tough!
Will you yet hold?——How came my man i' th'
ſtocks?

† *eaſy-borrow'd, for natural to him.*

Corn. I ſet him there, Sir: but his own diſorders
Deſerv'd much leſs advancement.
Lear. You? did you?
Reg. I pray you, father, being weak, deem't ſo.
If, till the expiration of your month,
You will return and ſojourn with my ſiſter,
Diſmiſſing half your train, come then to me;
I'm now from home, and out of that proviſion
Which ſhall be needful for your entertainment.
Lear. Return to her, and fifty men diſmiſs'd?
No, rather I abjure all roofs, and chuſe
To wage againſt the enmity o' th' air;
To be a comrade with the wolf and owl,
Neceſſity's ſharp pinch——Return with her?
Why, the hot-blooded France, that dow'rleſs took
Our youngeſt born, I could as well be brought
To knee his throne, and 'ſquire-like penſion beg,
To keep baſe life a-foot.—Return with her?
Perſuade me rather to be a ſlave, and ſumpter,
To this deteſted groom.
Gon. At your choice, Sir.
Lear. I pr'ythee, daughter, do not make me mad;
I will not trouble thee, my child. Farewel;
"We'll no more meet, no more ſee one another;
"But yet thou art my fleſh, my blood, my daughter,—
"Or rather a diſeaſe that's in my fleſh,
"Which I muſt needs call mine; thou art a bile,
"A plague-ſore, or imboſſed carbuncle,
"In my corrupted blood; but I'll not chide thee.
"Let ſhame come when it will, I do not call it;
"I do not bid the thunder-bearer ſhoot,
"Nor tell tales of thee to high-judging Jove.
"Mend when thou canſt, be better at thy leiſure."
I can be patient, I can ſtay with Regan;
I and my hundred knights.
Reg. Not altogether ſo;
I look'd not for you yet, nor am provided
For your fit welcome; give ear to my ſiſter;
For thoſe that mingle reaſon with your paſſion,
Muſt be content to think you old, and ſo——
But ſhe knows what ſhe does.
Lear. *Is this* well ſpoken?

Re

Reg. I dare avouch it, Sir. What, fifty followers?
Is it not well? what should you need of more?
Yea, or ſo many; ſince both charge and danger
Speak 'gainſt ſo great a number: how in one houſe
Should many people under two commands
Hold amity? 'tis hard, almoſt impoſſible.
Gon. Why might not you, my Lord, receive attend-
From thoſe that ſhe calls ſervants, or from mine? [ance
Reg. Why not, my Lord? if then they chanc'd to
ſlack ye,
We could controul them. If you'll come to me,
(For now I ſpy a danger), I intreat you
To bring but five and twenty; to no more
Will I give place or notice.
Lear. I gave you all———
Reg. And in good time you gave it,
Lear. Made you my guardians, my depoſitaries;
But kept a reſervation to be follow'd
With ſuch a number; muſt I come to you
With five and twenty; Regan, ſaid you ſo?
Reg. And ſpeak't again, my Lord, no more with me.
Lear. Thoſe wrinkled creatures yet do look well-fa-
vour'd,
When others are more wrinkled. Not being worſt,
Stands in ſome rank of praiſe; I'll go with thee:
[*To Gon.*
Thy fifty yet doth double five and twenty;
And thou haſt twice her love.
Gon. Hear me, my Lord.
What need you five and twenty, ten, or five,
To follow in a houſe, where twice ſo many
Have a command to tend you?
Reg. What needs one?
Lear. "O, reaſon not the need: our baſeſt beggars
"Are in the pooreſt thing ſuperfluous;
"Allow not nature more than nature needs,
"Man's life is cheap as beaſts." Thou art a Lady;
If only to go warm were gorgeous,
Why, nature needs not what thou gorgeous wear'ſt,
Which ſcarcely keeps thee warm; but for true need,—
You heav'ns, *give me that patience which I need!*
You ſee me here, you gods, a poor old man,
As full of grief as age; wretched in both!

"If

" If it be you that ſtir theſe daughters' hearts
" Againſt their father, fool me not ſo much
" To bear it tamely; touch me with noble anger:
" O let not womens' weapons, water-drops,
" Stain my man's cheeks. No, you unnat'ral hags,
" I will have ſuch revenges on you both,
" That all the world ſhall——I will do ſuch things,
" What they are, yet I know not; but they ſhall be
The terrors of the earth. You think I'll weep.
No, I'll not weep.——I have full cauſe of weeping.——
This heart ſhall break into a thouſand flaws
Or e'er I weep. O fool, I ſhall go mad.

[*Exeunt Lear, Glo'ſter, Kent, and Fool.*

SCENE XIII.

Corn. Let us withdraw, 'twill be a ſtorm.

[*Storm and tempeſt.*

Reg. This houſe is little; the old man and his people
Cannot be well beſtow'd.

Gon. 'Tis his own blame hath put himſelf from reſt,
And muſt needs taſte his folly.

Reg. For his particular, I'll receive him gladly;
But not one follower.

Gon. So am I purpos'd.
Where is my Lord of Glo'ſter?

Enter Glo'ſter.

Corn. Follow'd the old man forth;——he is return'd.

Glo. The king is in high rage, and will I know not whither.

Corn. 'Tis beſt to give him way, he leads himſelf.

Gon. My Lord, intreat him by no means to ſtay.

Glo. Alack, the night comes on; and the high winds
Do ſorely ruſsle, for many miles about
There's ſcarce a buſh.

Reg. O Sir, to wilful men,
The injuries that they themſelves procure,
Muſt be their ſchoolmaſters: ſhut up your doors.
[illegible] attended with a deſp'rate train;
[illegible] *what they* may incenſe him to, being apt
[illegible] *his* ear abus'd, wiſdom bids fear.

Cor

Corn. Shut up your doors, my Lord, 'tis a wild night.
My Regan counſels well: come out o' th' ſtorm.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

A heath.

A ſtorm is heard with thunder and lightning. Enter Kent, and a Gentleman, ſeverally.

Kent. WHO's there, beſides foul weather?
Gent. One minded like the weather, moſt unquietly.
Kent. I know you; where's the King?
Gent. Contending with the fretful elements;
Bids the wind blow the earth into the ſea,
Or ſwell the curled water 'bove the main,
That things might change or ceaſe; tears his white hair;
[Which the impetuous blaſts with eyeleſs rage
Catch in their fury and make nothing of *];
Strives in his little world of man t' outſcorn
The to-and-fro-conflicting wind and rain.
This night, wherein the cub-drawn † bear would couch,
The lion, and the belly-pinched folk
Keep their fur dry; unbonneted he runs,
And bids what will, take all.
Kent. But who is with him?
Gent. None but the fool, who labours to out-jeſt
His heart-ſtruck injuries.
Kent. Sir, I do know you,
And dare, upon the warrant of my note,
Commend a dear thing to you. There's diviſion
(Although as yet the face of it is cover'd
With mutual cunning) 'twixt Albany and Cornwall ‡.
But

* Theſe two lines in crotchets, are ſome player's trash.
† *i. e.* whoſe dugs are drawn dry by its young.
‡ ——'twixt Albany and Cornwall:
who have (as who have not, whom their great ſtars
dore and fet high?) ſervants, who ſeem no leſs;
which are to France the ſpies and ſpeculations
Intelligent of our ſtate. What hath been ſeen,
Either in ſnuffs and packings of the Dukes;

Or

But true it is, from France there comes a power
Into this ſcathed kingdom; who already,
Wiſe in our negligence, have ſecret ſeize
In ſome of our beſt ports, and are at point
To ſhow their open banner.——Now to you,
If on my credit you dare build ſo far
To make your ſpeed to Dover, you ſhall find
Some that will thank you, making juſt report
Of how unnatural and bemadding ſorrow
The King hath cauſe to plain.
I am a Gentleman of blood and breeding,
And, from ſome knowledge and aſſurance of you,
Offer this office.

Gent. I'll talk further with you.

Kent. No, do not:
For confirmation that I am much more
Than my out-wall, open this purſe, and take
What it contains. If you ſhall ſee Cordelia,
(As, fear not, but you ſhall), ſhew her that ring,
And ſhe will tell you who this fellow is,
That yet you do not know. Fie on this ſtorm!
I will go ſeek the King.

Gent. Give me your hand, have you no more to ſay?

Kent. Few words, but, to effect, more than all yet;
That when we have found the King, (for which you take
That way, I this), he that firſt lights on him,
Halloo the other. [*Exeunt ſeverally.*

SCENE II. *Storm ſtill. Enter Lear and Fool.*

Lear. Blow winds, and crack your cheeks; rage,
You cataracts, and hurricanes, ſpout [blow!
Till you have drench'd our ſteeples, drown'd the cocks!
You ſulph'rous and thought-executing fires,
[Vaunt couriers of oak-cleaving thunderbolts, †]
Singe my white head. And thou, all-ſhaking thunder,
Strike flat the thick rotundity o' th' world;
Crack nature's mould, all germins ſpill at once
That

Or the hard rein, which both of them have borne
Againſt the old kind King; or ſomething deeper,
(*Whereof, perchance,* theſe are but furniſhings——)
But true it is, &c.

† *This line the* players' ſpurious iſſue.

That make ingrateful man!

Fool. O nuncle, court-holy-water in a dry houſe is better than the rain water out o' door. Good nuncle, in, and aſk thy daughter's bleſſing; here's a night that pities neither wiſe men nor fools.

Lear. Rumble thy belly full, ſpit fire, ſpout rain! Nor rain, wind, thunder, fire, are my daughters. I tax not you, you elements, with unkindneſs; I never gave you kingdom, call'd you children; You owe me no ſubſcription[1]. Then let fall Your horrible pleaſure.——Here I ſtand, your ſlave; A poor, infirm, weak, and deſpis'd old man! But yet I call you ſervile miniſters, That have with two pernicious daughters join'd Your high-engender'd battles, 'gainſt a head So old and white as this. Oh! oh! 'Tis foul.

Fool. He that has a houſe to put's head in, has a good head-piece.
The codpiece that will houſe before the head has any,
The head and he ſhall lowſe; ſo beggars marry many.
That man that makes his toe what he his heart ſhould make,
Shall of a corn cry woe, and turn his ſleep to wake.
For there was never yet fair woman, but ſhe made mouths in a glaſs.

SCENE III. *To them, enter Kent.*

Lear. No, I will be the pattern of all patience; I will ſay nothing.

Kent. Who's there?

Fool. Marry, here's grace, and a codpiece, that's a wiſe man and a fool.

Kent. Alas, Sir, are you here? Things that love night,
Love not ſuch nights as theſe: the wrathful ſkies
Gallow the very wand'rers of the dark,
And make them keep their caves. Since I was man,
Such ſheets of fire, ſuch burſts of horrid thunder,
Such groans of roaring wind and rain, I never
Remember to have heard. Man's nature cannot carry
Th' affliction, nor the force.

Lear.

[1] *Subſcription, for obedience.*

Lear. " Let the great gods,
" That keep this dreadful pudder o'er our heads,
" Find out their enemies now. Tremble, thou ——
" That haſt within thee undivulged crimes,
" Unwhipp'd of juſtice! Hide thee, thou bloo
" Thou perjure, and thou ſimular of virtue,
" That art inceſtuous! caitiff, ſhake to pieces,
" That, under cover of convivial ſeeming,
" Haſt practis'd on man's life!—Cloſe pent-up gu
" Rive your concealing continents, and aſk
Theſe dreadful ſummoners grace!—I am a man,
More ſinn'd againſt, than ſinning.

Kent. Alack, bare-headed?
Gracious my Lord, hard by here is a hovel:
Some friendſhip will it lend you 'gainſt the tempeſt:
Repoſe you there, while I to this hard houſe
(More hard than is the ſtone whereof 'tis rais'd;
Which even but now, demanding after you,
Deny'd me to come in) return, and force
Their ſcanted courteſy.

Lear. My wits begin to turn.
Come on, my boy. How doſt, my boy? art cold?
I'm cold myſelf. Where is the ſtraw, my fellow?
The art of our neceſſities is ſtrange,
That can make vile things precious. Come, your hovel,
Poor fool and knave, I've one ſtring in my heart
That's ſorry yet for thee.

Fool. *He that has an a little tiny wit,*
With high ho, the wind and the rain,
Muſt make content with his fortunes fit,
Though the rain it raineth every day.

Lear. True, my good boy: come bring us to this hovel. [*Exit.*

Fool. 'Tis a brave night to cool a courtezan.
I'll ſpeak a prophecy or two ere I go.
When prieſts are more in words than matter;
When brewers mar their malt with water;
n nobles are their tailors' tutors;
ties burnt, but wenches' ſuitors;
nes the time, who lives to ſee't,
g ſhall be us'd with feet.

When

every caſe in law is right,
ure in debt, and no poor knight;
ſlanders do not live in tongues,
pt-purſes come not to throngs;
ufurers tell their gold i' th' field,
awds and whores do churches build;
ſhall the realm of Albion
to great confuſion.
rophecy Merlin ſhall make, for I do live before
ie. [*Exit.*

CENE IV. *An apartment in Glo'ſter's caſtle.*

Enter Glo'ſter and Edmund.

Alack, alack, Edmund, I like not this unnatu-
ling. When I deſir'd their leave that I might pity
hey took from me the uſe of mine own houſe;
d me on pain of perpetual diſpleaſure, neither to
of him, intreat for him, or any way ſuſtain him.
2. Moſt ſavage and unnatural!
Go to; ſay you nothing. There is diviſion be-
the Dukes, and a worſe matter than that. I have
d a letter this night, 'tis dangerous to be ſpoken.
e lock'd the letter in my cloſet). Theſe injuries
ing now bears, will be revenged home. There
of a power already footed; we muſt incline to
ing. I will look for him, and privily relieve him.
u, and maintain talk with the Duke, that my cha-
not of him perceived. If he aſk for me, I am ill,
ne to bed; if I die for it, as no leſs is threaten'd
ie King my old maſter muſt be relieved. There
ange things toward, Edmund; pray you, be care-
[*Exit.*
1. This courteſy forbid thee, ſhall the Duke
ly know, and of that letter too.
eems a fair deſerving, and muſt draw me
which my father loſes; no leſs than all.
ounger riſes, when the old doth fall. [*Exit.*

SCENE V.

Changes to a part of the heath with a hovel.

Enter Lear, Kent, and Fool.

Kent. Here is the place, my Lord; good my Lo[rd]
The tyranny o' the open night's too rough [en]
For nature to endure. [*Storm fa[lls]*

Lear. Let me alone.

Kent. Good my Lord, enter here.

Lear. Will't break my heart? [enter.

Kent. I'd rather break mine own; good my Lord,

Lear. Thou think'ſt 'tis much, that this contentious
Invades us to the ſkin; ſo 'tis to thee; [ſtorm
But where the greater malady is fix'd
The leſſer is ſcarce felt. Thou'dſt ſhun a bear:
But if thy flight lay toward the roaring ſea,
Thou'dſt meet the bear i' th' mouth. When the mind's [free,
The body's delicate; the tempeſt in my mind
Doth from my ſenſes take all feeling elſe,
Save what beats there. Filial ingratitude!
Is it not, as this mouth ſhould tear this hand
For lifting food to't?——" But I'll puniſh home;
" No, I will weep no more——In ſuch a night,
" To ſhut me out!——pour on, I will endure.
" In ſuch a night as this! O Regan, Gonerill,
" Your old kind father, whoſe frank heart gave all—
" O that way madneſs lies; let me ſhun that;
" No more of that.——

Kent. Good my Lord, enter here.

Lear. Pr'ythee go in thyſelf, ſeek thine own eaſe;
" This tempeſt will not give me leave to ponder
" On things would hurt me more—but I'll go in;"
In, boy, go firſt. You houſeleſs poverty——
Nay, get thee in; I'll pray, and then I'll ſleep.——
[*Exit Fool.*
Poor naked wretches, whereſoe'er you are,
That bide the pelting of this pitileſs ſtorm!
How ſhall your houſeleſs heads, and unfed ſides,
Your loop'd and window'd raggedneſs, defend you
From ſeaſons ſuch as theſe?——" O I have ta'en
" Too little care of this! take phyſic, Pomp;
" *Expoſe thyſelf* to feel what wretches feel,

" That

at thou may'ſt ſhake the ſuperflux to them,
d ſhew the heavens more juſt." [poor Tom.
g. [*within.*] Fathom and half, fathom and half!
l. Come not in here, nuncle, here's a ſpirit; help
elp me. [*The Fool runs out from the hovel.*
t. Give me thy hand, who's there?
l. A ſpirit, a ſpirit; he ſays his name's poor Tom.
t. What art thou that doſt grumble there i' th'
? come forth.

SCENE VI.

Enter Edgar, diſguis'd like a madman.

g. Away! the foul fiend follows me. Through
arp hawthorn blows the cold wind. Humph, go
bed, and warm thee.
r. Didſt thou give all to thy daughters? and art
ome to this?
g. Who gives any thing to poor Tom? whom the
iend hath led through fire and through flame,
gh ford and whirlpool, o'er bog and quagmire;
ath laid knives under his pillow, and halters in
w; ſet ratſbane by his porridge, made him proud
rt to ride on a bay trotting horſe over four-inch'd
s, to courſe his own ſhadow for a traitor,—bleſs
ve wits; Tom's a-cold. O do, de, do, de do,
—bleſs thee from whirlwinds, ſtar-blaſting, and
; do poor Tom ſome charity, whom the foul
vexes. There could[have him now, and there,
ere again, and there. [*Storm ſtill.*
r. What, have his daughters brought him to this
paſs?
'ſt thou ſave nothing? didſt thou give 'em all?
l. Nay, he reſerv'd a blanket, elſe we had been
med.
r. Now all the plagues that in the pendulous air
fated o'er mens' faults, light on thy daughters!
. He hath no daughters, Sir.
. Death! traitor, nothing could have ſubdu'd
a lowneſs but his unkind daughters. [nature
ſaſhion that diſcarded fathers
have thus little mercy on their fleſh?

 Judiciou

Judicious puniſhment! 'twas this fleſh begot
Thoſe pelican daughters.

Edg. Pillicock ſat on pillicock-hill, halloo, halloo, loo, loo!

Fool. This cold night will turn us all to fools and madmen.

Edg. Take heed o' th' foul fiend; obey thy parents; keep thy word juſtly; ſwear not; commit not with man's ſworn ſpouſe; ſet not thy ſweet heart on proud array. Tom's a-cold.

Lear. What haſt thou been?

Edg. A ſerving-man, proud in heart and mind; that curl'd my hair, wore gloves in my cap, ſerv'd the luſt of my miſtreſs's heart, and did the act of darkneſs with her: ſwore as many oaths as I ſpake words, and broke them in the ſweet face of heav'n. One that ſlept in the contriving luſt, and wak'd to do it. Wine lov'd I deeply; dice dearly; and in woman, out-paramour'd the Turk. Falſe of heart, light of ear †, bloody of hand; hog in ſloth, fox in ſtealth, wolf in greedineſs, dog in madneſs, lion in prey. Let not the creaking of ſhoes, nor the ruſtling of ſilks, betray thy poor heart to woman. Keep thy foot out of brothels, thy hand out of plackets, thy pen from lenders' books, and defie the foul fiend. Still through the hawthorn blows the cold wind: ſays ſuum, mun, nonny, dolphin my boy, boy, Seſſey: let him trot by. [*Storm ſtill.*

Lear. Thou wert better in thy grave, than to anſwer with thy uncover'd body this extremity of the ſkies. "Is man no more than this? conſider him well. Thou "ow'ſt the worm no ſilk, the beaſt no hide, the ſheep "no wool, the cat no perfume. Ha! here's three of "us are ſophiſticated. Thou art the thing itſelf; un-"accommodated man is no more but ſuch a poor, bare, "forked animal as thou art. Off, off, you lendings; "come unbutton here. [*Tearing off his cloaths.*

Fool. Pr'ythee, nuncle, be contented; 'tis a naughty night to ſwim in. Now a little fire in a wild field were like an old lecher's heart, a ſmall park, and all the reſt on's body cold; look, here comes a walking fire.

Edg. This is the foul Flibbertigibbet; he begins at curfew,

† *i. e. credulous.*

urfew, and walks till the firſt cock; he gives the web and the pin, ſquints the eye, and makes the hair-lip; mildews the white wheat, and hurts the poor creatures of the earth.

Saint Withold footed thrice the wold;
He met the night-mare, and her name told,
Bid her alight, and her troth plight,
And aroynt thee, witch, aroynt thee right.

Kent. How fares your Grace?

SCENE VII.

Enter Glo'ſter with a torch.

Lear. What's he?

Kent. Whoſe there? what is't you ſeek?

Glo. What are you there? your names?

Edg. Poor Tom, that eats the ſwimming frog, the toad, the tod-pole; the wall-newt, and the water-newt; that in the fury of his heart, when the foul fiend rages, eats cow dung for ſallets; ſwallows the old rat, and the ditch-dog; drinks the green mantle of the ſtanding-pool; who is whipp'd from tything to tything, and ſtock-puniſh'd, and impriſon'd: who hath had three ſuits to his back, ſix ſhirts to his body; horſe to ride, and weapon to wear:

But mice, and rats, and ſuch ſmall geer,
Have been Tom's food for ſeven long year.

Beware my follower. Peace, Smolkin, peace, thou fiend!

Glo. What hath your grace no better company?

Edg. The prince of darkneſs is a gentleman; *Modo* he's call'd, and *Mahu.*

Glo. Our fleſh and blood, my Lord, is grown ſo vile, That it doth hate what gets it.

[illegible] Tom's a-cold.

[illegible] Go in with me; my duty cannot ſuffer [illegible] in all your daughters' hard commands: [illegible] their injunction be to bar my doors, [illegible] *this tyrannous night* take hold upon you; [illegible] *Lventur'd to come ſeek you out,*

And bring you where both fire and food is ready.

Lear. Firſt let me talk with this philoſopher.——
What is the cauſe of thunder?

Kent. My good Lord, take his offer,
Go into th' houſe.

Lear. I'll talk a word with this ſame learned Theban.
What is your ſtudy?

Edg. How to prevent the fiend, and to kill vermin.

Lear. Let us aſk you one word in private.

Kent. Importune him once more to go, my Lord;
His wits begin t' unſettle.

Glo. Canſt thou blame him? [*Storm ſtill.*
His daughters ſeek his death. Ah, that good Kent!
He ſaid it would be thus; poor baniſh'd man!——
Thou ſay'ſt the King grows mad; I'll tell thee, friend,
I'm almoſt mad myſelf; I had a ſon,
Now outlaw'd from my blood; he ſought my life
But lately, very late; I lov'd him, friend,
No father his ſon dearer: true to tell thee,
The grief hath craz'd my wits. What a night's this?
I do beſeech your Grace.

Lear. O cry you mercy, Sir:
Noble philoſopher, your company.

Edg. Tom's a-cold.

Glo. In, fellow, into th' hovel; keep thee warm.

Lear. Come, let's in all.

Kent. This way, my Lord.

Lear. With him;
I will keep ſtill with my philoſopher.

Kent. Good my Lord, ſooth him; let him take the fellow.

Glo. Take him you on.

Kent. Sirrah, come on; along with us.

Lear. Come, good Athenian.

Glo. No words, no words, huſh.

Edg. Child Rowland † *to the dark tower came:*

His

† In the old times of chivalry, the noble youth who were candidates for knighthood, during the ſeaſon of their probation, were called *Infans*, *Varlets*, *Damoyſels*, *Bacheliers*. The moſt noble of *the youth* particularly, *Infans*. Here a ſtory is told, in ſome old *ballad, of the* famous hero and giant killer Roland, before he was *knighted*, who is therefore called *Infans*; which the ballad-*makers tranſlated, Child Roland*.

His word was ſtill, Fie, foh, and fum,
I ſmell the blood of a Britiſh man. [Exeunt.

SCENE VIII. *Changes to Glo'ſter's caſtle.*

Enter Cornwall and Edmund.

Corn. I will have revenge ere I depart his houſe.

Edm. How, my Lord, I may be cenſur'd that nature thus gives way to loyalty; ſomething fears me to think of.

Corn. I now perceive it was not altogether your brother's evil diſpoſition made him ſeek his death: but a provoking merit, ſet a-work by a reprovable badneſs in himſelf.

Edm. How malicious is my fortune, that I muſt repent to be juſt? This is the letter which he ſpoke of; which approves him an intelligent party to the advantages of France. Oh heavens! that this treaſon were not; or not I the detector!

Corn. Go with me to the Ducheſs.

Edm. If the matter of this paper be certain, you have mighty buſineſs in hand.

Corn. True or falſe, it hath made thee Earl of Glo'ſter: ſeek out where thy father is, that he may be ready for our apprehenſion.

Edm. If I find him comforting the King, it will ſtuff his ſuſpicion more fully——[*aſide.*] I will perſevere in my courſe of loyalty, though the conflict be ſore between that and my blood. [*Aloud.*

Corn. I will lay truſt upon thee, and thou ſhalt find a dearer father in my love. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IX. *A Chamber in a farm houſe.*

Enter Kent and Glo'ſter.

Glo. Here is better than the open air, take it thankfully: I will piece out the comfort with what addition I can; I will not be long from you. [*Exit.*

Kent. All the power of his wits has given way to his impatience: the gods reward your kindneſs!

Enter Lear, Edgar, and Fool.

Fraterreto calls me, and tells me, Nero is an

angler in the lake of darkneſs! pray innocent, and beware the foul fiend.

Fool. Pr'ythee, nuncle, tell me, whether a madman be a gentleman or a yeoman?

Lear. A King, a King.

Fool. No, he's a yeoman that has a gentleman to his ſon: for he's a mad yeoman that ſees his ſon a gentleman before him.

Lear. To have a thouſand with red-burning ſpits
Come hizzing in upon 'em——

Edg. The foul fiend bites my back.

Fool. He's mad that truſts in the tameneſs of a wolf, the heels of a horſe, the love of a boy, or the oath of a whore.

Lear. It ſhall be done, I will arraign 'em ſtraight.
Come, ſit thou here, moſt learned juſticer; [*To the fool.*
Thou ſapient Sir, ſit here——now, ye ſhe-foxes!——
[*To Edgar.*

Edg. Look where ſhe ſtands and glares. Wanteſt thou eyes
At trial, Madam?

Come o'er the broom, Beſſy, to me.

Fool Her boat hath a leak, and ſhe muſt not ſpeak
Why ſhe dares not come over to thee.

Edg. The foul fiend haunts poor Tom in the voice of a nightingale. Hopdance cries in Tom's belly for two white herrings. Croak not, black angel, I have no food for thee.

Kent. How do you, Sir? ſtand you not ſo amaz'd;
Will you lie down and reſt upon the cuſhions?

Lear. I'll ſee their trial firſt, bring me in the evidence.
Thou robed man of juſtice, take thy place;
And thou his yoke-fellow of equity,
Bench by his ſide. You are o' th' commiſſion, ſit you too.

Edg. Let us deal juſtly.——

Sleepeſt or wakeſt thou, jolly ſhepherd?
Thy ſheep be in the corn;
And for one blaſt of thy minikin mouth,
Thy ſheep ſhall take no harm.

Purre, the cat, is grey.

Lear. Arraign her firſt, 'tis Gonerill. I here take *my oath before* this honourable aſſembly, ſhe kick'd the *poor King her* father.

Fool

Fool. Come hither, Miſtreſs. Is your name *Gonerill?*
Lear. She cannot deny it.
Fool. Cry you mercy, I took you for a joint-ſtool.
Lear. And here's another, whoſe warpt looks proclaim
What ſtore her heart is made of. Stop her there;
Arm, arms, ſword, fire,—corruption in the place!
Falſe juſticer, why haſt thou let her 'ſcape?
Edg. Bleſs thy five wits.
Kent. O pity! Sir, where is the patience now
That you ſo oft have boaſted to retain?
Edg. My tears begin to take his part ſo much,
They mar my counterfeiting. [*Aſide.*
Lear. The little dogs and all,
Tray, Blanch, and Sweet-heart, ſee, they bark at me—
Edg. Tom will throw his head at them; avaunt, you curs!
Be thy mouth or black or white,
Tooth that poiſons if it bite;
Maſtiff, grey-hound, mongrel grim,
Hound or ſpaniel, brache, or hym;
Or bobtail tike, or trundle-tail,
Tom will make him weep and wail:
For, with throwing thus my head,
Dogs leap the hatch, and all are fled.
Do, de, de, de: Seſſey, come, march to wakes and fairs,
And market towns; poor Tom, thy horn is dry.
Lear. Then let them anatomize Regan——ſee what breeds about her heart——Is there any cauſe in nature that makes theſe hard hearts? "You, Sir, I entertain "for one of my hundred; only I do not like the fa- "ſhion of your garments. You will ſay they are Per- "ſian; but let them be chang'd.

Re-enter Glo'ſter.

Kent. Now, good my Lord, lie here and reſt a while.
Lear. Make no noiſe, make no noiſe, draw the cur-
ſo, ſo, we'll go to ſupper i' th' morning. [tains;
Fool. And I'll go to bed at noon.
Glo. Come hither, friend. Where is the King, my maſter?
Kent. Here, Sir, but trouble him not; his wits are gone.
Glo. Good friend, I pr'ythee, take him in thy arms:

I have o'erheard a plot of death upon him:
There is a litter ready, lay him in't,
And drive tow'rd Dover, friend, where thou ſhalt meet
Both welcome and protection. Take up thy maſter.
If thou ſhould'ſt dally half an hour, his life,
With thine, and all that offer to defend him,
Stand in aſſured loſs. Take up, take up,
And follow me, that will to ſome proviſion
Give thee quick conduct.

Kent. Oppreſs'd nature ſleeps:
This reſt might yet have balm'd thy broken ſenſes,
Which, if conveniency will not allow,
Stand in hard cure. Come, help to bear thy maſter;
Thou muſt not ſtay behind. [*To the fool.*

Glo. Come, come, away. [*Exe. bearing off the King.*

Manet Edgar.

Edg. When we our betters ſee bearing our woes,
We ſcarcely think our miſeries our foes.
Who alone ſuffers, ſuffers moſt i' th' mind;
Leaving free * things, and happy ſhows behind;
But then the mind much ſufferance does o'erſkip,
When grief hath mates, and bearing fellowſhip.
How light and portable my pain ſeems now,
When that which makes me bend, makes the King bow!
He childed, as I father'd!——Tom, away;
Mark the high noiſes, and thyſelf bewray †, * * *
When falſe opinion, whoſe wrong thought defiles thee,
In thy juſt proof repeals, and reconciles thee.
What will hap more to-night; ſafe 'ſcape the King!
Lurk, lurk.—— [*Exit Edgar.*

SCENE X. *Changes to Glo'ſter's caſtle.*

Enter Cornwall, Regan, Gonerill, Edmund, and Servants.

Corn. Poſt ſpeedily to my Lord your huſband, ſhew him

* *free*, for *undiſturbed*.

† Between this and the following words, ſomething is wanting, *which makes the* following words unconnected and obſcure, and *theſe unintelligible*, as being only the beginning of a ſentence.

him this letter; the army of France is landed: ſeek out the traitor Glo'ſter.

Reg. Hang him inſtantly.

Gon. Pluck out his eyes.

Corn. Leave him to my diſpleaſure. Edmund, keep you our ſiſter company; the revenges we are bound to take upon your traiterous father, are not fit for your beholding. Adviſe the Duke, where you are going, to a moſt feſtinate preparation; we are bound to the like: Our poſts ſhall be ſwift, and intelligent betwixt us. Farewel, dear ſiſter; farewel, my Lord of Glo'ſter.

Enter Steward.

How now? where's the King?

Stew. My Lord of Glo'ſter hath convey'd him hence.
Some five or ſix and thirty of his Knights,
Hot queſtriſts after him, met him at gate;
Who with ſome other of the Lord's dependents,
Are gone with him tow'rd Dover; where they boaſt
To have well-armed friends.

Corn. Get horſes for your miſtreſs.

Gon. Farewel, ſweet Lord, and ſiſter.

[*Exeunt Gonerill and Edmund.*

Corn. Edmund, Farewel.——Go ſeek the traitor Glo'ſter; [*To the Servants.*
Pinion him like a thief, bring him before us:
Though well we may not paſs upon his life
Without the form of juſtice; yet our pow'r
Shall do a court'ſy to our wrath, which men
May blame, but not controul.

SCENE XI.

Enter Glo'ſter, brought in by Servants.

Who's there! the traitor?

Reg. Ingrateful fox! 'tis he.

Corn. Bind faſt his corky arms.

Glo. What mean your Graces? Good my friends, conſider
my gueſts: do me no foul play, friends.

Corn. Bind him, I ſay. [*They bind him.*

Reg. Hard, hard: O filthy traitor!

Glo

Glo. Unmerciful lady as you are! I'm none.

Corn. To this chair bind him. Villain, thou ſhalt find———

Glo. By the kind gods *, 'tis moſt ignobly done
To pluck me by the beard.

Reg. So white, and ſuch a traitor?

Glo. Naughty lady,
Theſe hairs which thou doſt raviſh from my chin,
Will quicken and accuſe thee; I'm your hoſt:
With robbers' hands, my hoſpitable favour
You ſhould not ruffle thus. What will you do?

Corn. Come, Sir, what letters had you late from France?

Reg. Be ſimple-anſwer'd, for we know the truth.

Corn. And what confed'racy have you with the traitor
Late footed in the kingdom?

Reg. To whoſe hands
Have you ſent the lunatic King? ſpeak.

Glo. I have a letter gueſſingly ſet down,
Which came from one that's of a neutral heart,
And not from one oppos'd.

Corn. Cunning———

Reg. And falſe.

Corn. Where haſt thou ſent the King?

Glo. To Dover.

Reg. Wherefore to Dover?
Waſt thou not charg'd, at peril———

Corn. Wherefore to Dover? Let him firſt anſwer that.

Glo. I am ty'd to th' ſtake, and I muſt ſtand the courſe.

Reg. Wherefore to Dover?

Glo. Becauſe I would not ſee thy cruel nails
Pluck out his poor old eyes, nor thy fierce ſiſter
In his anointed fleſh ſtick boariſh phangs.
The ſea, with ſuch a ſtorm as his bare head
In hell-black night endur'd, would have boil'd up,
And quench'd the ſtelled fires;
Yet poor old heart, he help'd the heav'ns to rain.
If wolves had at thy gate howl'd that ſtern time,
Thou ſhouldſt have ſaid, "Go, porter, turn the key;

All

† We are not to underſtand by this the gods in general, who are beneficent and kind to men; but that particular ſpecies of them called by the ancients, *Dii hoſpitales*, kind gods.

All cruels elſe ſubſcrib'd †; but I ſhall ſee
The winged vengeance overtake ſuch children.

Corn. See't ſhalt thou never. Fellows, hold the chair.
Upon theſe eyes of thine I'll ſet my foot.

[*Glo'ſter is held down, while Cornwall treads out one of his eyes.*

Glo. He that will think to live till he be old,
Give me ſome help.——O cruel! O you gods!

Reg. One ſide will mock another; th' other too.

Corn. If you ſee vengeance———

Serv. Hold your hand, my Lord:
I've ſerv'd you ever ſince I was a child;
But better ſervice have I never done you,
Than now to bid you hold.

Reg. How now, you dog?

Serv. If you did wear a beard upon your chin,
I'd ſhake it on this quarrel. What do you mean?

Corn. My villain!

Serv. Nay then come on, and take the chance of anger.

[*Fight; in the ſcuffle Cornwall is wounded.*

Reg. Give me thy ſword. A peaſant ſtand up thus?

[*Kills him.*

Serv. Oh, I am ſlain—my Lord, you have one eye left
To ſee ſome miſchief on him. Oh——— [*Dies.*

Corn. Leſt it ſee more, prevent it; out, vile gelly:
Where is thy luſtre now? [*Treads the other out.*

Glo. All dark and comfortleſs——Where's my ſon
Edmund, inkindle all the ſparks of nature [Edmund?
To quit this horrid act.

Reg. Out, treacherous villain!
Thou call'ſt on him that hates thee: it was he
That made the overture of thy treaſons to us;
Who is too good to pity thee.

Glo. O my follies!
Then Edgar was abus'd. Kind gods, forgive
Me that, and proſper him!

Reg. Go thruſt him out
At th' gates, and let him ſmell his way to Dover.

[*Exit with Glo'ſter.*

How ſt, my Lord, *how look you?*

† *ſubſcrib'd, for ſoften'd.*

Corn. I have receiv'd a hurt; follow me, Lady.—
Turn out that eyeleſs villain; throw this ſlave
Upon the dunghil.——Regan, I bleed apace.
Untimely comes this hurt. Give me your arm.
[*Exit Corn. led by Regan.*

1*ſt Serv.* I'll never care what wickedneſs I do,
If this man come to good.

2*d Serv.* If ſhe live long,
And, in the end, meet the old courſe of death,
Women will all turn monſters.

1*ſt Serv.* Let's follow the old Earl, and get the bedlam
To lead him where he would; his roguiſh madneſs
Allows itſelf to any thing.

2*d Serv.* Go thou; I'll fetch ſome flax and whites of eggs
T' apply to's bleeding face. Now, Heav'n help him!
[*Exeunt ſeverally.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

An open country.

Enter Edgar.

YET better thus, and known to be contemn'd,
Than ſtill contemn'd and flatter'd. To be worſt,
The loweſt, moſt dejected thing of fortune,
Stands ſtill in eſperance; lives not in fear.
The lamentable change is from the beſt;
The worſt returns to laughter. Welcome then,
Thou unſubſtantial air, that I embrace!
The wretch that thou haſt blown unto the worſt,
Owes nothing to thy blaſts.

Enter Glo'ſter, led by an old man.

But who comes here?
My father poorly led? World, world, O world!
But that thy ſtrange mutations make us hate thee,
Life would not yield to † age.

Old Man.

† *Yield to,* ſignifies no more than give way to, ſink under, in oppoſition to the *ſtruggling with, bearing up againſt* the infirmities of age.

Old Man. O my good Lord, I have been your tenant, and your father's tenant, theſe fourſcore years.

Glo. Away, get thee away: good friend, be gone; Thy comforts can do me no good at all, Thee they may hurt.

Old Man. You cannot ſee your way.

Glo. I have no way, and therefore want no eyes: I ſtumbled when I ſaw. Full oft 'tis ſeen, Our mean † ſecures us; and our mere defects Prove our commodities.——O dear ſon Edgar, The food of thy abuſed father's wrath; Might I but live to ſee thee in my touch, I'd ſay I had eyes again!

Old Man. How now? who's there?

Edg. O gods! who is't can ſay, I'm at the worſt? I'm worſe than e'er I was.

Old Man. 'Tis poor mad Tom.

Edg. And worſe I may be yet: the worſt is not, So long as we can ſay, This is the worſt.

Old Man. Fellow, where goeſt?

Glo. Is it a beggar-man?

Old Man. Madman, and beggar too.

Glo. He has ſome reaſon, elſe he could not beg. I'th' laſt night's ſtorm I ſuch a fellow ſaw; Which made me think a man a worm. My ſon Came then into my mind; and yet my mind Was then ſcarce friends with him. I've heard more [ſince, As flies to wanton boys, are we to th' gods; They kill us for their ſport.

Edg. How ſhould this be?
Bad is the trade muſt play the fool to ſorrow, Ang'ring itſelf and others.——Bleſs thee, maſter.

Glo. Is that the naked fellow?

Old Man. Ay, my Lord.

Glo. Get thee away. If, for my ſake, Thou wilt o'ertake us hence a mile or twain I' th' way tow'rd Dover, do it for ancient love; And bring ſome covering for this naked ſoul, Whom I'll intreat to lead me.

Old Man. Alack, Sir, he is mad. [blind,

Glo. 'Tis *the time's plague*, when madmen lead the *I bid, or rather do thy* pleaſure;

† *i. e. moderate, mediocre condition.*

Above the reſt, be gone.

Old Man. I'll bring him the beſt 'parel that I have, Come on't what will. [*Exit.*

Glo. Sirrah, naked fellow.

Edg. Poor Tom's a-cold ;—I cannot daub * it further. [*Aſide.*

Glo. Come hither, fellow.

Edg. And yet I muſt. [*Aſide.*

Bleſs thy ſweet eyes, they bleed.

Glo. Know'ſt thou the way to Dover?

Edg. Both ſtile and gate, horſe-way and foot path. Poor Tom hath been ſcar'd out of his good wits. Bleſs thee, good man, from the foul fiend. Five fiends have been in poor Tom at once; of luſt, as Obidicut; Hobbididen, prince of dumbneſs; Mahu, of ſtealing; Mohu, of murder; and Flibbertigibbet, of mopping and mowing; who ſince poſſeſſes chamber-maids and waiting-women.

Glo. Here, take this purſe, thou whom the heavens' plagues
Have humbled to all ſtrokes. That I am wretched,
Makes thee the happier: heavens deal ſo ſtill!
Let the ſuperfluous † and luſt-dieted man,
That braves your ordinance, that will not ſee
Becauſe he does not feel, feel your power quickly:
So diſtribution ſhould undo exceſs,
And each man have enough. Dee'ſt thou know Dover?

Edg. Ay, maſter.

Glo. There is a cliff, whoſe high and bending head
Looks fearfully on the confined deep:
Bring me but to the very brim of it,
And I'll repair the miſery thou do'ſt bear,
With ſomething rich about me: from that place
I ſhall no leading need.

Edg. Give me thy arm;
Poor Tom ſhall lead thee. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The Duke of Albany's palace.*

Enter Gonerill and Edmund.

Gon. Welcome, my Lord. I marvel our mild huſband Not met us on the way.

Enter

* *i. e. diſguiſe.*

† *Superfluous* is here uſed for *one living in abundance.*

Enter Steward.

Now, where's your maſter?

Stew. Madam, within; but never man ſo chang'd.
I told him of the army that was landed:
He ſmil'd at it. I told him you were coming;
His anſwer was, the worſe. Of Glo'ſter's treachery,
And of the loyal ſervice of his ſon,
When I inform'd him, then he call'd me ſot;
And told me, I had turn'd the wrong ſide out.
What moſt he ſhould diſlike, ſeems pleaſant to him,
What like, offenſive.

Gon. Then ſhall you go no further. [*To Edm.*
It is the cowiſh terror of his ſpirit,
That dares not undertake; he'll not feel wrongs,
Which tie him to an anſwer; our wiſhes on the way
May prove effects. Back, Edmund, to my brother;
Haſten his muſters, and conduct his powers.
I muſt change arms at home, and give the diſtaff
Into my huſband's hands. This truſty ſervant
Shall paſs between us: you ere long ſhall hear,
If you dare venture in your own behalf,
A miſtreſs's command. Wear this, [*Gives him a ring.*],
ſpare ſpeech,
Decline your head. This kiſs, if it durſt ſpeak,
Would ſtretch thy ſpirits up into the air.
Conceive, and fare thee well.

Edm. Your's in the ranks of death.

Gon. My moſt dear Glo'ſter! [*Exit Edmund.*
Oh, the ſtrange difference of man and man!
To thee a woman's ſervices are due,
My fool uſurps my body.

Stew. Madam, here comes my Lord.

Enter Albany.

Gon. I have been worth the whiſtle.

Alb. Oh Gonerill,
You are not worth the duſt which the rude wind
Blows in your face.——I fear your diſpoſition.
That nature which contemns its origin,
Cannot be border'd certain † in itſelf;
She that herſelf will ſliver and diſbranch

† *certain, for within the bounds that nature preſcribes.*

From her material ſap, perforce muſt wither,
And come to deadly uſe.

Gon. No more; 'tis fooliſh.

Alb. Wiſdom and goodneſs to the vile ſeem vile.
Filths ſavour but themſelves——What have you done?
Tygers, not daughters, what have you perform'd?
A father, and a gracious aged man,
Moſt barb'rous, moſt degenerate, have you madded.
Cou'd my good brother ſuffer you to do it.
A man, a prince by him ſo benefited?
If that the heav'ns do not their viſible ſpirits
Send quickly down to tame the vile offences,
Humanity muſt perforce prey on itſelf,
Like monſters of the deep.

Gon. Milk-liver'd man!
That bear'ſt a cheek for blows, a head for wrongs;
Who haſt not in thy brows an eye diſcerning
Thine honour, from thy ſuffering: that not know'ſt,
Fools do thoſe villains pity, who are puniſh'd
Ere they have done their miſchief. Where's thy drum?
France ſpreads his banners in our noiſeleſs land,
With plumed helm the ſlayer begins his threats;
Whilſt thou, ~~a moral~~ fool, ſitt'ſt ſtill, and cry'ſt,
"Alack! why does he ſo?"——

Alb. See thyſelf, devil.
Proper deformity ſeems not in the fiend
So horrid as in woman.

Gon. O vain fool!

Alb. Thou chang'd and ſelf-converted thing! For
Be-monſter not thy feature. Were't my fitneſs [ſhame,
To let theſe hands obey my [boiling] blood,
They're apt enough to diſlocate and tear
Thy fleſh and bones.——Howe'er thou art a fiend,
A woman's ſhape doth ſhield thee.——

Gon. Marry, your manhood now!

Enter Meſſenger.

Meſſ. Oh, my good Lord, the Duke of Cornwall's [dea
ſlain by his ſervant, going to put out
The other eye of Glo'ſter.

Alb. Glo'ſter's eyes!

Meſſ. A ſervant that he bred, thrill'd with remorſe,
Oppo

Oppos'd againſt the act, bending his ſword
To his great maſter: who, thereat enrag'd,
Flew on him, and amongſt them fell'd him dead;
But not without that harmful ſtroke which ſince
Hath pluck'd him after.

Alb. This ſhews you are above,
You juſtices, that theſe our nether crimes
So ſpeedily can venge. But O poor Glo'ſter!
Loſt he his other eye?

Meſſ. Both, both, my Lord.
This letter, Madam, craves a ſpeedy anſwer.
'Tis from your ſiſter.

Gon. One way, I like this well;
But being widow, and my Glo'ſter with her,
May all the building in my fancy pluck
Upon my hateful life. Another way
The news is not ſo tart. I'll read, and anſwer. [*Exit.*

Alb. Where was his ſon when they did take his eyes?

Meſſ. Come with my Lady hither.

Alb. He's not here.

Meſſ. No, my good Lord, I met him back again.

Alb. Knows he the wickedneſs?

Meſſ. Ay, my good Lord; 'twas he inform'd againſt him,
And quit the houſe, of purpoſe that their puniſhment
Might have the freer courſe.

Alb. Glo'ſter, I live
To thank thee for the love thou ſhew'dſt the King,
And to revenge thine eyes. Come hither, friend;
Tell me what more thou know'ſt. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *Dover.*

Enter Kent, and a Gentleman.

Kent. The King of France ſo ſuddenly gone back!
Know you the reaſon?

Gent. Something he left imperfect in the ſtate,
Which ſince his coming forth is thought of, which
Imports the kingdom ſo much fear and danger,
That his return was moſt requir'd and neceſſary.

Kent. Whom hath he left behind him General?

Gent. The Marſchal of France, Monſieur le Far.

Kent.

Kent. Did your letters pierce the Queen to any demonſtration of grief!

Gent. I, Sir, ſhe took 'em, read 'em in my preſence;
And now and then an ample tear trill'd down
Her delicate cheek: it ſeem'd ſhe was a queen
Over her paſſion, which, moſt rebel-like,
Sought to be king o'er her.

Kent. O then it mov'd her.——

Gent. But not to rage. "Patience and ſorrow ſtrov
"Which ſhould expreſs her goodlieſt. You have ſeen
"Sunſhine and rain at once——her ſmiles and tears
"Were like a wetter May. Thoſe happy ſmiles
"That play'd on her ripe lip, ſeem'd not to know
"What gueſts were in her eyes; which parted thence
"As pearls from diamonds dropt.——In brief,
Sorrow would be a rarity moſt belov'd,
If all could ſo become it.

Kent. Made ſhe no verbal queſt?

Gent. Yes, once or twice, ſhe heav'd the name of
Pantingly forth, as if it preſs'd her heart. [*father*
Cry'd, Siſters? ſiſters!——Shame of ladies! ſiſters!
Kent! father! ſiſters! what? i' th' ſtorm? i' th' night
Let pity ne'er believe it!——there ſhe ſhook
The holy water from her heav'nly eyes;
And, clamour-motion'd, then away ſhe ſtarted
To deal with grief alone.

Kent. ——It is the ſtars,
The ſtars above us, govern our conditions:
Elſe one ſelf-mate † and mate could not beget
Such diff'rent iſſues. Spoke you with her ſince?

Gent. No.

Kent. Was this before the King return'd?

Gent. No, ſince.

Kent. Well, Sir; the poor diſtreſſed Lear's in town
Who ſometimes, in his better tune, remembers
What we are come about; and by no means
Will yield to ſee his daughter.

Gent. Why, good Sir?

Kent. A ſov'reign ſhame ſo bows him: his unkindneſs
That ſtript her from his benediction, turn'd her
To foreign caſualties, gave her dear rights

T

† *ſelf*, for *ſelf-ſame*. i. *e.* one mate the ſelf-ſame with the oth

his dog-hearted daughters; theſe things ſting him
venomouſly, that burning ſhame detains him
om his Cordelia.

Gent. Alack, poor gentleman!

Kent. Of Albany's and Cornwall's pow'rs you heard not?

Gent. 'Tis ſaid they are a-foot.

Kent. Well, Sir, I'll bring you to our maſter Lear,
nd leave you to attend him. Some dear † cauſe
ill in concealment wrap me up a while.
hen I am known aright, you ſhall not grieve
ending me this acquaintance. Pray, along with me.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *A camp.*

Enter Cordelia, Phyſician, and Soldiers.

Cor. " Alack, 'tis he; why, he was met even now
" As mad as the vex'd ſea; ſinging aloud;
' Crown'd with rank fumitory, and furrow-weeds,
' With burdocks, hemlock, nettles, cuckoo-flowers,
' Darnel, and all the idle weeds that grow
' In our ſuſtaining corn. Send forth a cent'ry;
earch ev'ry acre in the high-grown field,
nd bring him to our eye. What can man's wiſdom
n the reſtoring his bereaved ſenſe?
e that helps him, take all my outward worth.

Phyſ. There are means, Madam:
ur foſter-nurſe of nature is repoſe;
he which he lacks; that to provoke in him,
re many ſimples operative, whoſe power
ill cloſe the eye of anguiſh.

Cor. " All bleſs'd ſecrets,
' All you unpubliſh'd virtues of the earth,
' Spring with my tears; be aidant, and remediate
' In the good man's diſtreſs!—Seek, ſeek for him;
eſt his ungovern'd rage diſſolve the life
hat wants the means to lead it.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſſ. News, Madam:

The

† *dear, for important.*

The Britiſh pow'rs are marching hitherward.
Cor. 'Tis known before. Our preparation ſtands
In expectation of them. O dear father,
It is thy buſineſs that I go about: therefore great France
My mourning and important tears hath pitied.
No blown ambition doth our arms incite,
But love, dear love, and our ag'd father's right.
Soon may I hear, and ſee him! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *Regan's palace.*

Enter Regan and Steward.

Reg. But are my brother's powers ſet forth?
Stew. Ay, Madam.
Reg. Himſelf in perſon there?
Stew. With much ado.
Your ſiſter is the better ſoldier.
Reg. Lord Edmund ſpake not with your Lady at home?
Stew. No, Madam.
Reg. What might import my ſiſter's letter to him?
Stew. I know not, Lady.
Reg. 'Faith, he is poſted hence on ſerious matter.
It was great ign'rance, Glo'ſter's eyes being out,
To let him live; where he arrives, he moves
All hearts againſt us. Edmund, I think, is gone,
In pity of his miſery, to diſpatch
His nighted life; moreover, to deſcry
The ſtrength o' th' enemy.
Stew. I muſt needs after him, Madam, with my letter.
Reg. Our troops ſet forth to-morrow: ſtay with us;
The ways are dangerous.
Stew. I may not, Madam;
My Lady charg'd my duty in this buſineſs.
Reg. Why ſhould ſhe write to Edmund? might not you
Tranſport her purpoſes by word? Belike
Something—I know not what—I'll love thee much—
Let me unſeal the letter.
Stew. Madam, I had rather——
Reg. I know your Lady does not love her huſband;
I'm ſure of that: and, at her late being here,

ſhe gave ſtrange œillades, and moſt ſpeaking looks
To Noble Edmund. I know you're of her boſom.

Steew. I, Madam?

Reg. I ſpeak in underſtanding: you are; I know't;
Therefore I do adviſe you, take this note.
My Lord is dead; Edmund and I have talk'd,
And more convenient is he for my hand,
Than for your Lady's: you may gather more:
If you do find him, pray you, give him this;
And when your miſtreſs hears thus much from you,
I pray, deſire her call her wiſdom to her. So farewel.
If you do chance to hear of that blind traitor,
Preferment falls on him that cuts him off.

Stew. Would I could meet him, Madam, I ſhould ſhew
What party I do follow.

Reg. Fare thee well. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI. *The country near Dover.*

Enter Glo'ſter, and Edgar as a peaſant.

Glo. When ſhall I come to the top of that ſame hill?

Edg. You do climb up it now. Look how we labour.

Glo. Methinks the ground is even.

Edg. Horrible ſteep,
Hark, do you hear the ſea?

Glo. No, truly.

Edg. Why then your other ſenſes grow imperfect
By your eyes' anguiſh.

Glo. So may it be indeed.
Methinks thy voice is alter'd; and thou ſpeak'ſt
In better phraſe and matter than thou didſt.

Edg. You're much deceiv'd: in nothing am I chang'd,
But in my garments.

Glo. Sure you're better ſpoken.

Edg. Come on, Sir, here's the place——ſtand ſtill.
' How fearful
' And dizzy 'tis to caſt one's eyes ſo low!
' The crows and choughs, that wing the midway air,
' Shew ſcarce ſo groſs as beetles. Half way down
' Hangs one that gathers ſamphire; dreadful trade!
' Methinks *he ſeems no bigger* than his head.
' *The fiſhermen that walk upon* the beach
' Appear

'Appear like mice; and yond tall anchoring bark,
'Diminiſh'd to her cock; her cock, a buoy
'Almoſt too ſmall for ſight. The murmuring ſurge,
'That on th' unnumbred idle † pebbles chafes,
'Cannot be heard ſo high. I'll look no more,
'Leſt my brain turn, and the deficient ſight
'Topple down headlong.'

Glo. Set me where you ſtand.

Edg. Give me your hand: you're now within a foot
Of th' extreme verge: for all below the moon
Would I not leap outright.

Glo. Let go my hand.
Here, friend, 's another purſe, in it a jewel
Well worth a poor man's taking. Fairies and gods
Proſper it with thee! Go thou further off,
Bid me farewel, and let me hear thee going.

Edg. Now fare you well, good Sir. [*Seems to go.*

Glo. With all my heart.

Edg. Why do I trifle thus with his deſpair?
'Tis done to cure it.

Glo. "O you mighty gods!
"This world I do renounce; and in your ſights
"Shake patiently my great affliction off:
"If I could bear it longer and not fall
"To quarrel with your great oppoſeleſs wills,
"My ſnuff and lothed part of nature ſhould
"Burn itſelf out. If Edgar live, O bleſs him!
Now, fellow, fare thee well. [*He leaps, and falls along.*

Edg. Good Sir, farewel.
And yet I know not how conceit may rob
The treaſury of life, when life itſelf
Yields to the theft. Had he been where he thought,
By this had thought been paſt——Alive or dead?
Hoa, you, hear you, friend! Sir! Sir! ſpeak!
Thus might he paſs indeed—yet he revives.
What are you, Sir?

Glo. Away, and let me die.

Edg. Hadſt thou been ought but Goſs'mer, feathers,
So many fathom down precipitating, [air,
Thou'd'ſt ſhiver'd like an egg: but thou doſt breathe,
Haſt heavy ſubſtance, bleed'ſt not; ſpeak, art ſound?

Ten

† *idle, for barren, uncultivated.*

maſts attach'd make not the altitude
ch thou haſt perpendicularly fall'n.
life's a miracle. Speak yet again.
'o. But have I fall'n, or no?
lg. From the dread ſummit of this chalky borne!
ɔ up a-height, the ſhrill-gorg'd lark ſo far
ot be ſeen or heard: do but look up.
'o. Alack, I have no eyes.
wretchedneſs depriv'd that benefit,
ɔ end itſelf by death? 'twas yet ſome comfort,
hen Miſery could beguile the tyrant's rage,
nd fruſtrate his proud will."
lg. Give me your arm.
ſo—how is't? feel you your legs? you ſtand.
'o. Too well, too well.
lg. This is above all ſtrangeneſs.
ɔ the crown o' th' cliff, what thing was that
ch parted from you?
'o. A poor unfortunate beggar.
lg. As I ſtood here below, methought his eyes
e two full moons; he had a thouſand noſes,
ɔs welk'd †, and wav'd like the enridged ſea:
as ſome fiend. Therefore, thou happy father,
ık that the cleareſt ‡ gods, who make them honours
ɔens' impoſſibilities, have preſerv'd thee.
'o. I do remember now. Henceforth I'll bear
ſtion, till it do cry out itſelf,
ugh, enough, and die. That thing you ſpeak of,
ɔk it for a man; often 'twould ſay,
fiend, the fiend——he led me to that place.
dg. Bear free and patient thoughts.

SCENE VII.

Enter Lear, dreſs'd madly with flowers.

who comes here?
ſober ſenſe will ne'er accommodate
maſter thus.
ear. No; they cannot touch me for coining: I am
King himſelf.

† *i. e. twiſted.*
‡ *dreſt, for moſt righteous.*

Edg. O thou ſide-piercing ſight!

Lear. Nature's above art in that reſpect. There's your preſs-money. That fellow handles his bow like a crow-keeper: draw me a clothier's yard. Look, look, a mouſe! Peace, peace;——this piece of toaſted cheeſe will do't——There's my gauntlet, I'll prove it on a giant. Bring up the brown bills. O, well flown, bird! i' th' clout, i' th' clout: hewgh.—Give the word.

Edg. Sweet marjoram.

Lear. Paſs.

Glo. I know that voice.

Lear. Ha! Gonerill! ha! Regan! They flatter'd me like a dog, and told me, I had white hairs in my beard ere the black ones were there. To ſay Ay and No to every thing that I ſaid——Ay and No too was no good divinity. When the rain came to wet me once, and the wind to make me chatter; when the thunder would not peace at my bidding; there I found 'em, there I ſmelt 'em out. Go to, they are not men o' their words; they told me I was every thing; 'tis a lye, I am not ague-proof.

Glo. The trick of that voice † I do well remember; Is't not the King?

Lear. Ay, every inch a King.
When I do ſtare, ſee how the ſubject quakes.
I pardon that man's life. What was the cauſe?
Adultery? thou ſhalt not die; die for adultery? no; the wren goes to't, and the ſmall gilded fly does lecher in my ſight. Let copulation thrive: for Glo'ſter's baſtard ſon was kinder to his father, than my daughters got 'tween the lawful ſheets. To't, Luxury, pell-mell; for I lack ſoldiers. Behold yon ſimpering dame, whoſe face 'tween her forks preſages ſnow; that minces virtue, and does ſhake the head to hear of Pleaſure's name. The fitchew, nor the ſtalled horſe, goes to't with a more riotous appetite. Down from the waſte they are centaurs, tho' women all above: but to the girdle do the gods inherit, beneath it is all the fiends. There's hell, there's darkneſs, there is the ſulphurous pit, burning, ſcalding, ſtench, conſumption. Fie, fie, fie; pah, pah; give

† *i. e. the particular* tone and manner of ſpeaking. As the *air of a face ſignifies* the particular turn and ſpirit of the features.

give me an ounce of civet, good apothecary, to ſweeten my imagination! there's money for thee.

Glo. O, let me kiſs that hand.

Lear. Let me wipe it firſt, it ſmells of mortality.

Glo. O ruin'd piece of nature! this great world Shall ſo wear out to nought. Doſt thou know me?

Lear. I remember thine eyes well enough: do'ſt thou ſquint at me? No, do thy worſt, blind Cupid; I'll not love. Read thou this challenge, mark but the penning of it.

Glo. Were all the letters ſuns, I could not ſee one.

Edg. I would not take this from report; [*Aſide.* It is, and my heart breaks at it.

Lear. Read.

Glo. What, with this caſe of eyes?

Lear. Oh, ho, are you there with me? no eyes in your head, nor no money in your purſe? your eyes are in a heavy caſe, your purſe in a light; yet you ſee how this world goes.

Glo. I ſee it feelingly.

Lear. What, art mad? a man may ſee how this world goes with no eyes. Look with thine ears: ſee how yond juſtice rails upon yond ſimple thief. Hark in thine ear; change places, and handy-dandy, which is the juſtice, which is the thief? Thou haſt ſeen a farmer's dog bark at a beggar.

Glo. Ay, Sir.

Lear. And the creature run from the cur? there thou might'ſt behold the great image of authority; a dog's obey'd in office———

Thou rafcal beadle, hold thy bloody hand:
Why doſt thou laſh that whore? ſtrip thy own back;
Thou hotly luſt'ſt to uſe her in that kind
For which thou whipp'ſt her. Th' uſurer hangs the co-
Through tatter'd cloaths ſmall vices do appear; [zener.
Robes and furr'd gowns hide all. Plate ſin with gold,
And the ſtrong lance of juſtice hurtleſs breaks:
Arm it in rags, a pigmy's ſtraw doth pierce it.
None offend, none, I ſay, none? I'll able 'em;
Take of me, my friend, who have the pow'r
To ſeal th' accuſer's lips. Get thee glaſs eyes,
And like a ſcurvy politician, ſeem

To ſee the things thou doſt not.
Now, now, now, now. Pull off my boots: harder, harder, ſo.

Edg. O matter and impertinency mix'd,
Reaſon in madneſs!

Lear. If thou wilt weep my fortunes, take my eyes.
I know thee well enough, thy name is *Glo'ſter;*
Thou muſt be patient; we came crying hither:
Thou know'ſt, the firſt time that we ſmell the air,
We wawle and cry. I will preach to thee: mark——

Glo. Alack, alack the day!

Lear. When we are born, we cry, that we are come
To this great ſtage of fools.—This a good block!——
It were a delicate ſtratagem to ſhoe
A troop of horſe with felt; I'll put't in proof;
And when I've ſtoln upon theſe ſons-in-law,
Then kill, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill.

SCENE VIII. *Enter a Gentleman, with Attendants.*

Gent. O, here he is, lay hand upon him; Sir,
Your moſt dear daughter——

Lear. No reſcue? what, a priſoner? I am even
The natural fool of Fortune. Uſe me well,
You ſhall have ranſom. Let me have ſurgeons,
I am cut to th' brains.

Gent. You ſhall have any thing.

Lear. No ſeconds? all myſelf?
Why, this would make a man, a man of ſalt:
To uſe his eyes for garden-water-pots,
And laying autumn's duſt. I will die bravely,
Like a ſmug bridegroom. What? I will be jovial:
Come, come I am a King. My maſters, know you that?

Gent. You are a royal one, and we obey you.

Lear. Then there's life in't. Come, an' you get it,
You ſhall get it by running: ſa, ſa, ſa, ſa. [*Exit.*

Gent. A ſight moſt pitiful in the meaneſt wretch,
Paſt ſpeaking of in a King. Thou haſt one daughter
Who redeems nature from the general curſe
Which twain have brought her to.

Edg. Hail, gentle Sir.

Gent. Sir, ſpeed you: what's your will?

Edg.

Edg. Do you hear aught, Sir, of a battle toward?
Gent. Moſt ſure, and vulgar; every one hears that,
Which can diſtinguiſh ſound.
Edg. But by your favour,
How near's the other army?
Gent. Near, and on ſpeedy foot: the main deſcry
Stands on the hourly thought.
Edg. I thank you, Sir: that's all.
Gent. Though that the Queen on ſpecial cauſe is here,
Her army is mov'd on. [*Exit.*
Edg. I thank you, Sir.
Glo. You ever gentle gods, take my breath from me;
Let not my worſer ſpirit tempt me again
To die before you pleaſe!
Edg. Well pray you, father.
Glo. Now, good Sir, what are you?
Edg. A moſt poor man, made tame to Fortune's blows;
Who, by the art of known and feeling ſorrows,
Am pregnant to good pity. Give me your hand,
I'll lead you to ſome biding.
Glo. Hearty thanks;
The bounty and the benizon of Heav'n
To boot, and boot!———

SCENE IX. *Enter Steward.*

Stew. A proclaim'd prize! moſt happy!
That eyeleſs head of thine was firſt fram'd fleſh
To raiſe my fortunes. Old unhappy traitor,
Briefly thyſelf remember: the ſword is out
That muſt deſtroy thee.
Glo. Let thy friendly hand
Put ſtrength enough to't.
Stew. Wherefore, bold peaſant,
Dar'ſt thou ſupport a publiſh'd traitor? Hence,
Leſt that th' infection of his fortune take
Like hold on thee. Let go his arm.
Edg. Chill not let go, Zir, without vurther 'caſion.
Stew. Let go, ſlave, or thou dy'ſt.
Edg. Good gentleman, go your gate, and let poor volk paſs: and 'chud ha' been zwagger'd out of my life, 'twould not ha' been zo long as 'tis by a vortnight. *Nay, come not near th' old man*: keep out, che vor'ye,

or ice try whether your coſtard or my bat be the harder; chill be plain with you.

Stew. Out, dunghill!

Edg. Chill pick your teeth, Zir: come, no matter vor your foyns. [*Edgar knocks him down.*

Stew. Slave, thou haſt ſlain me: villain, take my purſe;
If ever thou wilt thrive, bury my body,
And give the letters which thou find'ſt about me,
To Edmund Earl of Glo'ſter: ſeek him out
Upon the Engliſh party: oh, untimely death!— [*Dies.*

Edg. I know thee well, a ſerviceable villain;
As duteous to the vices of thy miſtreſs,
As badneſs would deſire.

Glo. What, is he dead?

Edg. Sit you down, father: reſt you.
Let's ſee theſe pockets; the letters that he ſpeaks of,
May be my friends: he's dead; I'm only ſorry
He had no other death's-man. Let us ſee—
By your leave, gentle wax—and manners blame us not.
To know our enemies' minds, we rip their hearts;
Their papers are more lawful.

Reads the letter.

Let our reciprocal vows be remembered. You have many opportunities to cut him off. If your will want not, time and place will be fruitfully offer'd. There is nothing done, if he return the conqueror. Then am I the priſoner, and his bed my goal; from the lothed warmth whereof deliver me, and ſupply the place for your labour.

Your (wife, ſo I would ſay) affectionate ſervant,

GONERILL.

Oh, undiſtinguiſh'd ſpace of woman's will †!
A plot upon her virtuous huſband's life,
And the exchange my brother. Here, i' th' ſands
Thee I'll rake up, the poſt unſanctified
Of murth'rous lechers: and in the mature time,
With this ungracious paper ſtrike the ſight
Of the death-practis'd Duke: for him 'tis well,
That of thy death and buſineſs I can tell.

Glo.

† *Meaning,* that the variations in it are ſo ſudden, and their liking *and loathing follow* ſo quick upon each other, that there is no diſ*tinguiſhing ſpace* between them.

Glo. The King is mad: how ſtiff is my vile ſenſe,
That I ſtand up, and have ingenious feeling
Of my huge ſorrows! better I were diſtract,
So ſhould my thoughts be ſever'd from my griefs;
[Drum afar off.
And woes, by wrong imaginations, loſe
The knowledge of themſelves.
Edg. Give me your hand.
Far off, methinks, I hear the beaten drum.
Come, father, I'll beſtow you with a friend. *[Exeunt.*

SCENE X. *Changes to a chamber.*

Enter Cordelia, Kent, and Phyſician.

Cor. O, thou good Kent, how ſhall I live and work
To match thy goodneſs? life will be too ſhort,
And ev'ry meaſure fail me.
Kent. To be acknowledg'd, Madam, is o'erpaid;
All my reports go with the modeſt truth,
Nor more, nor clipt, but ſo.
Cor. Be better ſuited.
Theſe weeds are memories of thoſe worſer hours.
I pr'ythee, put them off.
Kent. Pardon, dear Madam,
Yet to be known, ſhortens my laid intent;
My boon I make it, that you know me not,
Till time and I think meet.
Cor. Then be it ſo,
My Lord.——How does the King? *[To the Phyſician.*
Phyſ. Madam, ſleeps ſtill.
Cor. O you kind gods!
Cure this great breach in his abuſed nature;
Th' untun'd and jarring ſenſes, O, wind up
Of this child-changed father.
Phyſ. Pleaſe your Majeſty,
That we may wake the King? he hath ſlept long.
Cor. Be govern'd by your knowledge, and proceed
I' th' ſway of your own will. Is he array'd?

Enter Lear in a chair, carried by Servants.

Phyſ. Ay; Madam; *in the heavineſs of ſleep,*
we put freſh garments on him.

Be

Be by, good Madam, when we do awake him;
I doubt not of his temperance.
Cor. O my dear father! Reſtauration, hang
" Thy medicine on my lips; and let this kiſs
Repair thoſe violent harms that my two ſiſters
Have in thy reverence made!
Kent. Kind and deareſt Princeſs!
Cor. Had you not been their father, theſe white flakes
Did challenge pity of them. Was this a face
To be expos'd againſt the warring winds?
To ſtand againſt the deep, dread-bolted thunder?
In the moſt terrible and nimble ſtroke
Of quick, croſs lightning? To watch, poor Perdu!
With this thin helm? My very enemy's dog,
Though he had bit me, ſhou'd have ſtood that night
Againſt my fire. And waſt thou fain, poor father,
To hovel thee with ſwine and rogues forlorn,
In ſhort and muſty ſtraw? alack, alack!
'Tis wonder that thy life and wits, at once,
Had not concluded.——Ah! he wakes; ſpeak to him.
Phyſ. Madam, do you, 'tis fitteſt.
Cor. How does my Royal Lord? how fares your Majeſty?
Lear. You do me wrong to take me out o' th' grave;
Thou art a ſoul in bliſs, but I am bound
Upon a wheel of fire, that mine own tears
Do ſcald like molten lead.
Cor. Sir, do you know me?
Lear. You are a ſpirit, I know; when did you die?
Cor. Still, ſtill, far wide——
Phyſ. He's ſcarce awake, let him alone awhile.
Lear. Where have I been? where am I? fair day-light
I'm mightily abus'd; I ſhould even die with pity,
To ſee another thus. I know not what to ſay;
I will not ſwear theſe are my hands: let's ſee,
I feel this pin prick: 'would I were aſſur'd
Of my condition.
Cor. O look upon me, Sir,
And hold your hand in benediction o'er me.
No, Sir, you muſt not kneel.
Lear. Pray, do not mock me.
I am a very fooliſh fond old man,

Fourſcore

Fourſcore and upward; and, to deal plainly,
I fear I am not in my perfect mind.
Methinks I ſhould know you, and know this man;
Yet I am doubtful: for I'm mainly ignorant
What place this is; and all the ſkill I have,
Remembers not theſe garments; nay, I know not.
Where I did lodge laſt night. Do not laugh at me;
For, as I am a man, I think this lady
To be my child Cordelia.

Cor. And ſo I am; I am——

Lear. Be your tears wet? yes, 'faith; I pray you, weep
If you have poiſon for me, I will drink it. [not.
I know you do not love me; for your ſiſters
Have, as I do remember, done me wrong.
You have ſome cauſe, they have none.

Cor. No cauſe, no cauſe.

Lear. Am I in France?

Kent. In your own kingdom, Sir.

Lear. Do not abuſe me.

Phyſ. Be comforted, good Madam; the great rage,
You ſee, is cur'd in him:——and yet 'twere danger
To make him even o'er the time h' as loſt.
Deſire him to go in; trouble him no more,
Till further ſettling.

Cor. Will't pleaſe your Highneſs walk?

Lear. You muſt bear with me;
Pray you now, forget and forgive.
I am old and fooliſh.

[*Exeunt Lear, Cord. Phyſ. and Attendants.*

Manent Kent and Gentleman.

Gent. Holds it true, Sir, that the Duke of Cornwall was ſo ſlain?

Kent. Moſt certain, Sir.

Gent. Who is conductor of his people?

Kent. As 'tis ſaid, the baſtard ſon of Glo'ſter.

Gent. They ſay, Edgar, his baniſh'd ſon, is with the Earl of Kent in Germany.

Kent. Report is changeable. 'Tis time to look about: the powers of the kingdom approach apace.

Gent. The arbitriment is like to be bloody.——
Fare you well, Sir. [Exit. Gent.

Kent.

Kent. My point and period will be throughly wrought,
Or well, or ill, as this day's battle's fought.
[*Exit Kent.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

A camp.

Enter Edmund, Regan, Gentleman, and Soldiers.

Edm. KNOW of the Duke, if his laſt purpoſe hold;
Or whether ſince he is adviſ'd by aught
To change the courſe? he's full of alteration,
And ſelf-reproving: bring his conſtant pleaſure.
Reg. Our ſiſter's man is certainly miſcarry'd.
Edm. 'Tis to be doubted, Madam.
Reg. Now, ſweet Lord,
You know the goodneſs I intend upon you.
Tell me but truly, but then ſpeak the truth,
Do you not love my ſiſter?
Edm. In honour'd love.
Reg. But have you never found my brother's way
To the forefended place?
Edm. No, by mine honour, Madam.
Reg. I never ſhall endure her; dear my Lord,
Be not familiar with her.
Edm. Fear not; ſhe, and the Duke her huſband——

Enter Albany, Gonerill, and Soldiers.

Gon. I'd rather loſe the battle, than that ſiſter
Should looſen him and me.—— [*Aſide.*
Alb. Our very loving ſiſter, well be met.
Sir, this I hear, the King is come to his daughter,
With others, whom the rigour of our ſtate
Forc'd to cry out. Where I could not be honeſt,
I never yet was valiant: for this buſineſs,
It toucheth us, as France invades our land;
Not holds to th' King, with others, whom, I fear,
Moſt juſt and heavy cauſes make oppoſe.——
Edm. Sir, you ſpeak nobly.
Reg. Why is this reaſon'd?
Gon. Combine together 'gainſt the enemy:
For theſe domeſtic and particular broils

Are

are not the question here.

Edm. I shall attend you presently at your tent.

Alb. Let's then determine with th' ancients of war
On our proceeding.

Reg. Sister, you'll go with us?

Gon. No.

Reg. 'Tis most convenient, pray you, go with us.

Gon. Oh ho, I know the riddle, I will go. [*Aside.*

SCENE II.

As they are going out, enter Edgar disguis'd.

Edg. If e'er your Grace had speech with man so poor,
Hear me one word.

Alb. I'll overtake you,———Speak.

[*Exeunt Edm. Reg. Gon. and Attendants.*

Edg. Before you fight the battle, ope this letter.
If you have vict'ry, let the trumpet sound
For him that brought it: wretched though I seem,
I can produce a champion, that will prove
What is avouched there. If you miscarry,
Your business of the world hath so an end,
And machination ceases. Fortune love you!

Alb. Stay till I've read the letter.

Edg. I was forbid it.
When time shall serve, let but the herald cry,
And I'll appear again. [*Exit.*

Alb. Why, fare thee well; I will o'erlook thy paper.

Re-enter Edmund.

Edm. The enemy's in view, draw up your powers.
Hard is the guess of their true strength and forces,
By diligent discovery; but your haste
Is now urg'd on you.

Alb. We will greet the time. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

Edm. To both these sisters have I sworn my love:
Each jealous of the other, as the stung
Are of the adder. Which of them shall I take?
[illegible] one? *or neither? neither* can be enjoy'd,
[illegible] *remain alive: to take* the widow,

Exasperates,

Exaſperates, makes mad her ſiſter Gonerill;
And hardly ſhall I carry out my ſide,
Her huſband being alive. Now then, we'll uſe
His countenance for the battle; which being done,
Let her who would be rid of him, deviſe
His ſpeedy taking off. As for the mercy
Which he intends to Lear and to Cordelia,
The battle done, and they within our power,
They ſhall ne'er ſee his pardon: for my ſtate
Stands on me to defend, not to debate. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV. *Another open field.*

Alarum within. Enter with drum and colours, Lear, Cordelia, and Soldiers over the ſtage, and exeunt.

Enter Edgar and Glo'ſter.

Edg. Here, father, take the ſhadow of this tree
For your good hoſt; pray, that the right may thrive.
If ever I return to you again,
I'll bring you comfort.

Glo. Grace be with you, Sir! [*Exit. Edgar.*

[*Alarum and retreat within.*

Re-enter Edgar.

Edg. Away, old man; give me thy hand, away.
King Lear hath loſt, he and his daughter ta'en;
Give me thy hand. Come on.

Glo. No further, Sir; a man may rot even here.

Edg. What, in ill thoughts again? Men muſt endure
Their going hence, ev'n as their coming hither.
Ripeneſs is all; come on.

Glo. And that's true too. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Enter in conqueſt, with drum and colours, Edmund; Lear and Cordelia, as priſoners; Soldiers, Captain.

Edm. Some officers take them away: good guard,
Until their greater pleaſures firſt be known,
That are to cenſure them.

Cor. We're not the firſt,
Who with beſt meaning have incurr'd the worſt:

For

For thee, oppreſſed King, am I caſt down;
Myſelf could elſe outfrown falſe Fortune's frown.
Shall we not ſee theſe daughters and theſe ſiſters?
Lear. No, no, no, no; come, let's away to priſon;
We two alone will ſing, like birds i' th' cage.
When thou doſt aſk me bleſſing, I'll kneel down,
And aſk of thee forgiveneſs: ſo we'll live,
And pray, and ſing, "and tell old tales, and laugh
"At gilded butterflies; and hear poor rogues
"Talk of court-news, and we'll talk with them too,
"Who loſes and who wins; who's in, who's out:
"And take upon's the myſtery of things,
"As if we were God's ſpies. And we'll wear out,
"In a wall'd priſon, packs and ſects of great ones,
"That ebb and flow by th' moon."
Edm. Take them away.
Lear. "Upon ſuch ſacrifices, my Cordelia,
"The gods themſelves throw incenſe." Have I caught thee?
He that parts us, ſhall bring a brand from heav'n,
And fire us hence, like foxes. Wipe thine eye;
The goujeres ſhall devour them, fleſh and fell,
Ere they ſhall make us weep; we'll ſee them ſtarv'd firſt.
Come. [*Exeunt Lear and Cordelia guarded.*
Edm. Come hither, Captain, hark. [*Whiſpering.*
Take thou this note; go, follow them to priſon.
One ſtep I have advanc'd thee; if thou doſt
As this inſtructs thee, thou doſt make thy way
To noble fortunes: know thou this, that men
Are as the time is; to be tender-minded
Does not become a ſword; thy great employment
Will not bear queſtion. Either ſay thou'lt do't,
Or thrive by other means.
Capt. I'll do't, my Lord.
Edm. About it, and write Happy when thou'ſt done.
Mark I ſay, inſtantly; and carry it ſo
As I have ſet it down. [*Exit Captain.*

SCENE VI.

Enter Albany, Gonerill, Regan, and Soldiers.

Alb. Sir, you have ſhew'd to-day your valiant ſtrain,

And Fortune led you well. You have the captives,
Who were the oppoſites of this day's ſtrife:
We do require them of you, ſo to uſe them,
As we ſhall find their merits and our ſafety
May equally determine.

Edm. Sir, I thought it fit
To ſend the old and miſerable King
To ſome retention and appointed guard;
Whoſe age has charms in it, whoſe title more,
To pluck the common boſoms on his ſide;
And turn our impreſs'd launces in our eyes,
Which do command them. With him I ſent the Queen;
My reaſon all the ſame; and they are ready
To-morrow, or at further ſpace, t' appear
Where we ſhall hold our ſeſſion. At this time
We ſweat and bleed; the friend hath loſt his friend;
And the beſt quarrels, in the heat, are curs'd
By thoſe that feel their ſharpneſs.——
The queſtion of Cordelia, and her father,
Requires a fitter place.

Alb. Sir, by your patience,
I hold you but a ſubject of this war,
Not as a brother.

Reg. That's as we liſt to grace him.
Methinks our pleaſure might have been demanded,
Ere you had ſpoke ſo far. He led our powers;
Bore the commiſſion † of my place and perſon;
The which immediacy ‡ may well ſtand up,
And call itſelf your brother.

Gon. Not ſo hot:
In his own grace he doth exalt himſelf,
More than in your advancement.

Reg. In my right,
By me inveſted, he compeers the beſt.

Alb. That were the moſt if he ſhould huſband you.

Reg. Jeſters do oft prove prophets.

Gon. Holla, holla!
That eye that told you ſo look'd but a-ſquint.

Reg. Lady, I am not well, elſe I ſhould anſwer
From a full-flowing ſtomach. General,
Take

† *commiſſion*, for *authority*.
‡ *immediacy*, for *repreſentation*.

Take thou my ſoldiers, priſoners, patrimony,
Diſpoſe of them, of me; the walls are thine:
Witneſs the world, that I create thee here
My Lord and Maſter.

Gon. Mean you to enjoy him?

Alb. The let alone lies not in your good-will.

Edm. Nor in thine, Lord.

Alb. Half-blooded fellow, yes.

Reg. Let the drum ſtrike, and prove my title thine.

[*To Edmund. They offer to go out.*

Alb. Stay: hear my reaſon. Edmund, I arreſt thee
On capital treaſon; and, in thy arreſt,
This gilded ſerpent. For your claim, fair ſiſter,
I bar it in the intereſt of my wife;
'Tis ſhe is ſubcontracted to this Lord,
And I her huſband contradict your bans.
If you will marry, make your loves to me,
My Lady is beſpoke.

Gon. An interlude!——

Alb. Thou art arm'd, Glo'ſter; let the trumpet ſound;
If none appear to prove upon thy perſon
Thy heinous, manifeſt, and many treaſons,
There is my pledge: I'll prove it on thy heart,
Ere I taſte bread, thou art in nothing leſs
Than I have here proclaim'd thee.

Reg. Sick, O ſick——

Gon. If not, I'll ne'er truſt poiſon. [*Aſide.*

Edm. There's my exchange. What in the world he is,
That names me traitor, villain-like he lyes.
Call by thy trumpet: he that dares approach,
On him, on you, (whom not?), I will maintain
My truth and honour firmly.

Alb. A herald, ho!

Enter a Herald.

Truſt to thy ſingle virtue; for thy ſoldiers,
All levied in my name, have in my name
Took their diſcharge.

Reg. This ſickneſs grows upon me.

Alb. She is not well, convey her to my tent.

[*Exit Regan led.*

SCENE VII.

Come hither, Herald, let the trumpet ſound,
And read out this. [*A trumpet ſounds.*

Herald reads.

If any man of quality or degree, within the liſts of the army, will maintain upon Edmund ſuppoſed Earl of Glo'ſter, that he is a manifold traitor, let him appear by the third ſound of the trumpet. He is bold in his defence. 1 *trumpet.*

Her. Again. 2 *trumpet.*

Her. Again. 3 *trumpet.*

[*Trumpet anſwers, within.*

Enter Edgar, armed.

Alb. Aſk him his purpoſes, why he appears
Upon this call o' th' trumpet.

Her. What are you?
Your name, your quality, and why you anſwer
This preſent ſummons?

Edg. Know my name is loſt;
By treaſon's tooth bare-gnawn and canker-bit;
Yet am I noble, as the adverſary
I come to cope.

Alb. Which is that adverſary?

Edg. What's he that ſpeaks for Edmund Earl of
Edm. Himſelf. What ſay'ſt thou to him? [Glo'ſter?

Edg. Draw thy ſword,
That if my ſpeech offend a noble heart,
Thy arm may do thee juſtice; here is mine:——
Behold, it is the privilege of mine honours,
My oath, and my profeſſion. I proteſt,
Maugre thy ſtrength, place, youth, and eminence,
Spite of thy victor-ſword, and fire-new fortune,
Thy valour, and thy heart, thou art a traitor;
Falſe to thy gods, thy brother, and thy father;
Conſpirant 'gainſt this high illuſtrious Prince,
And from th' extremeſt upward of thy head,
To the deſcent and duſt below thy foot,
A moſt toad-ſpotted traitor. Say thou No;
This ſword, this arm, and my beſt ſpirits are bent
To prove upon thy heart, whereto I ſpeak,

Thou

Thou lyeſt.

Edm. In wiſdom I ſhould aſk thy name;
But ſince thy outſide looks ſo fair and warlike,
And that thy tongue ſome 'ſay † of breeding breathes;
What ſafe and nicely I might well delay
By rule of knighthood, I diſdain and ſpurn:
Back do I toſs theſe treaſons to thy head,
With the hell-hated lye o'erwhelm thy heart;
To which (for they yet glance by, ſcarcely bruiſing)
This ſword of mine ſhall give them inſtant way,
Where they ſhall reſt for ever. Trumpets, ſpeak.

[*Alarm. Fight. Edmund falls.*

Gon. O, ſave him, ſave him; this is practice, Glo'ſter:
By th' law of war, thou waſt not bound to anſwer
An unknown oppoſite; thou art not vanquiſh'd,
But cozen'd and beguil'd.

Alb. Shut your mouth, Dame,
Or with this paper ſhall I ſtop it;
Thou worſe than any thing, read thine own evil.
No tearing, Lady; I perceive you know it.

Gon. Say, if I do; the laws are mine, not thine;
Who can arraign me for't?

Alb. Monſter, know'ſt thou this paper?

Gon. Aſk me not what I know—— [*Exit Gon.*

Alb. Go after her, ſhe's deſperate, govern her.

SCENE VIII.

Edm. What you have charg'd me with, that I have done,
And more, much more; the time will bring it out.
'Tis paſt, and ſo am I. But what art thou
That haſt this fortune on me? If thou'rt noble,
I do forgive thee.

Edg. Let's exchange charity:
I am no leſs in blood than thou art, Edmund;
If more, the more thou'ſt wrong'd me.
My name is *Edgar*, and thy father's ſon.
"The gods are juſt, and of our pleaſant vices
"Make inſtruments to ſcourge us:
The dark and vicious place where thee he got,
Coſt him his eyes.

† *'ſay, for eſſay, ſome ſhew or probability.*

Edm. Thou'ſt ſpoken right, 'tis true,
The wheel is come full circle; I am here.
Alb. Methought thy very gait did propheſy [*To E*
A royal nobleneſs: I muſt embrace thee.——
Let ſorrow ſplit my heart, if ever I
Did hate thee, or thy father!
Edg. Worthy Prince, I know't.
Alb. Where have you hid yourſelf?
How have you known the miſeries of your father?
Edg. By nurſing them, my Lord. Liſt a brief tal
And, when 'tis told, O, that my heart would burſt!—
The bloody proclamation to eſcape
That follow'd me ſo near, (O our lives' ſweetneſs!
That we the pain of death would hourly bear,
Rather than die at once), "taught me to ſhift
" Into a madman's rags; t' aſſume a ſemblance
" The very dogs diſdain'd: and in this habit
" Met I my father with his bleeding rings,
" Their precious gems new loſt; became his guide,
" Led him, begg'd for him, ſav'd him from deſpair;
" Never (O fault!) reveal'd myſelf unto him,
" Until ſome half hour paſt, when I was arm'd,
" Not ſure, though hoping of this good ſucceſs,
" I aſk'd his bleſſing, and from firſt to laſt
" Told him my pilgrimage. But his flaw'd heart,
" Alack, too weak the conflict to ſupport,
" 'Twixt two extremes of paſſion, joy, and grief,
" Burſt ſmilingly.
Edm. This ſpeech of your's hath mov'd me,
And ſhall, perchance, do good; but ſpeak you on.
You look as you had ſomething more to ſay.
Alb. If there be more, more woful, hold it in;
For I am almoſt ready to diſſolve,
Hearing of this.
Edg. This would have ſeem'd a period. But ſuch
As love to amplify another's ſorrow,
To much, would make much more, and top extremity.
" Whilſt I was big in clamour, came there a man,
" Who having ſeen me in my worſer ſtate,
" Shunn'd my abhorr'd ſociety; but now finding
" *Who* 'twas had ſo endur'd, with his ſtrong arms
" *He* faſten'd on my neck; and bellow'd out,

As he'd burſt heaven; threw him on my father;
Told the moſt piteous tale of Lear and him
That ever ear receiv'd; which in recounting
His grief grew puiſſant, and the ſtrings of life
Began to crack." ——— Twice then the trumpets
And there I left him traunc'd. ——— [ſounded,

Alb. But who was this?

Edg. Kent, Sir; the baniſh'd Kent, who in diſguiſe
Follow'd his enemy King, and did him ſervice
Improper for a ſlave.

SCENE IX. *Enter a Gentleman.*

Gent. Help! help!

Edg. What kind of help?

Alb. Speak, man.

Edg. What means this bloody knife?

Gent. 'Tis hot, it ſmokes; it came even from the
Of ——— O! ſhe's dead. ——— [heart

Alb. Who's dead? ſpeak, man.

Gent. Your Lady, Sir, your Lady, and her ſiſter
By her is poiſon'd; ſhe confeſſes it.

Edm. I was contracted to them both; all three
Now marry in an inſtant.

Edg. Here comes Kent.

Enter Kent.

Alb. Produce the bodies, be they alive or dead.
[*Gonerill and Regan's bodies brought out.*
This judgment of the heav'ns, that makes us tremble,
Touches us not with pity. ——— O! is this he?
The time will not allow the compliment [*To Kent.*
Which very manners urge.

Kent. I am come
To bid my King and maſter aye good night.
Is he not here?

Alb. Great thing of us forgot! [delia?
Speak, Edmund, where's the King? and where's Cor-
See'ſt thou this object, Kent? [*Pointing to the dead bodies.*

Kent. Alack, why thus?

Edm. Yet Edmund was belov'd:
The one the other poiſon'd for my ſake,
And after ſlew herſelf.

Alb.

Alb. Even ſo; cover their faces.

Edm. I pant for life: ſome good I mean to do,
Deſpight of mine own nature. Quickly ſend
(Be brief) into the caſtle; for my writ
Is on the life of Lear and Cordelia.
Nay, ſend in time.

Alb. Run, run, O run———

Edg. To whom, my Lord? who has the office? Send
Thy token of reprieve.

Edm. Well thought on, take my ſword,
Give it the Captain———

Edg. Haſte thee for thy life. [*Exit Meſſenger.*

Edm. He hath commiſſion from thy wife and me
To hang Cordelia in the priſon, and
To lay the blame upon her own deſpair.

Alb. The gods defend her! bear him hence a while.
[*Edmund is borne off.*

SCENE X.

Enter Lear, with Cordelia dead in his arms.

Lear. Howl, howl, howl, howl,—O, you are men of ſtone;
Had I your tongues and eyes, I'd uſe them ſo,
That heaven's vault ſhould crack: ſhe's gone for ever!
I know when one is dead, and when one lives;
She's dead as earth! lend me a looking-glaſs,
If that her breath will miſt or ſtain the ſtone,
Why then ſhe lives.

Kent. Is this the promis'd end?

Lear. This feather ſtirs, ſhe lives; if it be ſo,
It is a chance which does redeem all ſorrows,
That ever I have felt.

Kent. O my good maſter! [*Kneeling.*

Lear. Pr'ythee, away———

Edg. 'Tis noble Kent, your friend.

Lear. A plague upon you, murth'rous traitors all!
I might have ſav'd her; now ſhe's gone for ever!
Cordelia, Cordelia, ſtay a little. Ha!———
What is't thou ſay'ſt? her voice was ever ſoft,
Gentle, and low; an excellent thing in woman.
I kill'd the ſlave that was a hanging thee.

Kent

Kent. 'Tis true, my Lords, he did.
Lear. Did I not, fellow?
I've ſeen the day, with my good biting faulchion
I would have made them ſkip: I am old now,
And theſe ſame croſſes ſpoil me. Who are you?
Mine eyes are none o' th' beſt.——I'll tell you ſtraight.
Kent. If fortune brag of two ſhe lov'd and hated,
One of them we behold.
Lear. Are you not Kent?
Kent. The ſame; your ſervant Kent.
Where is your ſervant Caius?
Lear. 'Twas a good fellow, I can tell you that,
He'd ſtrike, and quickly too:—he's dead and rotten.
Kent. No, my good Lord, I am the very man.—
Lear. I'll ſee that ſtraight.
Kent. That, from your firſt of difference and decay†,
Have follow'd your ſad ſteps——
Lear. You're welcome hither.
Kent. 'Twas no man elſe.—All's cheerleſs, dark, and
dead:
Your eldeſt daughters have foredone themſelves,
And deſp'rately are dead.
Lear. Ay, ſo I think.
Alb. He knows not what he ſays; and vain is it
That we preſent us to him.
Edg. Very boötleſs.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſſ. Edmund is dead, my Lord.
Alb. That's but a trifle.
You Lords and noble friends, know our intent;
What comfort to this great decay‡ may come,
Shall be applied. For us, we will reſign,
During the life of this old Majeſty,
To him our abſolute power: to you, your rights,
[*To Edgar.*
With boot, and ſuch addition as your honours
Have more than merited. All friends ſhall taſte
The wages of their virtues, and all foes
The cup of their deſervings. O ſee, ſee——
Lear.

* *decay, for misfortunes.*
† *decay, for deſolation.*

Lear. And my poor fool is hang'd; no, no, no life.
Why ſhould a dog, a horſe, a rat, have life,
And thou no breath at all? thou'lt come no more,
Never, never, never, never, never———
Pray you, undo this button. Thank you, Sir;
Do you ſee this? look on her, look on her lips,
Look there, look there——— [*He dies.*

Edg. He faints, my Lord!

Kent. Break, heart, I pr'ythee break!

Edg. Look up, my Lord!

Kent. Vex not his ghoſt. O, let him paſs! He hates
That would upon the rack of this rough world [him
Stretch him out longer.

Edg. He is gone indeed.

Kent. The wonder is he hath endur'd ſo long:
He but uſurp'd his life.

Alb. Bear them from hence; our preſent buſineſs
Is general woe. Friends of my ſoul, you twain
Rule in this realm, and the gor'd ſtate ſuſtain.

Kent. I have a journey, Sir, ſhortly to go;
My maſter calls me, I muſt not ſay No. [*Dies.*

Alb. The weight of this ſad time we muſt obey,
Speak what we feel, not what we ought to ſay.
The oldeſt hath borne moſt; we that are young,
Shall never ſee ſo much, live e'er ſo long.

[*Exeunt, with a dead march.*

TIMON.

TIMON OF ATHENS †.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

TIMON, *a noble Athenian.*
Lucius, Lucullus, } *two flattering Lords.*
Apemantus, *a churlish philosopher.*
Sempronius, *another flattering Lord.*
Alcibiades, *an Athenian General.*
Flavius, *steward to Timon.*
Flaminius, Lucilius, Servilius, } *Timon's servants.*
Caphis, Varro, Philo, } *several servants to usurers.*
Titus, Lucius, Hortensius, } *several servants to usurers.*
Isidore, Ventidius, *one of Timon's false friends.*
Cupid, *and Maskers.*
Phrynia, Timandra, } *mistresses to Alcibiades.*
Thieves, Senators, Poet, Painter, Jeweller, Mercer, and Merchant, with divers Servants and Attendants.

SCENE, Athens; and the woods not far from it.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A hall in Timon's house.

Enter Poet, Painter, Jeweller, Merchant, and Mercer, at several doors.

Poet. GOOD day, Sir.
Pain. I am glad y' are well.
Poet. I have not seen you long; how goes the world?
Pain. It wears, Sir, as it goes.
Poet. Ay, that's well known.
But what particular rarity? what so strange,
Which manifold record not matches? See,
(Magic of Bounty!), all these spirits thy power
Hath

† The hint of this play is taken from Lucian's dialogue of Timon.

Hath conjur'd to attend. I know the Merchant.
Pain. I know them both; th' other's a Jeweller.
Mer. O 'tis a worthy Lord!
Jew. Nay, that's moſt fix'd.
Mer. A moſt incomparable man, breath'd as it were
To an untirable and continuate goodneſs.
He paſſes———
Jew. I have a jewel here.
Mer. O, pray, let's ſee't:
For the Lord Timon, Sir?
Jew. If he will touch the eſtimate: but for that—
Poet. *When we for recompence have prais'd the vile,*
It ſtains the glory in that happy verſe
Which aptly ſings the good. [*Repeating to himſelf.*
Mer. 'Tis a good form. [*Looking on the jewel.*
Jew. And rich; here is a water, look ye.
Pain. You're rapt, Sir, in ſome work, ſome dedication
To the great Lord.
Poet. A thing ſlipt idly from me.
Our poeſy is as a gum, which iſſues
From whence 'tis nouriſhed. The fire i' th' flint
Shews not, till it be ſtruck: our gentle flame
Provokes itſelf,——and, like the current, flies
Each bound it chafes. What have you there?
Pain. A picture, Sir.—When comes your book forth?
Poet. Upon the heels of my preſentment, Sir.
Let's ſee your piece.
Pain. 'Tis a good piece.
Poet. So 'tis.
This comes off well and excellent.
Pain. Indiff'rent.
Poet. Admirable! how this grace
Speaks his own ſtanding! what a mental power
This eye ſhoots forth! how big imagination
Moves in this lip? to th' dumbneſs of the geſture
One might interpret.
Pain. It is a pretty mocking of the life.
Here is a touch——is't good?
Poet. I'll ſay of it,
It tutors nature; artificial ſtrife †
Lives in thoſe touches, livelier than life.

Enter

† *Strife, for action or motion.*

Enter certain Senators.

Pain. How this Lord is followed!
Poet. The Senators of Athens! happy man!
Pain. Look more!
Poet. You ſee this confluence, this great flood of viſiters.
I have, in this rough work, ſhap'd out a man,
Whom this beneath-world doth embrace and hug
With ampleſt entertainment. My free drift
Halts not particular, but moves itſelf
In a wide ſea of wax *: no leaven'd malice
Infects one comma in the courſe I hold;
But flies an eagle-flight, bold, and forth on,
Leaving no track behind."
Pain. How ſhall I underſtand you?
Poet. I'll unbolt to you.
You ſee how all conditions, how all minds,
As well of glib and ſlipp'ry natures, as
Of grave and auſtere quality, tender down
Their ſervice to Lord Timon: his large fortune,
Upon his good and gracious nature hanging,
Subdues and properties to his love and tendance
All ſorts of hearts; yea, from the glaſs-fac'd flatterer
To Apemantus, that few things loves better
Than to abhor himſelf †; ev'n he drops down
The knee before him, and returns in peace
Moſt rich in Timon's nod.
Pain. I ſaw them ſpeak together.
Poet. I have upon a high and pleaſant hill
Feign'd Fortune to be thron'd. The baſe o' th' mount
Is rank'd with all deſerts, all kind of natures,
That labour on the boſom of this ſphere
To propogate ‡ their ſtates; amongſt them all,
Whoſe eyes are on this ſov'reign lady fix'd,
One do I perſonate of Timon's frame,
Whom Fortune with her iv'ry hand wafts to her,
Whoſe preſent grace to preſent ſlaves and ſervants
Tranſlates his rivals.

* Anciently they wrote upon waxen tables with an iron ſtyle.
† *i. e. to quarrel with himſelf.*
‡ *to propogate, for to make.*

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Pain. 'Tis conceiv'd to th' ſcope.
This throne, this fortune, and this hill, methinks,
With one man beckon'd from the reſt below,
Bowing his head againſt the ſteepy mount
To climb his happineſs, would be well expreſs'd
In our condition †.

Poet. Nay, but hear me on.
All thoſe which were his fellows but of late,
Some better than his value, on the moment
Follow his ſtrides, his lobbies fill with tendance,
Rain ſacrificial whiſp'rings in his ear,
Make ſacred even his ſtirrup, and through him
Drink the free air.

Pain. Ay, marry, what of theſe?

Poet. When Fortune in her ſhift and change of mo
Spurns down her late belov'd, all his dependents
(Which labour'd after to the mountain's top,
Even on their knees and hands) let him ſlip down,
Not one accompanying his declining foot.

Pain. 'Tis common.
A thouſand moral paintings I can ſhew,
That ſhall demonſtrate theſe quick blows of Fortune
More pregnantly than words. Yet you do well
To ſhew Lord Timon, that mean eyes have ſeen
The foot above the head.

SCENE II.

Trumpets ſound. Enter Timon, addreſſing himſelf cou ouſly to every ſuitor.

Tim. Impriſon'd is he, ſay you? [*To a Meſſeng*

Meſſ. Ay, my good Lord; five talents is his debt,
His means moſt ſhort, his creditors moſt ſtrait:
Your honourable letter he deſires
To thoſe have ſhut him up, which failing to him
Periods his comfort.

Tim. Noble Ventidius! well———
I am not of that feather to ſhake off
My friend when he moſt needs me. I do know him
A gentleman that well deſerves a help,
Which he ſhall have; I'll pay the debt, and free him.

N

† *condition*, for *art*.

Meſſ. Your Lordſhip ever binds him.
Tim. Commend me to him, I will ſend his ranſom;
And, being infranchiz'd, bid him come to me;
'Tis not enough to help the feeble up,
But to ſupport him after. Fare you well.
Meſſ. All happineſs to your Honour. [*Exit.*

Enter an old Athenian.

Old Ath. Lord Timon, hear me ſpeak.
Tim. Freely, good father.
Old Ath. Thou haſt a ſervant nam'd *Lucilius*.
Tim. I have ſo. What of him?
Old Ath. Moſt noble Timon, call the man before thee.
Tim. Attends he here or no? Lucilius!——

Enter Lucilius.

Luc. Here, at your Lordſhip's ſervice.
Old Ath. This fellow here, Lord Timon, this thy creature,
By night frequents my houſe. I am a man
That from my firſt have been inclin'd to thrift,
And my eſtate deſerves an heir more rais'd
Than one which holds a trencher.
Tim. Well: what further?
Old Ath. One only daughter have I, no kin elſe,
On whom I may confer what I have got:
The maid is fair, o'th' youngeſt for a bride,
And I have bred her at my deareſt coſt,
In qualities of the beſt. This man of thine
Attempts her love: I pray thee, Noble Lord,
Join with me to forbid him her reſort;
Myſelf have ſpoke in vain.
Tim. The man is honeſt.
Old Ath. Therefore he will be, Timon.
His honeſty rewards him in itſelf,
It muſt not bear my daughter.
Tim. Does ſhe love him?
Old Ath. She is young, and apt:
Our own precedent paſſions do inſtruct us
What levity's in youth.
Tim. Love you the maid?
Luc. Ay, my good Lord, and ſhe accepts of it.
Old Ath. If in her marriage my conſent be miſſing,

[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
Tim. [illegible]
[illegible]
Old Ath. [illegible] in future all.
Tim. [illegible] long;
[illegible]
[illegible] Give him thy daughter:
What you believe, [illegible]
[illegible]
Old Ath. Most [illegible]
[illegible]
Tim. My hand to thee, mine honour on my promise.
Luc. Humbly I thank your Lordship: never may
That state or fortune fall into my keeping,
Which is not own'd to you.

[*Exeunt Lucilius and old Athenian.*

Poet. Vouchsafe my labour, and long live your Lordship!
Tim. I thank you, you shall hear from me anon:
Go not away. What have you there, my friend?
Pain. A piece of painting, which I do beseech
Your Lordship to accept.
Tim. Painting is welcome.
The painting is almost the natural man:
For since dishonour traffics with man's nature,
He is but outside: pencil'd figures are
Ev'n such as they give out. I like your work;
And you shall find I like it. Wait attendance
Till you hear further from me.
Pain. The gods preserve ye!
Tim. Well fare you, Gentleman; give me your hand,
We must needs dine together: Sir, your jewel
Hath suffer'd under praise.
Jew. What, my Lord? dispraise?
Tim. A mere satiety of commendations:
If I should pay you for't as 'tis extoll'd,
It would unclew me quite.
Jew. My Lord, 'tis rated
As those which sell would give: but you well know,
Things of like value, differing in the owners,

Are

Are by their maſters priz'd: believe't, dear Lord,
You mend the jewel by the wearing it.
Tim. Well mock'd.
Mer. No, my good Lord, he ſpeaks the common tongue,
Which all men ſpeak with him.
Tim. Look, who comes here.

SCENE III. *Enter Apemantus.*

Will you be chid?
Jew. We'll bear it with your Lordſhip.
Mer. He'll ſpare none.
Tim. Good morrow to thee, gentle Apemantus!
Apem. Till I be gentle, ſtay for thy good morrow †.

* * * * *

Apem. When thou art Timon's dog, and theſe knaves honeſt.
Tim. Why doſt thou call them knaves? thou know'ſt them not.
Apem. Are they not Athenians?
Tim. Yes.
Apem. Then I repent not.
Jew. You know me, Apemantus.
Apem. Thou know'ſt I do, I call'd thee by thy name.
Tim. Thou art proud, Apemantus.
Apem. Of nothing ſo much, as that I am not like Timon.
Tim. Whither art going?
Apem. To knock out an honeſt Athenian's brains.
Tim. That's a deed thou'lt die for.
Apem. Right; if doing nothing be death by the law.
Tim. How lik'ſt thou this picture, Apemantus?
Apem. The better, for the innocence.
Tim. Wrought he not well that painted it?
Apem. He wrought better that made the painter; and yet he's but a filthy piece of work.
Pain. Y'are a dog.

† The firſt line of Apemantus's anſwer is to the purpoſe; the ſecond abſurd and nonſenſical; which proceeds from the loſs of a ſpeech dropt from between them, that ſhould be thus reſtored.
Tim. Good morrow to thee, gentle Apemantus!
Apem. Till I be gentle ſtay for thy good morrow.
[Poet. When will that be?]
Apem. When thou art Timon's dog, and theſe knaves honeſt.

Apem. Thy mother's of my generation. What's ſhe, if I be a dog?

Tim. Wilt dine with me, Apemantus?

Apem. No, I eat not lords.

Tim. If thou ſhould'ſt, thou'dſt anger ladies.

Apem. O, they eat lords; ſo they come by great bellies.

Tim. That's a laſcivious apprehenſion.

Apem. So thou apprehend'ſt it. Take it for thy labour.

Tim. How doſt thou like this jewel, Apemantus?

Apem. Not ſo well as plain-dealing, which will not coſt a man a doit.

Tim. What doſt thou think 'tis worth?

Apem. Not worth my thinking—How now, Poet?

Poet. How now, Philoſopher?

Apem. Thou lyeſt.

Poet. Art thou not one?

Apem. Yes.

Poet. Then I lye not.

Apem. Art not a poet?

Poet. Yes.

Apem. Then thou lyeſt: look in thy laſt work, where thou haſt feign'd him a worthy fellow.

Poet. That's not feign'd, he is ſo.

Apem. Yes, he is worthy o' thee, and to pay thee for thy labour. He that loves to be flattered, is worthy o' th' flatterer. Heav'ns that I were a Lord!

Tim. What would'ſt do then, Apemantus?

Apem. Ev'n as Apemantus does now, hate a lord with my heart.

Tim. What, thyſelf?

Apem. Ay.

Tim. Wherefore?

Apem. That I had ſo hungry a wit to be a lord.—— Art thou not a merchant?

Mer. Ay, Apemantus.

Apem. Traffic confound thee, if the gods will not!

Mer. If traffic do it, the gods do it.

Apem. Traffic's thy god, and thy god confound thee!

Trumpets ſound. Enter a Meſſenger.

Tim. What trumpet's that?

Meſſ. 'Tis Alcibiades, and ſome twenty horſe,

All

All of companionſhip.

Tim. Pray entertain them; give them guide to us;
You muſt needs dine with me: go not you hence
Till I have thank'd you; and when dinner's done,
Shew me this piece. I'm joyful of your ſights.

Enter Alcibiades with the reſt.

Moſt welcome, Sir! [*Bowing and embracing.*

Apem. So, ſo! Aches contract and ſtarve your ſupple joints! that there ſhould be ſmall love amongſt theſe ſweet knaves, and all this courteſy! the ſtrain of man's bred out into baboon and monkey.

Alc. You have ſav'd my longing, and I feed
Moſt hungerly in your ſight.

Tim. Right welcome, Sir.
Ere we do part, we'll ſhare a bounteous time
In different pleaſures. Pray you let us in. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Manet Apemantus. Enter Lucius and Lucullus.

Luc. What time a day is't, Apemantus?

Apem. Time to be honeſt.

Luc. That time ſerves ſtill.

Apem. The more accurſed thou that ſtill omitt'ſt it.

Lucul. Thou art going to Lord Timon's feaſt.

Apem. Ay, to ſee meat fill knaves, and wine heat fools.

Lucul. Fare thee well, fare thee well.

Apem. Thou art a fool to bid me farewel twice.

Lucul. Why, Apemantus?

Apem. Thou ſhould'ſt have kept one to thyſelf, for I mean to give thee none.

Luc. Hang thyſelf.

Apem. No, I will do nothing at thy bidding: make thy requeſts to thy friend.

Lucul. Away, unpeaceable dog, or———I'll ſpurn thee hence.

Apem. I will fly, like a dog, the heels o' th' aſs. [*Exit Apem.*

Luc. He's oppoſite to humanity.
Come, ſhall we in, and taſte Lord Timon's bounty?
He ſure *outgoes the very heart* of kindneſs.

Lucul. He pours it out. Plutus, the god of gold,

Is

Is but his ſteward: no meed but he repays
Sevenfold above itſelf; no gift to him,
But breeds the giver a return exceeding
All uſe of quittance.
Luc. The nobleſt mind he carries,
That ever govern'd man.
Lucul. Long may he live in fortunes! ſhall we in?
Luc. I'll keep you company. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *Another apartment in Timon's houſe.*

Hautboys playing, loud muſic. A great banquet ſerv'd in; and then enter Timon, Lucius, Lucullus, Sempronius, and other Athenian Senators, with Ventidius. Then comes, dropping after all, Apemantus diſcontentedly.

Ven. Moſt honour'd Timon, it hath pleas'd the gods
To call my father's age unto long peace.
He is gone happy, and has left me rich.
Then, as in grateful virtue I am bound
To your free heart, I do return thoſe talents,
Doubled with thanks and ſervice, from whoſe help
I deriv'd liberty.
Tim. O, by no means,
Honeſt Ventidius: you miſtake my love;
I gave it freely ever, and there's none
Can truly ſay he gives if he receives.
If our betters play at that game, we muſt not.
Apem. Dare to imitate them: faults that are rich, are fair.
Ven. A noble ſpirit.
Tim. Nay, ceremony was but devis'd at firſt,
To ſet a gloſs on faint deeds, hollow welcomes,
Recanting goodneſs †, ſorry ere 'tis ſhown:
But where there is true friendſhip, there needs none.
Pray ſit; more welcome are ye to my fortunes,
Than they to me. [*They ſit down.*
Luc. We always have confeſs'd it.
Apem. Ho, ho, confeſs'd it? hang'd it, have you not?
Tim. O, Apemantus! you are welcome.
Apem. No; you ſhall not make me welcome. I come to have thee thruſt me out of doors.

Tim.

† *goodneſs, for beneficence.*

n. Fie, th' art a churl; ye have got a humour there
not become a man, 'tis much to blame:
ſay, my Lords, that *Ira furor brevis eſt*,
onder man is ever angry.
:t him have a table by himſelf:
: does neither affect company,
; he fit for't indeed.
m. Let me ſtay at thy peril, Timon; I come to
e, I give thee warning on't.
n. I take no heed of thee; th' art an Athenian,
ore welcome; I myſelf would have no power——
ee let my meat make thee ſilent.
m. I ſcorn thy meat; 'twould choke me 'fore I
e'er flatter thee. O you gods! what a number
n eat Timon, and he ſees 'em not? It grieves me

iny dip their meat in one man's blood,
all the madneſs is, he cheers them up to't.
der men dare truſt themſelves with men!
nks they ſhould invite them without knives:
for their meat, and ſafer for their lives.
's much example for't; the fellow that
ext him now, parts bread with him, and pledges
reath of him in a divided draught,
readieſt man to kill him. 'T has been prov'd,
I a great man, I ſhould fear to drink,
hey ſhould ſpy my wine-pipe's dangerous notes:
men ſhould drink with harneſs on their throats.
n. My Lord, in heart; and let the health go round.
cul. Let it flow this way, my good Lord.
m. Flow this way!——a brave fellow! he keeps
des well; thoſe healths will make thee and thy
look ill, Timon. Here's that which is too weak
a ſinner, honeſt water, which ne'er left man i' th'

and my food are equal, there's no odds;
; are too proud to give thanks to the gods.

Apemantus's grace.

Immortal gods, I crave no pelf;
I pray for no man but myſelf;

Grant

Grant I may never prove ſo fond
To truſt man on his oath or bond,
Or a harlot for her weeping,
Or a dog that ſeems a-ſleeping,
Or a keeper with my freedom,
Or my friends if I ſhould need 'em.
Amen, amen; ſo fall to't:
Rich men ſin, and I eat root.

Much good dich thy good heart, Apemantus!

Tim. Captain, Alcibiades, your heart's in the field now.

Alc. My heart is ever at your ſervice, my Lord.

Tim. You had rather been at a breakfaſt of enemies, than a dinner of friends.

Alc. So they were bleeding new, my Lord, there's no meat like 'em. I could wiſh my friend at ſuch a feaſt.

Apem. Would all theſe flatterers were thine enemies then, that thou might'ſt kill 'em, and bid me to 'em!

Luc. Might we but have the happineſs, my Lord, that you would once uſe our hearts, whereby we might expreſs ſome part of our zeals, we ſhould think ourſelves for ever perfect.

Tim. Oh, no doubt, my good friends, but the gods themſelves have provided that I ſhall have as much help from you: how had you been my friends elſe? why have you that charitable title from thouſands, did not you chiefly belong to my heart? I have told more of you to myſelf, than you can with modeſty ſpeak in your own behalf. And thus far I confirm you. O you gods, (think I), what need we have any friends, if we ſhould never have need of 'em? they would moſt reſemble ſweet inſtruments hung up in caſes, that keep their ſounds to themſelves. Why, I have often wiſh'd myſelf poorer, that I might come nearer to you: we are born to do benefits. And what better or properer can we call our own, than the riches of our friends? O, what a precious comfort 'tis to have ſo many, like brothers, commanding one another's fortunes! O joy, e'en made a joy ere't can be born; mine eyes cannot hold water, methinks: to forget their faults, I drink to you.

Apem.

Apem. Thou weep'ſt but to make them drink thee, Timon.

Lucul. Joy had the like conception in our eyes,
And at that inſtant like a babe ſprung up.

Apem. Ho, ho! I laugh to think that babe a baſtard.

3 *Lord.* I promiſe you, my Lord, you mov'd me much.

Apem. Much!

Sound tucket.

Tim. What means that trump? how now?

Enter Servant.

Ser. Pleaſe you, my Lord, there are certain ladies moſt deſirous of admittance.

Tim. Ladies? what are their wills?

Ser. There comes with them a fore-runner, my Lord, which bears that office to ſignify their pleaſures.

Tim. I pray let them be admitted.

SCENE VI.

Enter Cupid with a maſk of ladies, as Amazons.

Cup. Hail to thee, worthy Timon, and to all
That of his bounties taſte! the five beſt ſenſes
Acknowledge thee their patron, and do come
Freely to gratulate thy plenteous boſom:
Th' ear, taſte, touch, ſmell, pleas'd from the table riſe.
Theſe only now come but to feaſt thine eyes.

Tim. They're welcome all! let 'em have kind admittance. Let muſic make their welcome.

Luc. You ſee, my Lord, how amply you're belov'd.

Apem. Hoyday! what a ſweep of vanity comes this way! They dance, they are mad women.
Like madneſs is the glory of this life †;

* * * * * *

As

† It appears that ſome lines are dropt out and loſt from between the third and fourth verſes. I conjecture the ſenſe of the whole might be this, *The glory of* human *life* is *like* the *madneſs* of this maſk: it is a falſe aim at happineſs; which is to be obtained only by ſobriety and temperance in a private and retired life. But ſuperficial *judges will always prefer* pomp and glory; becauſe in outward appearance, *it has ſo greatly* the advantage; as great as this pompous *ſupper appears to have above* my *oil and root.*

As this pomp ſhews to a little oil and root.
We make ourſelves fools, to diſport ourſelves;
And ſpend our flatteries, to drink thoſe men,
Upon whoſe age † we void it up again,
With poiſonous ſpight and envy———
Who lives that's not depraved or depraves?
Who dies that bears not one ſpurn to their graves
Of their friends' gift?——
I ſhould fear, thoſe that dance before me now,
Would one day ſtamp upon me: 't has been done;
Men ſhut their doors againſt a ſetting ſun.

The Lords riſe from table, with much adoring of Timon, each ſingling out an Amazon, and all dance, men with women, a lofty ſtrain or two to the hautboys, and ceaſe.

Tim. You have done our pleaſures much grace, fair ladies,
Set a fair faſhion on our entertainment,
Which was not half ſo beautiful and kind:
You've added worth unto't, and lively luſtre,
And entertain'd me with mine own device.
I am to thank you for it.

Luc. My Lord, you take us even at the beſt.

Apem. 'Faith, for the worſt is filthy, and would not hold taking, I doubt me.

Tim. Ladies, there is an idle banquet attends you. Pleaſe you to diſpoſe yourſelves.

All La. Moſt thankfully, my Lord. [*Exeunt.*

Tim. Flavius——

Flav. My Lord.

Tim. The little caſket bring me hither.

Flav. Yes, my Lord. More jewels yet? there is no croſſing him in's humour,
Elſe I ſhould tell him——well——i' faith, I ſhould,
When all's ſpent, he'd be croſs then if he could.
'Tis pity Bounty has not eyes behind,
That man might ne'er be wretched for his mind. [*Exit.*

Lucul. Where be our men?

Ser. Here, my Lord, in readineſs.

Luc. Our horſes.

Tim. O my good friends!

† *age, for decay of fortune, poverty.*

ıave one word to ſay to you; look, my Lord,
nuſt intreat you, honour me ſo much
s to advance this jewel, accept and wear it,
ind my Lord!

Luc. I am ſo far already in your gifts——

All. So are we all. [*Exe. Lucius, Lucullus,* &c.

SCENE VII. *Enter a Servant.*

Ser. My Lord, there are certain nobles of the ſenate :wly alighted, and come to viſit you.

Tim. They are fairly welcome.

Re-enter Flavius.

Flav. I beſeech your Honour, vouchſafe me a word; does concern you near.

Tim. Me near? why then another time I'll hear thee. pr'ythee let's be provided to ſhew them entertainment.

Flav. I ſcarce know how.

Enter another Servant.

2 *Serv.* May it pleaſe your Honour, Lord Lucius, ut of his free love, hath preſented to you four milk- hite horſes trapt in ſilver.

Tim. I ſhall accept them fairly: let the preſents e worthily entertain'd.

Enter a third Servant.

How now? what news?

3 *Serv.* Pleaſe you, my Lord, that Honourable Gen- leman, Lord Lucullus, intreats your company to-mor- row to hunt with him, and has ſent your Honour two brace of grey-hounds.

Tim. I'll hunt with him; and let them be received, ot without fair reward.

Flav. What will this come to? He commands us to provide, and give great gifts, and all out of an empty coffer. Nor will he know his purſe, or yield me this, To ſhew him what a beggar his heart is, Being of no power to make his wiſhes good; His promiſes fly ſo beyond his ſtate, That what he *ſpeaks is all in debt*; he owes for ev'ry word: *He is ſo kind that he pays intereſt for't:*

His land's put to their books. Well, would I were
Gently put out of office, ere I were forc'd:
Happier is he that has no friend to feed,
Than ſuch that do e'en enemies exceed.
I bleed inwardly for my Lord. [*Exit.*

Tim. You do yourſelves much wrong, you bate too much of your own merits. Here, my Lord, a trifle of our love.

1 *Lord.* With more than common thanks I will receive it.

3 *Lord.* He has the very ſoul of bounty.

Tim. And now I remember, my Lord, you gave good words the other day of a bay courſer I rode on. 'Tis your's, becauſe you lik'd it.

2 *Lord.* Oh, I beſeech you, pardon me, my Lord, in that.

Tim. You may take my word, my Lord: I know no man can juſtly praiſe, but what he does affect. I weigh my friend's affection with my own; I tell you true. I'll call on you.

All Lords. O, none ſo welcome.

Tim. I take all, and your ſeveral viſitations
So kind to heart, 'tis not enough to give
My thanks, I could deal kingdoms to my friends,
And ne'er be weary. Alcibiades,
Thou art a ſoldier, therefore ſeldom rich,
I'll come in charity to thee; thy living
Is 'mongſt the dead; and all the lands thou haſt
Lie in a pitch'd field.

Alc. I defy land, my Lord.

1 *Lord.* We are ſo virtuouſly bound——

Tim. And ſo am I to you.

2 *Lord.* So infinitely endear'd——

Tim. All to you. Lights! more lights, more lights.

3 *Lord.* The beſt of happineſs, honour and fortunes, Keep with you, Lord Timon——

Tim. Ready for his friends. [*Exeunt Lords.*

SCENE VIII.

Apem. What a coil's here,
Serving of becks and jutting out of bums!
I doubt whether their legs be worth the ſums

That

That are giv'n for 'em. Friendſhip's full of dregs;
Methinks falſe hearts ſhould never have ſound legs.
Thus honeſt fools lay out their wealth on court'ſies.

Tim. Now, Apemantus, if thou wert not ſullen,
I would be good to thee.

Apem. No, I'll nothing; for if I ſhould be brib'd too, there would be none left to rail upon thee, and then thou wouldſt ſin the faſter. Thou giv'ſt ſo long, Timon, I fear me, thou wilt give away thyſelf in proper ſhortly. What need theſe feaſts, pomps, and vain-glories?

Tim. Nay, if you begin to rail on ſociety once, I am ſworn not to give regard to you. Farewel, and come with better muſic. [*Exit.*

Apem. So——thou wilt not hear me now, thou ſhalt not then.
I'll lock thy heaven from thee:
Oh, that mens' ears ſhould be
To counſel deaf, but not to flattery! [*Exit.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

A public place in the city.

Enter a Senator.

Sen. AND late, five thouſand: to Varro and to Iſidore
He owes nine thouſand, beſides my former ſum;
Which makes it five and twenty.——Still in motion
Of raging waſte? it cannot hold, it will not.
If I want gold, ſteal but a beggar's dog,
And give it Timon, why, the dog coins gold.
If I would ſell my horſe, and buy ten more
Better than he; why, give my horſe to Timon.
Ask nothing, give it him, it foals me ſtraight
Ten able horſes. No porter at his gate,
But rather one that ſmiles, and ſtill invites
All that paſs by it. It cannot hold; no reaſon
Can found his ſtate in ſafety. Caphis, hoa!
Caphis, I ſay.

Enter Caphis.

Caph. Here, Sir; what is your pleaſure?

Sen. Get on your cloak, and haſt you to Lord Timon
Importune him for monies; be not ceas'd
With ſlight denial; nor then ſilenc'd with
" *Commend me to your maſter*——and the cap
Play'ng in the right hand, thus:——but tell him, ſirra
My uſes cry to me, I muſt ſerve my turn
Out of mine own; his days and times are paſt,
And my reliance on his fracted dates
Has ſmit my credit. I love and honour him;
But muſt not break my back, to heal his finger.
Immediate are my needs, and my relief
Muſt not be toſs'd and turn'd to me in words,
But find ſupply immediate. Get you gone.
Put on a moſt importunate aſpect,
A viſage of demand: for I do fear,
When every feather ſticks in his own wing,
Lord Timon will be left a naked gull,
Who flaſhes now a phœnix.—Get you gone.

Cap. I go, Sir.

Sen. I go, Sir?—Take the bonds along with you,
And have the dates in compt.

Cap. I will, Sir.

Sen. Go. [*Exeun*

SCENE II. *Changes to Timon's hall.*

Enter Flavius, with many bills in his hand.

Fla. No care, no ſtop? ſo ſenſeleſs of expence,
That he will neither know how to maintain it,
Nor ceaſe his flow of riot? takes no account
How things go from him, and reſumes no care
Of what is to continue: never mind
Was, to be ſo unwiſe, to be ſo kind †.
What ſhall be done?——he will not hear, till feel:
I muſt be round with him, now he comes from huntin
Fie, fie, fie, fie.

En

† Nothing can be worſe, or more obſcurely expreſſed; and all the ſake of a wretched rhime. To make it ſenſe and grammar ſhould be ſupplied thus,

——— *never mind*
Was [made] *to be ſo unwiſe*, [in order] to be ſo kind.

i. e. Nature in order to make a profuſe mind, never before ent *any man* with ſo large a ſhare of folly.

Enter Caphis, Iſidore, and Varro †.

ap. Good eveṇing, Varro; what, you come for
ar. Is't not your buſineſs too? [money?
ap. It is; and your's too, Iſidore?
id. It is ſo.
ap. 'Would we were all diſcharg'd!
ar. I fear it.
ap. Here comes the Lord.

Enter Timon and his train.

im. So ſoon as dinner's done, we'll forth again,
Alcibiades.——Well, what's your will?
[*They preſent their bills.*
ap. My Lord, here is a note of certain dues.
im. Dues? whence are you?
ap. Of Athens here, my Lord.
im. Go to my ſteward.
ap. Pleaſe it your Lordſhip, he hath put me off
the ſucceſſion of new days, this month:
maſter is awak'd by great occaſion,
call upon his own; and humbly prays you,
it with your other noble parts you'll ſuit,
iving him his right.
im. Mine honeſt friend,
'ythee, but repair to me next morning.
ap. Nay, good my Lord——.
im. Contain thyſelf, good friend.
ar. One Varro's ſervant, my good Lord——
id. From Iſidore, he prays your ſpeedy payment——
ap. If you did know, my Lord, my maſter's wants——
ar. 'Twas due on forfeiture, my Lord, ſix weeks,
and paſt.——.
id. Your ſteward puts me off, my Lord, and I
ſent expreſsly to your Lordſhip.
im. Give me breath.——
beſeech you, good my Lords, keep on,
[*Exeunt Lords.*
wait upon you inſtantly.——Come hither:
v goes the world, that I am thus encountred

† *The two laſt are but ſervants to Iſidore* and *Varro*, here called *maſters names, as is uſual* among ſervants with one another.

With clam'rous claims of debt, of broken bonds,
And the detention of long-ſince-due debts,
Againſt my honour?

Flav. Pleaſe you, Gentlemen,
The time is unagreeable to this buſineſs;
Your importunity ceaſe till after dinner;
That I may make his Lordſhip underſtand
Wherefore you are not paid.

Tim. Do ſo, my friends; ſee them well entertain'd.

[*Exit Timon.*

Flav. Pray, draw near. [*Exit Flavius.*

SCENE III. *Enter Apemantus and Fool.*

Cap. Stay, ſtay, here comes the Fool with Apemantus, let's have ſome ſport with 'em.

Var. Hang him, he'll abuſe us.

Iſid. A plague upon him, dog!

Var. How doſt, Fool?

Apem. Doſt dialogue with thy ſhadow?

Var. I ſpeak not to thee.

Apem. No, 'tis to thyſelf. Come away.

Iſid. There's the fool hangs on your back already.

Apem. No, thou ſtand'ſt ſingle.

Cap. Thou art not on him yet.
Where's the fool now?

Apem. He laſt aſk'd the queſtion. Poor rogues' and uſurers' men! bawds between gold and want!

All. What are we, Apemantus?

Apem. Aſſes.

All. Why?

Apem. That you aſk me what you are, and do not know yourſelves. Speak to 'em, Fool.

Fool. How do you, Gentlemen?

All. Gramercies, good Fool. How does your miſtreſs?

Fool. She's e'en ſetting on water to ſcald ſuch chickens as you are. 'Would we could ſee you at Corinth †.

Apem. Good! gramercy!

Enter

† *A cant* name for a bawdy-houſe, I ſuppoſe from the diſſolute neſs of that ancient Greek city.

Enter Page.

Fool. Look you, here comes my miſtreſs's page.

Page. Why how now, Captain? what do you in this wiſe company? How doſt thou, Apemantus?

Apem. 'Would I had a rod in my mouth, that I might anſwer thee profitably.

Page. Pr'ythee, Apemantus, read me the ſuperſcription of theſe letters; I know not which is which.

Apem. Canſt not read?

Page. No.

Apem. There will little learning die then that day thou art hang'd. This is to Lord Timon, this to Alcibiades. Go, thou waſt born a baſtard, and thou'lt die a bawd.

Page. Thou waſt whelp'd a dog, and thou ſhalt famiſh, a dog's death. Anſwer not, I am gone. [*Exit.*

Apem. Ev'n ſo thou outrunn'ſt grace.
Fool, I will go with you to Lord Timon's.

Fool. Will you leave me there?

Apem. If Timon ſtay at home———
You three ſerve three uſurers?

All. I would they ſerv'd us.

Apem. So would I—as good a trick as ever hangman ſerv'd thief.

Fool. Are you three uſurers' men?

All. Ay, fool.

Fool. I think no uſurer but has a fool to his ſervant. My miſtreſs is one, and I am her fool; when men come to borrow of your maſters, they approach ſadly, and go away merrily; but they enter my miſtreſs's houſe merrily, and go away ſadly. The reaſon of this?

Var. I could render one.

Apem. Do it then, that we may account thee a whoremaſter and a knave; which notwithſtanding, thou ſhalt be no leſs eſteem'd.

Var. What is a whoremaſter, fool?

Fool. A fool in good cloaths, and ſomething like thee. 'Tis a ſpirit; ſometimes it appears like a lord, ſometimes like a lawyer, ſometimes like a philoſopher, with *two ſtones more than's* artificial one. He is very often *like a knight; and* generally, in all ſhapes that man goes

goes up and down in, from fourſcore to thirteen, this ſpirit walks in.

Var. Thou art not altogether a fool.

Fool. Nor thou altogether a wiſe man; as much fooliſhery as I have, ſo much wit thou lack'ſt.

Apem. That anſwer might have become Apemantus.

All. Aſide, aſide. Here comes Lord Timon.

Enter Timon and Flavius.

Apem. Come with me, Fool, come.

Fool. I do not always follow lover, elder brother, and woman; ſometime the philoſopher.

Flav. Pray you, walk near; I'll ſpeak with you anon.

[*Exeunt Creditors, Apemantus, and Fool.*

SCENE IV.

Tim. You make me marvel; wherefore, ere this time,
Had you not fully laid my ſtate before me?
That I might ſo have rated my expence,
As I had leave of means.

Flav. You would not hear me;
At many leiſures I propos'd.

Tim. Go to.
Perchance ſome ſingle 'vantages you took,
When my indiſpoſition put you back:
And that unaptneſs made you miniſter
Thus to excuſe yourſelf.

Flav. O my good Lord!
At many times I brought in my accounts,
Laid them before you; you would throw them off,
And ſay, you found them in mine honeſty.
When, for ſome trifling preſent, you have bid me
Return ſo much, I've ſhook my head, and wept;
Yea, 'gainſt th' authority of manners, pray'd you
To hold your hand more cloſe. I did endure
Not ſeldom, nor no ſlight checks; when I have
Prompted you in the ebb of your eſtate,
And your great flow of debts. My dear-lov'd Lord,
Though you hear now too late, yet now's a time;
The greateſt of your having lacks a half
To pay your preſent debts.

Tim. Let all my land be ſold.

Flav. 'Tis all engag'd, ſome forfeited and gone;

And

And what remains will hardly ſtop the mouth
Of preſent dues; the future comes apace:
What ſhall defend the interim, and at length
Hold good our reck'ning?

Tim. To Lacedæmon did my land extend.

Fla. O my good Lord, the world is but a word;
Were it all your's, to give it in a breath,
How quickly were it gone!

Tim. You tell me true.

Flav. If you ſuſpect my huſbandry or falſehood,
Call me before th' exacteſt auditors,
And ſet me on the proof. So the gods bleſs me,
'When all our offices have been oppreſs'd
'With riotous feeders; when our vaults have wept
'With drunken ſpilth of wine; when every room
'Hath blaz'd with lights, and bray'd with minſtrelſy;
'I have retir'd me to a waſteful cock *,
'And ſet mine eyes at flow.

Tim. Pr'ythee no more.

Flav. Heav'ns! have I ſaid, the bounty of this Lord!
How many prodigal bits have ſlaves and peaſants
This night englutted! who now is not Timon's?
What heart, head, ſword, force, means, but is Lord Timon's?
Great Timon's, noble, worthy, royal Timon's?
Ah! when the means are gone that buy this praiſe,
The breath is gone whereof this praiſe is made:
Feaſt-won, faſt-loſt: one cloud of winter ſhowers,
Theſe flies are couch'd.

Tim. Come, ſermon me no further.
No villanous bounty yet hath paſs'd my heart;
Unwiſely, not ignobly, have I given.
Why doſt thou weep? canſt thou the conſcience † lack,
To think I ſhall lack friends? ſecure thy heart;
If I would broach the veſſels of my love,
And try the arguments ‡ of hearts by borrowing,
Men and mens' fortunes could I frankly uſe,
As I can bid thee ſpeak.

Flav.

* *i. e.* a *cockloft*, a garret. And a *waſteful cock*, ſignifies a garret *lying in waſte, neglected, put to no uſe.*
† *conſcience, for faith.*
‡ *arguments, for natures.*

Flav. Aſſurance bleſs your thoughts!

Tim. And in ſome ſort theſe wants of mine are crown'd
That I account them bleſſings: for by theſe
Shall I try friends. You ſhall perceive how you
Miſtake my fortunes: in my friends, I'm wealthy.
Within there, ho! Flaminius, Servilius!

SCENE V.

Enter Flaminius, Servilius, and other Servants.

Ser. My Lord, my Lord.

Tim. I will diſpatch you ſev'rally.
You to Lord Lucius—to Lord Lucullus you, I hunte
with his honour to-day—you to Sempronius—commen
me to their loves; and I am proud, ſay, that my occa
ſions have found time to uſe 'em toward a ſupply of mo
ney; let the requeſt be fifty talents.

Flam. As you have ſaid, my Lord.

Flav. Lord Lucius and Lucullus? hum———

Tim. Go, you, Sir, to the Senators; [*To Flavius.*
Of whom, even to the ſtate's beſt health, I have
Deſerv'd this hearing; bid 'em ſend o' th' inſtant
A thouſand talents to me.

Flav. I've been bold,
(For that I knew it the moſt gen'ral † way)
To them to uſe your ſignet and your name;
But they do ſhake their heads, and I am here
No richer in return.

Tim. Is't true? can't be?

Flav. 'They anſwer in a joint and corporate voice,
'That now they are at fall, want treaſure, cannot
'Do what they would; are ſorry———You are ho-
nourable———
'But yet they could have wiſh'd—they know not—
'Something hath been amiſs—a noble nature
'May catch a wrench—would all were well—'tis pity—
'And ſo intending other ſerious matters,
'After diſtaſteful looks, and theſe hard fractions,
'With certain half-caps, and cold-moving nods,
'They froze me into ſilence.

Tim. You gods, reward them!
I pr'ythee, man, look cheerly. "Theſe old fellows
"Have

† *gen'ral, for ſpeedy.*

Have their ingratitude in them hereditary †.
Their blood is cak'd, 'tis cold, it ſeldom flows,
'Tis lack of kindly warmth, they are not kind;
And nature, as it grows again tow'rd earth,
Is faſhion'd for the journey, dull and heavy.
Go to Ventidius—pr'ythee be not ſad,
Thou'rt true and juſt; ingenuouſly I ſpeak,
No blame belongs to thee: Ventidius lately
Bury'd his father, by whoſe death he's ſtepp'd
Into a great eſtate; when he was poor,
Impriſon'd, and in ſcarcity of friends,
I clear'd him with five talents. Greet him from me;
Bid him ſuppoſe ſome good neceſſity
Touches his friend, which craves to be remember'd
With thoſe five talents. That had, give't theſe fellows
To whom 'tis inſtant due. Ne'er ſpeak or think,
That Timon's fortunes 'mong his friends can ſink.

Stew. 'Would I could not: that thought is Bounty's foe;
Being free itſelf, it thinks all others ſo. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Lucullus's houſe in Athens.

Flaminius waiting; enter a Servant to him.

Ser. I Have told my Lord of you; he is coming down to you.

Flam. I thank you, Sir.

Enter Lucullus.

Ser. Here's my Lord.

Lucul. One of Lord Timon's men; a gift, I warrant—Why, this hits right: I dream'd of a ſilver baſon and ewre to-night. Flaminius, honeſt Flaminius, you are very reſpectively welcome, Sir; fill me ſome wine. And how does that honourable, compleat, free-hearted gentleman of Athens, thy very bountiful good lord and maſter?

Flam. His health is well, Sir.

Lucul.

† *hereditary, for by natural conſtitution.* But ſome diſtempers of natural conſtitution being called *hereditary*, he calls their ingratitude ſo

Lucul. I am right glad that his health is wo
And what haſt thou there under thy cloak, pre
minius?

Flam. 'Faith, nothing but an empty box, Sir;
in my Lord's behalf, I come to intreat your Ho
ſupply; who, having great and inſtant occaſion
fifty talents, hath ſent to your Lordſhip to furn
nothing doubting your preſent aſſiſtance therein.

Lucul. La, la, la, la——Nothing doubting, ſ
Alas, good Lord, a Noble Gentleman 'tis, if he
not keep ſo good a houſe. Many a time and
ha' din'd with him, and told him on't; and com
to ſupper to him, on purpoſe to have him ſpe
And yet he would embrace no counſel, take n
ing by my coming; every man hath his fault,
neſty is his. I ha' told him on't, but I could n
him from't.

Enter a Servant, with wine.

Ser. Pleaſe your Lordſhip, here is the wine.

Lucul. Flaminius, I have noted thee always w
Here's to thee.

Flam. Your Lordſhip ſpeaks your pleaſure.

Lucul. I have obſerv'd thee always for a t
prompt ſpirit, give thee thy due: and one that
what belongs to reaſon; and canſt uſe the tim
if the time uſe thee well. Good parts in thee—
you gone, ſirrah. [*To the Servant, who goes ou*
Draw nearer, honeſt Flaminius; thy Lord's a b
gentleman, but thou art wiſe, and thou knoweſt
nough, (altho' thou comeſt to me), that this is
to lend money, eſpecially upon bare friendſhip,
ſecurity. Here's three ſolidares for thee; go
wink at me, and ſay, thou ſaw'ſt me not. Fa
well.

Flam. Is't poſſible the world ſhould ſo much
And we alive that liv'd? Fly, damned baſeneſs,
To him that worſhips thee. [*Throwing the mone*

Lucul. Ha! now I ſee thou art a fool, and fit
maſter. [*Exit*

Flam. May theſe add to the number that m
Let molten coin be thy damnation,

ou diſeaſe of a friend, and not himſelf!
s friendſhip ſuch a faint and milky heart,
turns in leſs than two nights? O you gods!
feel my maſter's paſſion. This ſlave
nto this hour has my Lord's meat in him:
hy ſhould it thrive, and turn to nutriment,
hen he is turn'd to poiſon?
! may diſeaſes only work upon't:
nd when he's ſick to death, let not that part
nurture my Lord paid for, be of power
o expel ſickneſs, but prolong his hour! [*Exit.*

SCENE II. *A public ſtreet.*

Enter Lucius, with three Strangers.

Luc. Who, the Lord Timon? he is my very good friend, and an honourable gentleman.

1 *Stran.* We know him for no leſs, tho' we are but ſtrangers to him. But I can tell you one thing, my Lord, and which I hear from common rumours, now Lord Timon's happy hours are done and paſt, and his eſtate ſhrinks from him.

Luc. Fie, no; do not believe it: he cannot want for money.

2 *Stran.* But believe you this, my Lord, that not long ago one of his men was with the Lord Lucullus, to borrow fifty talents, nay, urg'd extremely for't, and ſhewed what neceſſity belong'd to't, and yet was deny'd.

Luc. How?

2 *Stran.* I tell you, deny'd, my Lord.

Luc. What a ſtrange caſe was that? Now, before the gods, I am aſham'd on't. Deny'd that honourable man? there was very little honour ſhew'd in that. For my own part, I muſt needs confeſs, I have received ſome ſmall kindneſſes from him, as money, plate, jewels, and ſuch like trifles, nothing comparing to his; yet had he miſtook him, and ſent him to me, I ſhould ne'er have deny'd his occaſion ſo many talents.

Enter Servilius.

See, by good hap, yonder's my Lord; I have to ſee his *Honour*.——*My* honour'd Lord—— [*To Lucius.*

Luc. Servilius! you are kindly met, Sir. Fare thee well; commend me to thy honourable virtuous Lord, my very exquiſite friend.

Ser. May it pleaſe your Honour, my Lord hath ſent———

Luc. Ha! what hath he ſent? I am ſo much endear'd to that Lord; he's ever ſending: how ſhall I thank him, think'ſt thou? and what has he ſent now?

Ser. H'as only ſent his preſent occaſion now, my Lord; requeſting your Lordſhip to ſupply his inſtant uſe with fifty talents.

Luc. I know his Lordſhip is but merry with me. He cannot want fifty times five hundred talents.

Ser. But, in the mean time, he wants leſs, my Lord. If his occaſion were not virtuous*,
I ſhould not urge it half ſo faithfully †.

Luc. Doſt thou ſpeak ſeriouſly, Servilius?

Ser. Upon my ſoul, 'tis true, Sir.

Luc. What a wicked beaſt was I, to diſfurniſh myſelf againſt ſuch a good time, when I might ha' ſhewn myſelf honourable? How unluckily it happ'ned, that I ſhould purchaſe the day before a little dirt, and undo a great deal of honour? Servilius, now before the gods, I am not able to do—(the more beaſt I, ſay) ——I was ſending to uſe Lord Timon myſelf, theſe Gentlemen can witneſs; but I would not for the wealth of Athens I had don't now. Commend me bountifully to his good Lordſhip; and I hope his Honour will conceive the faireſt of me, becauſe I have no power to be kind. And tell him this from me, I count it one of my greateſt afflictions, that I cannot pleaſure ſuch an Honourable Gentleman. Good Servilius, will you befriend me ſo far, as to uſe my own words to him?

Ser. Yes, Sir, I ſhall. [*Exit Servilius.*

Luc. I'll look ye out a good turn, Servilius.———
True, as you ſaid, Timon is ſhrunk, indeed
And he that's once deny'd, will hardly ſpeed. [*Exit.*

1 *Strang.* Do you obſerve this, Hoſtilius?

2 *Strang.* Ay, too well.

1 *Strang.* Why, this is the world's ſoul.

Of

* *virtuous*, for *ſtrong*, *forcible*, *preſſing*.
† *faithfully*, for *fervently*.

Of the ſame piece is every flatterer's ſpirit.
Who can call him his friend,
That dips in the ſame diſh? for, in my knowing,
Timon has been to this Lord as a father,
And kept his credit with his bounteous purſe;
Supported his eſtate; nay, Timon's money
Has paid his men their wages. He ne'er drinks,
But Timon's ſilver treads upon his lip;
And yet, oh, ſee the monſtrouſneſs of man,
When he looks out in an ungrateful ſhape!
He does deny him (in reſpect of his †)
What charitable men afford to beggars.

3 *Stran.* Religion grones at it.

1 *Stran.* For mine own part,
I never taſted Timon in my life;
Nor any of his bounties came o'er me,
To mark me for his friend. Yet I proteſt,
For his right noble mind, illuſtrious virtue,
And honourable carriage,
Had his neceſſity made uſe of me,
I would have put my wealth into partition,
And the beſt half ſhould have attorn'd to him,
So much I love his heart; but I perceive,
Men muſt learn now with pity to diſpenſe,
For policy ſits above conſcience. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *Enter a third Servant with Sempronius.*

Sem. Muſt he needs trouble me in't? 'bove all others?——
He might have tried Lord Lucius, or Lucullus;
And now Ventidius is wealthy too,
Whom he redeem'd from priſon: all theſe three
Owe their eſtates unto him.

Ser. Oh, my Lord,
They've all been touch'd, and all are found baſe metal;
For they have all deny'd him.

Sem. How? deny'd him?
Ventidius and Lucullus both deny'd him?
And does he ſend to me? three! hum——
It ſhews but little love or judgment in him.
Muſt I be *his laſt refuge?* his friends, like phyſicians,

† *i. e. conſidering Timon's* claim for what he aſks.

Try'd, give him over; muſt I take the cure
On me? H'as much diſgrac'd me in't; I'm angry.
He might have known my place; I ſee no ſenſe for't,
But his occaſions might have wooed me firſt:
For, in my conſcience, I was the firſt man
That e'er received gift from him.
And does he think ſo backwardly of me,
That I'll requite it laſt? no:
So it may prove an argument of laughter
To th' reſt, and 'mongſt Lords I be thought a fool.
I'd rather than the worth of thrice the ſum,
H'ad ſent to me firſt, but for my mind's ſake:
I'd ſuch a courage to have done him good.
But now return,
And with their faint reply this anſwer join:
Who bates mine honour, ſhall not know my coin. [*Exit.*

Ser. Excellent! your Lordſhip's a goodly villain. The devil knew not what he did, when he made man politic; he croſs'd himſelf by't; and I cannot think, but in the end the policy of man will ſet him clear †. How fairly this Lord ſtrives to appear foul? takes virtuous copies to be wicked; like thoſe that under hot, ardent zeal would ſet whole realms on fire. Of ſuch a nature is his politic love.
This was my Lord's beſt hope; now all are fled,
Save the gods only. Now his friends are dead;
Doors, that were ne'er acquainted with their wards
Many a bounteous year, muſt be employ'd
Now to guard ſure their maſter.
And this is all a liberal courſe allows;
Who cannot keep his wealth, muſt keep his houſe.
[*Exit.*

SCENE IV. *Changes to Timon's hall.*

Enter Varro, Titus, Hortenſius, Lucius, and other ſervants of Timon's creditors, who wait for his coming out.

Var. Well met, good morrow, Titus and Hortenſius.
Tit. The like to you, kind Varro.

Hor.

† *Set him clear* does not mean acquit him before heaven; for *then the devil* muſt be ſuppoſed *to know* what he did; but it ſignifies *puzzle* him, outdo him at his own weapons.

Hor. Lucius, why do we meet together?

Luc. I think one business does command us all:
For mine is money.

Tit. So is theirs, and ours.

Enter Philo.

Luc. And Sir Philo's too.

Phi. Good day, at once.

Luc. Welcome, good brother. What d' you think the hour?

Phi. Labouring for nine.

Luc. So much?

Phi. Is not my Lord seen yet?

Luc. Not yet.

Phi. I wonder: he was wont to shine at seven.

Luc. Ay, but the days are waxed shorter with him.
You must consider that a prodigal's course
Is like the sun's, but not like his, recoverable, I fear.
'Tis deepest winter in Lord Timon's purse;
That is, one may reach deep enough, and yet
Find little.

Phi. I am of your fear for that.

Tit. I'll shew you how t' observe a strange event.
Your Lord sends now for money.

Hor. True, he does.

Tit. And he wears jewels now of Timon's gift,
For which I wait for money.

Hor. Against my heart.

Luc. How strange it shows,
Timon in this should pay more than he owes!
And e'en as if your Lord should wear rich jewels,
And send for money for 'em.

Hor. I'm weary of this charge, the gods can witness:
I know my Lord hath spent of Timon's wealth:
Ingratitude now makes it worse than stealth.

Var. Yes, mine's three thousand crowns; what's your's?

Luc. Five thousand.

Var. 'Tis much too deep; and it should seem, by th' [illegible] master's confidence † was above mine, [illegible] sum, [illegible] surely his had equall'd.

† Play on the word *confidence*.

Enter Flaminius.

Tit. One of Lord Timon's men.

Luc. Flaminius! Sir, a word. Pray, is my Lord Ready to come forth?

Flam. No, indeed he is not.

Tit. We attend his Lordſhip; pray ſignify ſo much.

Flam. I need not tell him that, he knows you are too diligent.

Enter Flavius in a cloak muffled.

Luc. Ha! is not that his ſteward muffled ſo? He goes away in a cloud: call him, call him.

Tit. Do you hear, Sir———

Var. By your leave, Sir.

Flav. What do you aſk of me, my friend?

Tit. We wait for certain money here, Sir.

Flav. If money were as certain as your waiting, 'Twere ſure enough.
Why then preferr'd you not your ſums and bills,
When your falſe maſters eat of my Lord's meat?
Then they would ſmile and fawn upon his debts,
And take down th' intereſt in their glutt'nous maws.
You do yourſelves but wrong to ſtir me up,
Let me paſs quietly.
Believe't, my Lord and I have made an end;
I have no more to reckon, he to ſpend.

Luc. Ay, but this anſwer will not ſerve.

Flav. If 'twill not ſerve, 'tis not ſo baſe as you;
For you ſerve knaves. [*Exit.*

Var. How! what does his caſhier'd Worſhip mutter?

Tit. No matter, what——he's poor, and that's revenge enough. Who can ſpeak broader than he that has no houſe to put his head in? Such may rail againſt great buildings.

Enter Servilius.

Tit. Oh, here's Servilius; now we ſhall have ſome anſwer.

Ser. If I might beſeech you, Gentlemen, to repair *ſome other hour*, I ſhould derive much from it. For *take it of my ſoul*,

My

My Lord leans wondrouſly to diſcontent.
His comfortable temper has forſook him,
He is much out of health, and keeps his chamber.

Luc. Many do keep their chambers, are not ſick:
And if he be ſo far beyond his health,
Methinks he ſhould the ſooner pay his debts,
And make a clear way to the gods.

Ser. Good Gods!

Tit. We cannot take this for an anſwer.

Flam. [*within.*] Servilius, help——my Lord! my Lord!

SCENE V. *Enter Timon in a rage.*

Tim. What, are my doors oppos'd againſt my paſſage?
Have I been ever free, and muſt my houſe
Be my retentive enemy, my goal?
The place which I have feaſted, does it now,
Like all mankind, ſhew me an iron heart?

Luc. Put in now, Titus.

Tit. My Lord, here's my bill.

Luc. Here's mine.

Var. And mine, my Lord.

Cap. And ours, my Lord.

Phi. And our bills.

Tim. Knock me down with 'em——cleave me to the girdle.

Luc. Alas! my Lord.

Tim. Cut out my heart in ſums.

Tit. Mine, fifty talents.

Tim. Tell out my blood.

Luc. Five thouſand crowns, my Lord.

Tim. Five thouſand drops pay that.
What's your's——and your's?

Var. My Lord——

Cap. My Lord——

Tim. Here tear me, take me, and the gods fall on you. [*Exit.*

Hor. 'Faith, I perceive our maſters may throw their caps at their money. Theſe debts may be well call'd deſperate ones, for a madman owes 'em. [*Exeunt.*

[Re-enter.

Re-enter Timon and Flavius.

Tim. They have e'en put my breath from me, the ſlaves. Creditors!——devils.
Flav. My dear Lord.
Tim. What if it ſhould be ſo?——
Flav. My dear Lord.
Tim. I'll have it ſo——My ſteward!
Flav. Here, my Lord.
Tim. So fitly!—Go, bid all my friends again,
Lucius, Lucullus, and Sempronius. All——
I'll once more feaſt the raſcals.
Flav. O my Lord!
You only ſpeak from your diſtracted ſoul;
There's not ſo much left as to furniſh out
A moderate table.
Tim. Be it not thy care.
Go, and invite them all, let in the tide
Of knaves once more: my cook and I'll provide.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI. *Changes to the ſenate-houſe*

Senators and Alcibiades.

1 *Sen.* My Lord, you have my voice to't, the fault's
'Tis neceſſary he ſhould die. [bloody;
Nothing emboldens ſin ſo much as mercy.
2 *Sen.* Moſt true; the law ſhall bruiſe him.
Alc. Health, honour, and compaſſion, to the ſenate!
1 *Sen.* Now, Captain.
Alc. I am an humble ſuitor to your virtues:
For pity is the virtue of the law,
And none but tyrants uſe it cruelly.
It pleaſes time and fortune to lie heavy
Upon a friend of mine, who in hot blood
Hath ſtept into the law, which is paſt depth
To thoſe that without heed do plunge into't.
He is a man, ſetting this fault aſide,
Of vittuous honour, which buys out his fault;
Nor did he ſoil the fact with cowardice,
But with a noble fury, and fair ſpirit,
Seeing his reputation touch'd to death,

He did oppoſe his foe:
And with ſuch ſober and unnoted * paſſion
He did behave † his anger ere 'twas ſpent,
As if he had but prov'd an argument.

1 *Sen.* You undergo too ſtrict a paradox,
Striving to make an ugly deed look fair.
Your words have took ſuch pains, is if they labour'd
To bring manſlaughter into form, "ſet quarrelling
" Upon the head of valour; which, indeed,
" Is valour miſbegot, and came into the world
" When ſects and factions were but newly born.
He's truly valiant that can wiſely ſuffer
The worſt that man can breathe, and make his wrongs
His outſide wear; hang like his raiment, careleſsly:
And ne'er prefer his injuries to his heart,
To bring it into danger.
If wrongs be evils, and inforce us kill,
What folly 'tis to hazard life for ill!

Alc. My Lord,———

1 *Sen.* You cannot make groſs ſins look clear;
It is not valour to revenge, but bear.

Alc. My Lords then, under favour, pardon me,
If I ſpeak like a captain.
Why do fond men expoſe themſelves to battle,
And not endure all threat'nings, ſleep upon't,
And let the foes quietly cut their throats,
Without repugnancy? But if there be
Such valour in the bearing, what make we
Abroad? why then, ſure women are more valiant
That ſtay at home, if bearing carry it;
The aſs, more than the lion; and the fellow
Loaden with irons, wiſer than the judge;
If wiſdom be in ſuff'ring. Oh, my Lords,
As you are great, be pitifully good:
Who cannot condemn raſhneſs in cold blood?
To kill, I grant, is ſin's extremeſt guſt ‡,
But, in defence,——by mercy §, 'tis made juſt.
To be in anger is impiety:

But

* *unnoted*, for *common*, *bounded*.
† *behave*, for *curb*, *manage*.
‡ *guſt*, for *aggravation*.
§ *By mercy* is meant *equity*.

But who is man that is not angry?
Weigh but the crime with this.
2 *Sen.* You breathe in vain.
Alc. In vain?. His ſervice done
At Lacedæmon, and Byzantium,
Were a ſufficient briber for his life.
1 *Sen.* What's that?
Alc. I ſay, my Lords, h'as done fair ſervice,
And ſlain in battle many of your enemies.
How full of valour did he bear himſelf
In the laſt conflict, and made plenteous wounds?
2 *Sen.* He has made too much plenty with 'em,
He's a ſwoln rioter; he has a ſin
That often drowns him, and takes Valour priſoner,
Were there no foes, that were enough alone
To overcome him. In that beaſtly fury
He has been known to commit outrages,
And cheriſh factions †. 'Tis inferr'd to us,
His days are foul, and his drink dangerous.
1 *Sen.* He dies.
Alc. Hard fate! he might have died in war.
My Lords, if not for any parts in him,
(Though his right arm might purchaſe his own time,
And be in debt to none), yet more to move you,
Take my deſerts to his, and join 'em both.
And, for I know, your reverend ages love
Security, I'll pawn my victories,
My honours to you, on his good returns.
If by this crime he owes the law his life,
Why, let the war receive't in valiant gore;
For law is ſtrict, and war is nothing more.
1 *Sen.* We are for law, he dies, urge it no more,
On height of our diſpleaſure. Friend, or brother,
He forfeits his own blood, that ſpills another.
Alc. Muſt it be ſo? it muſt not be.
My Lords, I do beſeech you, know me.
2 *Sen.* How?
Alc. Call me to your remembrances.
3 *Sen.* What?———
Alc. I cannot think but your age hath forgot me;

It

† *factions*, for *tumults*.

t could not elſe be, I ſhould prove ſo baſe †,
To ſue, and be deny'd ſuch common grace.
My wounds ake at you.

1 *Sen.* Do you dare our anger?
Tis in few words, but ſpacious in effect;
We baniſh thee for ever.

Alc. Baniſh me!
Baniſh your dotage, baniſh uſury,
That make the ſenate ugly.

1 *Sen.* If, after two days' ſhine, Athens contains thee,
Attend our weightier judgment.
And (now to ſwell your ſpirit)
He ſhall be executed preſently. [*Exeunt.*

Alc. Gods keep you old enough, that you may live
Only in bone, that none may look on you!
I'm worſe than mad: I have kept back their foes,
While they have told their money, and let out
Their coin upon large intereſt; I myſelf
Rich only in large hurts.——All thoſe for this?
Is this the balſam that the uſuring ſenate
Pours into captains' wounds? Ha! baniſhment?
It comes not ill: I hate not to be baniſh'd;
It is a cauſe worthy my ſpleen and fury,
That I may ſtrike at Athens. I'll cheer up
My diſcontented troops, and lay for hearts.
'Tis honour with moſt hands to be at odds:
Soldiers as little ſhould brook wrongs as gods. [*Exit.*

SCENE VII. *Changes to Timon's houſe.*

Enter divers Senators at ſeveral doors.

1 *Sen.* The good time of the day to you, Sir.

2 *Sen.* I alſo wiſh it to you. I think this Honourable Lord did but try us this other day.

1 *Sen.* Upon that were my thoughts tiring, when we encountered. I hope it is not ſo low with him, as he made it ſeem in the trial of his ſeveral friends.

2 *Sen.* It ſhould not be by the perſuaſion of his new feaſting.

1 *Sen.* I ſhould think ſo: he hath ſent me an earneſt inviting, which many my near occaſions did urge me to put

† *baſe, for diſhonour'd.*

put off: but he hath conjur'd me beyond them, and I muſt needs appear.

2 *Sen.* In like manner was I in debt to my importunate buſineſs; but he would not hear my excuſe. I am ſorry, when he ſent to borrow of me, that my proviſion was out.

1 *Sen.* I am ſick of that grief too, as I underſtand how all things go.

2 *Sen.* Ev'ry man here's ſo. What would he have borrow'd of you?

1 *Sen.* A thouſand pieces.

2 *Sen.* A thouſand pieces!

1 *Sen.* What of you?

3 *Sen.* He ſent to me, Sir——Here he comes.

Enter Timon and Attendants.

Tim. With all my heart, Gentleman both———and how fare you?

1 *Sen.* Ever at the beſt, hearing well of your Lordſhip.

2 *Sen.* The ſwallow follows not ſummer more willingly, than we your Lordſhip.

Tim. Nor more willingly leaves winter: ſuch ſummer-birds are men.———Gentlemen, our dinner will not recompenſe this long ſtay: feaſt your ears with the muſic a while; if they will fare ſo harſhly as on the trumpet's ſound: we ſhall to't preſently.

1 *Sen.* I hope it remains not unkindly with your Lordſhip, that I return'd you an empty meſſenger.

Tim. O Sir, let it not trouble you.

2 *Sen.* My Noble Lord.

Tim. Ah, my good friend, what cheer?

[*The banquet brought in.*

2 *Sen.* Moſt Honourable Lord, I'm e'en ſick of ſhame, that when your Lordſhip t'other day ſent to me, I was ſo unfortunate a beggar.

Tim. Think not on't, Sir.

2 *Sen.* If you had ſent but two hours before——

Tim. Let it not cumber your better remembrance. Come, bring in all together.

2 *Sen.* All cover'd diſhes!

1 *Sen.* Royal cheer, I warrant you.

3 Sen.

3 *Sen.* Doubt not that, if money and the ſeaſon can yield it.

1 *Sen.* How do you? what's the news?

3 *Sen.* Alcibiades is baniſh'd: hear you of it?

Both. Alcibiades baniſh'd!

3 *Sen.* 'Tis ſo, be ſure of it.

1 *Sen.* How? how?

2 *Sen.* I pray you upon what?

Tim. My worthy friends, will you draw near?

3 *Sen.* I'll tell you more anon. Here's a noble feaſt toward.

2 *Sen.* This is the old man ſtill.

3 *Sen.* Will't hold? will't hold?

2 *Sen.* It does, but time will, and ſo——

3 *Sen.* I do conceive.

Tim. Each man to his ſtool, with that ſpur as he would to the lip of his miſtreſs: your diet ſhall be in all places alike. Make not a city feaſt of it, to let the meat cool ere we can agree upon the firſt place. Sit, ſit.

The gods require our thanks.

You great benefactors, ſprinkle our ſociety with thankfulneſs. For your own gifts make yourſelves prais'd; but reſerve ſtill to give, leſt your deities be deſpiſed. Lend to each man enough, that one need not lend to another. For were our godheads to borrow of men, men would forſake the gods. Make the meat beloved, more than the man that gives it. Let no aſſembly of twenty be without a ſcore of villains. If there ſit twelve women at the table, let a dozen of them be as they are—The reſt of your foes, O gods, the Senators of Athens, together with the common lag of people, what is amiſs in them, you gods, make ſuitable for deſtruction. For theſe my friends—as they are to me nothing, ſo in nothing bleſs them, and to nothing are they welcome.

Uncover, dogs, and lap.

Some ſpeak. What does his lordſhip mean?

Some other. I know not.

Tim. May you a better feaſt never behold,
You knot of mouth-friends! ſmoke and lukewarm water
Is your perfection †. This is Timon's laſt;
Who ſtuck and ſpangled with your flatteries,
Waſhes them off, and ſprinkles in your faces

† *perfection*, for *exact* or *perfect likeneſs*.

Your reaking villany. Live loth'd, and long,
Moſt ſmiling, ſmooth, deteſted paraſites,
Courteous deſtroyers, affable wolves, meek bears,
You fools of fortune, trencher-friends, time-flies,
Cap-and-knee ſlaves, vapours, and minute-jacks;
Of man and beaſt the infinite malady
Cruſt you quite o'er!——What, doſt thou go?
Soft, take thy phyſic firſt—thou too— and thou—
[*Throwing the diſhes at them, and drives 'em out.*
Stay, I will lend thee money, borrow none.
What! all in motion? henceforth be no feaſt,
Whereat a villain's not a welcome gueſt.
Burn houſe, ſink Athens, henceforth hated be
Of Timon, man, and all humanity! [*Exit.*

Re-enter the Senators.

1 *Sen.* How now, my Lords?

2 *Sen.* Know you the quality of Lord Timon's fury!

3 *Sen.* Pſha! did you ſee my cap?

4 *Sen.* I've loſt my gown.

1 *Sen.* He's but a mad Lord, and nought but humour ſways him. He gave me a jewel th' other day, and now he has beat it out of my cap. Did you ſee my jewel?

2 *Sen.* Did you ſee my cap?

3 *Sen.* Here 'tis.

4 *Sen.* Here lies my gown.

1 *Sen.* Let's make no ſtay.

2 *Sen.* Lord Timon's mad.

3 *Sen.* I feel't upon my bones.

4 *Sen.* One day he gives us diamonds, next day ſtones.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Without the walls of Athens.

Enter Timon.

LET me look back upon thee. O thou wall,
That girdleſt in thoſe wolves! dive in the earth,
And fence not Athens! Matrons, turn incontinent;
Obedience fail in children; ſlaves and fools

Pluck

Pluck the grave wrinkled ſenate from the bench,
And miniſter in their ſtead: to general filth
Convert o' th' inſtant, green virginity!
Do't in your parents' eyes. Bankrupts, hold faſt;
Rather than render back, out with your knives,
And cut your truſters' throats. Bound ſervants, ſteal;
Large-handed robbers your grave maſters are,
And pill by law. Maid, to thy maſter's bed;
Thy miſtreſs is o' th' brothel. Son of ſixteen,
Pluck the lin'd crutch from the old limping ſire,
And with it beat his brains out! Fear and piety,
Religion to the gods, peace, juſtice, truth,
Domeſtic awe, night-reſt, and neighbourhood,
Inſtruction, manners, miſteries and trades,
Degrees, obſervances, cuſtoms and laws,
Decline to your confounding contraries!
And yet confuſion live!——Plagues, incident to men,
Your potent and infectious fevers heap
On Athens, ripe for ſtroke! Thou cold Sciatica,
Cripple our Senators, that their limbs may halt
As lamely as their manners. Luſt and liberty
Creep in the minds and marrows of our youth,
That 'gainſt the ſtream of virtue they may ſtrive,
And drown themſelves in riot! Itches, blains,
Sow all the Athenian boſoms, and their crop
Be general leproſy! Breath infect breath,
That their ſociety (as their friendſhip) may
Be merely poiſon! Nothing I'll bear from thee,
But nakedneſs, thou town deteſtable!
Take thou that too, with multiplying banns:
Timon will to the woods, where he ſhall find
Th' unkindeſt beaſt much kinder than mankind.
The gods confound (hear me, ye good gods all)
Th' Athenians both within and out that wall;
And grant, as Timon grows, his hate may grow
To the whole race of mankind, high and low! [*Exit.*

SCENE II. *Changes to Timon's houſe.*

Enter Flavius, with two or three Servants.

1 *Ser.* Hear you, good maſter ſteward, where's our maſter?
Are we undone, caſt off, nothing remaining?

Flav. Alack, my fellows, what ſhould I ſay to you?
Let me be recorded by the righteous gods,
I am as poor as you.

1 *Ser.* Such a houſe broke!
So noble a maſter fall'n! all gone! and not
One friend to take his fortune by the arm,
And go along with him?

2 *Ser.* 'As we do turn our backs
'From our companion thrown into his grave,
'So his familiars from his buried fortunes
'Slink all away; leave their falſe vows with him,
'Like empty purſes pick'd: and his poor ſelf,
'A dedicated beggar to the air,
'With his diſeaſe of all-ſhunn'd poverty,
'Walks, like contempt, alone.—More of our fellows.

Enter other Servants.

Flav. All broken implements of a ruin'd houſe!

3 *Ser.* Yet do our hearts wear Timon's livery,
That ſee I by our faces; we are fellows ſtill,
Serving alike in ſorrow. Leak'd is our bark,
And we poor mates ſtand on the dying deck,
Hearing the ſurges threat. We muſt all part
Into the ſea of air.

Flav. Good fellows all,
The lateſt of my wealth I'll ſhare amongſt you.
Where-ever we ſhall meet, for Timon's ſake,
Let's yet be fellows; ſhake our heads, and ſay,
(As 'twere a knell unto our maſter's fortunes),
We have ſeen better days. Let each take ſome;
Nay, put out all your hands; not one word more,
Thus part we rich in ſorrow, parting poor.

[*He gives them money; they embrace, and part ſeveral ways.*

"Oh, the firſt wretchedneſs that glory brings us!
Who would not wiſh to be from wealth exempt,
Since riches point to miſery and contempt?
Who'd be ſo mock'd with glory, as to live
But in a dream of friendſhip?
To have his pomp, and all what ſtate compounds,
But only painted, like his varniſh'd friends!
Poor honeſt Lord! brought low by his own heart,

Undone

Undone by goodneſs: ſtrange unuſual blood,
When man's worſt ſin is, he does too much good.
Who then dares to be half ſo kind again?
For bounty, that makes gods, does ſtill mar men.
My deareſt Lord, beſs'd to be moſt accurs'd,
Rich only to be wretched, thy great fortunes
Are made thy chief afflictions. Alas, kind Lord!
He's flung in rage from this ungrateful ſeat
Of monſtrous friends; nor has he with him to
Supply his life, or that which can command it:
I'll follow, and inquire him out.
I'll ever ſerve his mind with my beſt will;
Whilſt I have gold, I'll be his ſteward ſtill. [*Exit.*

SCENE III. *The woods.*

Enter Timon.

Tim. "O bleſſing-breeding ſun, draw from the earth
" Rotten humidity: below thy ſiſter's orb
" Infect the air! Twin'd brothers of one womb,
" Whoſe procreation, reſidence, and birth,
" Scarce is dividant, touch with ſeveral fortunes,
" The greater ſcorns the leſſer. Not ev'n nature,
" To whom all ſores lay ſiege, can bear great fortune
" But by contempt of nature.
" Raiſe me this beggar, and denude that Lord,
" The ſenator ſhall bear contempt hereditary,
" The beggar native honour:
" It is the paſture lards the wedder's ſides,
" The want that makes him lean. Who dares, who dares,
" In purity of manhood ſtand upright,
" And ſay this man's a flatterer? If one be,
" So are they all; for every greeze of fortune
" Is ſmooth'd by that below. The learned pate
" Ducks to the golden fool: all is oblique;
" There's nothing level in our curſed natures,
" But direct villany." Then be abhorr'd,
All feaſts, ſocieties, and throngs of men!
His ſemblable, yea himſelf, Timon diſdains.——
Deſtruction phang mankind! Earth, yield me roots!
[*Digging the earth.*
" Who ſeeks for better of thee, ſauce his palate

" With thy moſt operant poiſon!——What is here?
" Gold? yellow, glittering, precious gold?
" No, gods, I'm no idle votariſt.
" Roots, you clear heav'ns! thus much of this will make
" Black, white; foul, fair; wrong, right;
" Baſe, noble; old, young; coward, valiant.
" You gods! why this? what this? you gods! why, this
' Will lug your prieſts and ſervants from your ſides:
' Pluck ſtout mens' pillows from below their heads.
' This yellow ſlave
' Will knit and break religions; bleſs th' accurs'd;
' Make the hoar leproſy ador'd; place thieves,
' And give them title, knee, and approbation,
' With ſenators on the bench: this is it
' That makes the waped widow wed again;
' She whom the ſpittle-houſe and ulcerous ſores
' Would caſt the gorge at, this embalms and ſpices
' To th' April day again. Come, damned earth,
' Thou common whore of mankind, that putt'ſt odds
' Among the rout of nations, I will make thee
' Do thy right nature.—[*March afar off.*] Ha, a drum?
——thou'rt quick.
But yet I'll bury thee——thou'lt go, (ſtrong thief),
When gouty keepers of thee cannot ſtand.
Nay, ſtay thou out for earneſt. [*Keeping ſome gold.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Alcibiades with drum and fife in warlike manner, and Phrynia and Timandra.

Alc. What art thou there? ſpeak.

Tim. A beaſt, as thou art. Cankers gnaw thy heart,
For ſhewing me again the eyes of man!

Alc. What is thy name? is man ſo hateful to thee,
That art thyſelf a man?

Tim. I am Miſanthropos, and hate mankind.
For thy part, I do wiſh thou wert a dog,
That I might love thee ſomething.

Alc. I know thee well:
But in thy fortunes am unlearn'd and ſtrange.

Tim. I know thee too, and more than that I know [thee,

not desire to know. Follow thy drum,
With man's blood paint the ground, gules, gules;—
Religious canons, civil laws are cruel;
Then what should war be? this fell whore of thine
Hath in her more destruction than thy sword,
For all her cherubin look.
Phry. Thy lips rot off!
Tim. I will not kiss thee, then the rot returns
To thine own lips again.
Alc. How came the Noble Timon to this change?
Tim. As the moon does, by wanting light to give:
But then renew I could not, like the moon;
There were no suns to borrow of.
Alc. Noble Timon, what friendship may I do thee?
Tim. None, but to maintain my opinion.
Alc. What is it, Timon?
Tim. Promise me friendship, but perform none. If thou wilt not promise, the gods plague thee, for thou art a man: if thou dost perform, confound thee, for thou art a man?
Alc. I've heard in some sort of thy miseries.
Tim. Thou saw'st them when I had prosperity.
Alc. I see them now, then was a blessed time.
Tim. As thine is now, held with a brace of harlots.
Timan. Is this th' Athenian minion, whom the world Voic'd so regardfully?
Tim. Art thou Timandra?
Timan. Yes.
Tim. Be a whore still: they love thee not that use Give them diseases, leaving with thee their lust: [thee: Make use of thy salt hours, season the slaves For tubs and baths, bring down the rose-cheek'd youth To th' tub-fast, and the diet.
Timan. Hang thee, monster!
Alc. Pardon him, sweet Timandra, for his wits Are drown'd and lost in his calamities.
I have but little gold of late, brave Timon,
The want whereof doth daily make revolt
In my penurious band. I heard and griev'd,
How cursed Athens, mindless of thy worth,
Forgetting thy great deeds, when neighbour-states,
But for thy sword and fortune, trod upon them——

Ti-

Tim. I pr'ythee beat thy drum, and get thee gone.
Alc. I am thy friend, and pity thee, dear Timon.
Tim. How doſt thou pity him whom thou doſt trouble?
I'ad rather be alone.
Alc. Why, fare thee well,
Here's gold for thee.
Tim. Keep it, I cannot eat it.
Alc. When I have laid proud Athens on a heap——
Tim. Warr'ſt thou 'gainſt Athens?
Alc. Ay, Timon, and have cauſe.
Tim. The gods confound them all then in thy conqueſt,
And, after, thee, when thou haſt conquered!
Alc. Why me, Timon?
Tim. That by killing of villains
Thou waſt born to conquer my country.
Put up thy gold. Go on, here's gold, go on;
'Be as a planetary plague, when Jove
'Will o'er ſome high-vic'd city hang his poiſon
'In the ſick air: let not thy ſword ſkip one,
'Pity not honour'd age for his white beard,
'He is an uſurer. Strike me the matron,
'It is her habit only that is honeſt,
'Herſelf's a bawd. Let not the virgin's cheek
Make ſoft thy trenchant ſword; for thoſe milk-paps,
That through the window-lawn bore at mens' eyes,
Are not within the leaf of pity writ:
Set them down horrible traitors. Spare not the babe,
Whoſe dimpled ſmiles from fools extort their mercy;
Think it a baſtard, whom the oracle
Hath doubtfully pronounc'd thy throat ſhall cut,
And mince it ſans remorſe. Swear againſt objects,
Put armour on thine ears, and on thine eyes;
Whoſe proof, nor yells of mothers, maids, nor babes,
Nor ſight of prieſt in holy veſtments bleeding,
Shall pierce a jot. There's gold to pay thy ſoldiers.
Make large confuſion; and, thy fury ſpent,
Confounded be thyſelf! Speak not, be gone.
Alc. Haſt thou gold yet?
I'll take the gold thou giv'ſt me, not thy counſel.
Tim. Doſt thou, or doſt thou not, heav'n's curſe upon thee!

Both.

Both. Give us ſome gold, good Timon: haſt thou more?

Tim. Enough to make a whore forſwear her trade,
And to make whole a bawd. Hold up, you ſluts,
Your aprons mountant; you're not oathable,
Although I know you'll ſwear; terribly ſwear,
Into ſtrong ſhudders, and to heav'nly agues,
Th' immortal gods that hear you. Spare your oaths:
I'll truſt to your conditions, be whores ſtill.
And he whoſe pious breath ſeeks to convert you,
Be ſtrong in whore, allure him, burn him up.
Let your cloſe fire predominate his ſmoak,
And be no turn-coats: yet may your pains ſix months
Be quite contrary. Make falſe hair, and thatch
Your poor thin roofs with burthens of the dead,
(Some that were hang'd, no matter:——)
Wear them, betray with them; and whore on ſtill:
Paint 'till a horſe may mire upon your face;
A pox of wrinkles!

Both. Well, more gold——what then?
Believe that we'll do any thing for gold.

Tim. Conſumptions ſow
In hollow bones of man, ſtrike their ſharp ſhins,
And mar mens' ſpurring. "Crack the lawyer's voice,
"That he may never more falſe title plead,
"Nor ſound his quillets ſhrilly. Hoar the flamen,
"That ſcolds againſt the quality of fleſh,
"And not believes himſelf. Down with the noſe,
"Down with it flat; take the bridge quite away
"Of him, that, his particular to forefend,
"Smells from the general weal. Make curl'd-pate ruffians bald,
"And let the unſcarr'd braggarts of the war
"Derive ſome pain from you. Plague all;
That your activity may defeat and quell
The ſource of all erection.——There's more gold.
Do you damn others, and let this damn you,
And ditches grave you all!

Both. More counſel with more money, bounteous Timon.

Tim. *More whore, more miſchief firſt;* I've given you *earneſt.*

Alc.

Alc. Strike up the drum towards Athens; farewel,
If I thrive well, I'll viſit thee again. [Timon:
Tim. If I hope well, I'll never ſee thee more.
Alc. I never did thee harm.
Tim. Yes, thou ſpok'ſt well of me.
Alc. Call'ſt thou that harm?
Tim. Men daily find it. Get thee hence, away,
And take thy beagles with thee.
Alc. We but offend him: ſtrike.
[*Exeunt Alcibiad. Phyrn. and Timand.*

SCENE V.

Tim. 'That nature being ſick of man's unkindneſs,
'Should yet be hungry! Common mother, thou
'Whoſe womb unmeaſurable, and infinite breaſt
'Teems, and feeds all; oh thou! whoſe ſelf-ſame mettle
'(Whereof thy proud child, arrogant man, is puff'd)
'Engenders the black toad, and adder blue,
'The gilded newt, and eyeleſs venom'd worm;
'With all th' abhorred births below cript heav'n,
'Whereon Hyperion's quick'ning fire doth ſhine;
'Yield him, who all thy human ſons does hate;
'From forth thy plenteous boſom, one poor root!
'Enfear thy fertile and conceptious womb;
'Let it no more bring out to ingrateful man.
'Go great with tygers, dragons, wolves, and bears,
'Teem with new monſters, whom thy upward-face† 'Hath to the marbled manſion all above
'Never preſented——O, a root——dear thanks!
'Dry up thy harrow'd veins, and plough-torn leas,
'Whereof ingrateful man with liqu'riſh draughts
'And morſels unctious, greaſes his pure mind,
'That from it all conſideration ſlips.——

SCENE VI.

Enter Apemantus.

More man? plague! plague!——
Apem. I was directed hither. Men report,
Thou doſt affect my manners, and doſt uſe them.

Tim

† *upward-face*, for *ſurface*.

. 'Tis then becauſe thou doſt not keep a dog
I would imitate; conſumption catch thee!
n. "This is in thee a nature but affected,
oor unmanly melancholy, ſprung
n change of fortune. Why this ſpade? this place?
s ſlave-like habit, and theſe looks of care?
flatt'rers yet wear ſilk, drink wine, lie ſoft;
; their diſeas'd † perfumes, and have forgot
t ever Timon was. Shame not theſe weeds,
putting on the cunning of a carper.
hou a flatt'rer now, and ſeek to thrive
that which has undone thee; hinge thy knee,
l let his very breath whom thou'lt obſerve
w off thy cap: praiſe his moſt vicious ſtrain,
l call it excellent. Thou waſt told thus:
gav'ſt thine ears, like tapſters, that bid welcome
aves, and all approachers: 'tis moſt juſt
hou turn raſcal: hadſt thou wealth again,
s ſhould have't. Do not aſſume my likeneſs.
r. Were I like thee, I'd throw away myſelf.
m. Thou'ſt caſt away thyſelf, being like thyſelf,
g a madman, now a fool. What, think'ſt thou,
t the bleak air, thy boiſterous chamberlain,
put thy ſhirt on warm? will theſe moſs'd trees
t have outliv'd the eagle, page thy heels,
l ſkip when thou point'ſt out? will the cold brook,
ied with ice, cawdle thy morning-taſte
ure thy o'er-nights ſurfeit? Call the creatures,
oſe naked natures live in all the ſpight
vreakful heav'n, whoſe bare unhouſed trunks,
the conflicting elements expos'd,
wer mere nature; bid them flatter thee;
! thou ſhalt find——
n. A fool of thee; depart.
em. I love thee better now than e'er I did.
n. I hate thee worſe.
em. Why!
n. Thou flatt'reſt miſery.
em. I flatter not; but ſay thou art a caitiff.
m. Why doſt thou ſeek me out?
em. To vex thee.

T

† *Diſeas'd, for cauſing diſeaſes.*

Tim. Always a villain's office, or a fool's.
Do'ſt pleaſe thyſelf in't?

Apem. Ay.

Tim. What a knave thou!

Apem. " If thou didſt put this four cold habit on
" To caſtigate thy pride, 'twere well; but thou
" Doſt it inforcedly: thou'dſt courtier be,
" Wert thou not beggar. Willing miſery
Outſtrips uncertain pomp; is crown'd before it:
The one is filling ſtill, never compleat;
The other, at high wiſh: beſt ſtates, contentleſs,
Have a diſtracted and moſt wretched being;
Worſe than the worſt, content.
Thou ſhould'ſt deſire to die, being miſerable.

Tim. Not by his breath, that is more miſerable.
' Thou art a ſlave, whom Fortune's tender arm
' With favour never claſp'd; but bred a dog †.
' Hadſt thou, like us, from our firſt ſwath proceeded
' Through ſweet degrees that this brief world affords,
' To ſuch as may the paſſive drugs of it
' Freely command; thou would'ſt have plung'd thyſelf
' In general riot, melted down thy youth
' In different beds of luſt, and never learn'd
' The icy precepts of reſpect, but followed
' The ſugar'd game before thee. But myſelf,
' Who had the world as my confectionary,
' The mouths, the tongues, the eyes, the hearts of men
' At duty, more than I could frame employments;
' That numberleſs upon me ſtuck, as leaves
' Do on the oak; yet with one winter's bruſh
' Fall'n from their boughs, have left me open, bare
' For every ſtorm that blows; I to bear this,
' That never knew but better, is ſome burthen.
' Thy nature did commence in ſuff'rance, time
' Hath made thee hard in't. Why ſhouldſt thou hate men?
' They never flatter'd thee. What haſt thou given?
' If thou wilt curſe thy father, that poor rag,
' Muſt be thy ſubject, who in ſpight put ſtuff
' To ſome ſhe-beggar, and compounded thee
' Poor rogue hereditary. Hence! be gone——

† *Alluding* to the word *Cynic*, of which ſect Apemantus was.

hadſt not been born the worſt * of men,
iadſt been knave and flatterer.
. Art thou proud yet?
Ay, that I am not thee.
. I, that I was no prodigal.
I, that I am one now.
ll the wealth I have ſhut up in thee,
e thee leave to hang it. Get thee gone———
he whole life of Athens were in this!
vould I eat it †. [*Eating a root.*
. What wouldſt thou have to Athens?
. Thee thither in a whirlwind; if thou wilt,
em there I have gold; look, ſo I have.
. Here is no uſe for gold.
. The beſt and trueſt:
re it ſleeps, and does no hired harm.
. Where ly'ſt o'nights, Timon?
. Under that's above me.
feed'ſt thou o'days, Apemantus?
. Where my ſtomach finds meat, or rather where
t.
. 'Would poiſon were obedient, and knew my mind!
. Where would'ſt thou ſend it?
. To ſauce thy diſhes.
. The middle of humanity thou never kneweſt,
e extremity of both ends. When thou waſt in thy
id thy perfume, they mock'd thee for too much
ty ‡; in thy rags thou knoweſt none, but art de-
for the contrary ‖. What things in the world
hou neareſt compare to thy flatterers?

rſt, for *loweſt*.
ius would I eat it.
. Here, I will mend thy feaſt.
First mend my company, take away thyſelf.
. So I ſhall mend my own, by th' lack of thine.
'Tis not well mended ſo, it is but botch'd;
I would it were.
. What would'ſt, &c.
. for too much finical delicacy.
——— the contrary. There's a medlar for thee, eat it.
On what I hate I *feed not.*
. *Doſt hate a medlar?*
Ay, though it look like thee.

Tim. Women nearest; but men, men are the thir themselves. What wouldst thou do with the wor Apemantus, if it lay in thy power?

Apem. Give it the beasts, to be rid of the men.

Tim. Wouldst thou have thyself fall in the confusi of men, or remain a beast with the beasts?

Apem. Ay, Timon.

Tim. 'A beastly ambition, which the gods grant th 'to attain to! If thou wert a lion, the fox would b 'guile thee; if thou wert a lamb, the fox would e 'thee; if thou wert the fox, the lion would suspect the 'when, peradventure, thou wert accus'd by the ass; 'thou wert the ass, thy dulness would torment the 'and still thou'dst live but as a breakfast to the wo 'If thou wert the wolf, thy greediness would affli 'thee; and oft thou shouldst hazard thy life for thy di 'ner. Wert thou the unicorn †, pride and wrath woul 'confound thee, and make thine own self the conque 'of thy fury. Wert thou a bear, thou wouldst b 'kill'd by the horse; wert thou a horse, thou would 'be seiz'd by the leopard; wert thou a leopard, the 'wert german to the lion, and the spots of thy kindre 'were jurors on thy life. All thy safety were remo 'tion, and thy defence absence. What beast could 'thou be, that were not subject to a beast; and wha 'a beast art thou already, and seest not thy loss i 'transformation!'

Apem. If thou couldst please me with speaking to me thou might'st have hit upon it here. The commor wealth of Athens is become a forest of beasts.

Tim

Apem. An' th' hadst hated medlars sooner, thou shouldst hav loved thyself better now. What man didst thou ever know un thrift, that was beloved after his means?

Tim. Who, without those means thou talk'st of, didst thou eve know beloved?

Apem. Myself.

Tim. I understand thee, thou hadst some means to keep a dog.

Apem. What things, &c.

† The account given of the unicorn is this: That he and the lio being enemies by nature, as soon as the lion sees the unicorn, he *takes himself* to a tree The unicorn, in his fury, and *swiftness* of his course, running at him, sticks his horn *and then* the lion falls upon him and kills him. Ge

Tim. How has the aſs broke the wall, that thou art
t of the city?

Apem. Yonder comes a poet and a painter. The
gue of company light upon thee! I will fear to catch
and give way. When I know not what elſe to do,
ll ſee thee again.

Tim. When there is nothing living but thee, thou
lt be welcome.
had rather be a beggar's dog, than Apemantus.

Apem. Thou art the cap * of all the fools alive.

Tim. Would thou wert clean enough to ſpit upon.
plague on thee!

Apem. Thou art too bad to curſe.

Tim. All villains that do ſtand by thee, are pure.

Apem. There is no leproſy but what thou ſpeak'ſt.

Tim. If I name thee.—I'll beat thee; but I ſhould
aſt my hands.

Apem. I would my tongue could rot them off!

Tim. Away, thou iſſue of a mangy dog!
oler does kill me, that thou art alive.
oon to ſee thee.

Apem. 'Would thou wouldſt burſt!

Tim. Away, thou tedious rogue, I am ſorry I ſhall
a ſtone by thee.

Apem. Beaſt!

Tim. Slave!

Apem. Toad!

Tim. Rogue! rogue! rogue!

Apem. retreats backward, as going.

m ſick of this falſe world, and will love nought
t ev'n the mere neceſſities upon it.
en, Timon, preſently prepare thy grave;
e where the light foam of the ſea may beat
y grave-ſtone daily; make thine epitaph;
at death in me at others' lives may laugh.
O thou ſweet king-killer, and dear divorce

[*Looking on the gold.*

Twixt natural ſon and ſire! thou bright defiler
Hymen's pureſt bed! thou valiant Mars!
young, freſh, lov'd, and delicate wooer,
th doth thaw the conſecrated ſnow,

* *i. e. the property, the bubble.*

'That lies on Dian's lap! thou viſible God,
'That ſouldreſt cloſe impoſſibilities,
'And mak'ſt them kiſs! that ſpeak'ſt with ev'ry tongue,
'To every purpoſe! oh, thou touch of hearts!
'Think thy ſlave man rebels; and by thy virtue
'Set them into confounding odds, that beaſts
'May have the world in empire.'

Apem. 'Would 'twere ſo,
But not till I am dead! I'll ſay thou haſt gold.
Thou wilt be throng'd to ſhortly.

Tim. Throng'd to?

Apem. Ay.

Tim. Thy back, I pr'thee.———

Apem. Live and love thy miſery!

Tim. Long live ſo, and ſo die! I am quit.

Apem. No things like men—Eat, Timon, and abhor them. [*Exit Apem.*

SCENE VII. *Enter Thieves.*

1 *Thief.* Where ſhould he have this gold! It is ſome poor fragment, ſome ſlender ort of his remainder: the mere want of gold, and the falling off of friends, drove him into this melancholy.

2 *Thief.* It is nois'd he hath a maſs of treaſure.

3 *Thief.* Let us make the aſſay upon him; if he care not for't, he will ſupply us eaſily: if he covetouſly reſerve it, how ſhall's get it?

2 *Thief.* True; for he bears it not about him; 'tis hid.

1 *Thief.* Is not this he?

All. Where?

2 *Thief.* 'Tis his deſcription.

3 *Thief.* He; I know him.

All. Save thee, Timon.

Tim. Now, thieves.

All. Soldiers; not thieves.

Tim. Both too, and womens' ſons.

All. We are not thieves, but men that much do want.

Tim. Your greateſt want is, you want much of meet.
"Why ſhould you want? behold, the earth hath roots;
"Within this mile break forth an hundred ſprings:

The

aks bear maſts, the briars ſcarlet hips:
ounteous huſwife Nature on each buſh
ier full meſs b fore you. Want? why want?"
f. We cannot live on graſs, on berries, water,
s, and birds, and fiſhes.
Nor on the beaſts themſelves, the birds and fiſhes;
t eat men. "Yet thanks I muſt you con,
you are thieves profeſs'd: that you work not
lier ſhapes; for there is boundleſs theft
lited † profeſſions. Raſcals, thieves,
s gold. Go, ſuck the ſubtle blood o' th' grape,
he high fever ſeethe your blood to froth,
o 'ſcape hanging. Truſt not the phyſician;
ntidotes are poiſon, and he ſlays
than you rob, takes wealth and life together.
llany, do, ſince you profeſs to do't,
workmen; I'll example you with thievery.
ſun's a thief, and with his great attraction
the vaſt ſea. The moon's an arrant thief,
her pale fire ſhe ſnatches from the ſun.
ea's a thief, whoſe liquid ſurge reſolves
nounds into ſalt tears. The earth's a thief,
feeds and breeds by a compoſture ſtoln
gen'ral excrements: each thing's a thief.
laws, your curb and whip, in their right power
uncheck'd theft." Love not yourſelves, away,
another, there's more gold; cut throats;
you meet, are thieves: to Athens go,
pen ſhops, for nothing can you ſteal
ves do loſe it: ſteal not leſs for that
and gold confound you howſoever! Amen.

[*Exit.*

ief. H'as almoſt charm'd me from my profeſſion,
uading me to it.
ief. 'Tis in the malice of mankind, that he thus
as, not to have us thrive in our miſtery.
ief. I'll believe him as an enemy; and give over
le.
ief. Let us firſt ſee peace in Athens.
ief There is no time ſo miſerable, but a man
true.

[*Exit.*

limited, for legal.

ACT V. SCENE I.

The woods, and Timon's cave.

Enter Flavius.

Flav. O H, you gods!
Is yon deſpis'd and ruinous man my Lord?
Full of decay and failing? oh, monument
And wonder of good deeds, evilly beſtow'd!
What change of humour deſp'rate want has made!
What viler thing upon the earth, than friends,
Who can bring nobleſt minds to baſeſt ends?
How rarely * does it meet with time's guiſe,
When man was will'd to love his enemies!
Grant I may ever love, and rather too,
Thoſe that would miſchief me, than thoſe that woo!
H'as caught me in his eye, I will preſent
My honeſt grief to him; and, as my lord,
Still ſerve him with my life. My deareſt maſter!

Timon comes forward from his cave.

Tim. Away! what art thou?

Flav. Have you forgot me, Sir!

Tim. Why doſt thou aſk that? I have forgot all men
Then, if thou granteſt that thou art a man,
I have forgot thee.

Flav. An honeſt ſervant,——

Tim. Then I know thee not.
I ne'er had honeſt man about me, all
I kept were knaves, to ſerve in meat to villains.

Flav. The gods are witneſs,
Ne'er did poor ſteward wear a truer grief
For his undone lord, than mine eyes for you.

Tim. What, doſt thou weep? come nearer, then I love thee
Becauſe thou art a woman, and diſclaim'ſt [th
Flinty mankind; whoſe eyes do never give
But or through luſt or laughter †.

Flav. I beg of you to know me, good my Lord,
T' accept my grief, and, whilſt this poor wealth laſts,
To entertain me as your ſteward ſtill.

7

* *rarely*, for *fit*; not for *ſeldom*.

† ——or laughter. Pity's ſleeping;
Strange times, that weep with laughing, not with weeping!
Flav. I beg of you, &c.

Had I a ſteward
:, ſo juſt, and now ſo comfortable?
ſt turns my dangerous nature † mild.
behold thy face: ſurely, this man
rn of woman.
ive my gen'ral and exceptleſs raſhneſs,
etual, ſober gods! I do proclaim
honeſt man: miſtake me not, but one.
ıore, I pray; and he's a ſteward.
fain would I have hated all mankind,
thou redeem'ſt thyſelf: but all ſave thee,
with curſes.
ıinks thou art more honeſt now, than wiſe;
by oppreſſing and betraying me,
ı might'ſt have ſooner got another ſervice:
many ſo arrive at ſecond maſters,
n their firſt lord's neck. But tell me true,
I muſt ever doubt, tho' ne'er ſo ſure),
ıt thy kindneſs ſubtle, covetous,
ſuring kindneſs, as rich men deal gifts,
ing in return twenty for one?
No, my moſt worthy maſter, (in whoſe breaſt
and ſuſpect, alas, are plac'd too late),
ıuld have fear'd falſe times, when you did feaſt
: ſtill comes, where an eſtate is leaſt.
hich I ſhew, heav'n knows is merely love,
ınd zeal, to your unmatched mind,
your food and living; and, believe it,
y benefit that points to me
in hope, or preſent, I'd exchange
s one wiſh, that you had power and wealth
ıite me by making rich yourſelf.
Look thee, 'tis ſo; thou ſingly honeſt man,
:ake; the gods out of my miſery
:nt thee treaſure. Go, live rich and happy:
ıs condition'd; thou ſhalt build from men;
ll, curſe all, ſhew charity to none;
the famiſh'd fleſh ſlide from the bone,
ıu relieve the beggar. Give to dogs
:hou deny'ſt to men. Let priſons ſwallow 'em.
wither 'em; be *men* like blaſted woods,

And

† *dangerous nature*, is meant *wildneſs*.

And may diſeaſes lick up that falſe blood!
And ſo farewel, and thrive.

Flav. O, let me ſtay, and comfort you, my maſter.

Tim. If thou hat'ſt curſes,
Say not, but fly, whilſt thou art bleſs'd and free;
Ne'er ſee thou man, and let me ne'er ſee thee.

[*Exeunt ſeverally.*

SCENE II. *Enter Poet and Painter.*

Pain. As I took note of the place, it can't be far where he abides.

Poet. What's to be thought of him? does the rumour hold for true, that he's ſo full of gold?

Pain. Certain. Alcibiades reports it: Phrynia and Timandra had gold of him: he likewiſe enrich'd poor ſtraggling ſoldiers with great quantity. 'Tis ſaid he gave his ſteward a mighty ſum.

Poet. Then this breaking of his has been but a trial of his friends!

Pain. Nothing elſe: you ſhall ſee him a palm in Athens again, and flouriſh with the higheſt. Therefore 'tis not amiſs we tender our loves to him, in this ſuppos'd diſtreſs of his. It will ſhew honeſtly in us, and is very likely to load our purpoſes with what they travel for, if it be a juſt and true report that goes of his having.

Poet. What have you now to preſent unto him?

Pain. Nothing at this time but my viſitation: only I will promiſe him an excellent piece.

Poet. I muſt ſerve him ſo too; tell him of an intent that's coming toward him.

Pain. Good as the beſt. "Promiſing is the very air "o' th' time; it opens the eyes of expectation. Per- "formance is ever the duller for his act, and, but in "the plainer and ſimpler kind of people, the deed is "quite out of uſe. To promiſe is moſt courtly and fa- "ſhionable: performance is a kind of will or teſtament, "which argues a great ſickneſs in his judgment that "makes it.

Re-enter Timon from his cave, unſeen.

Tim. Exeellent workman! thou canſt not paint a man *ſo bad as thyſelf.*

Poet

Poet. "I am thinking, what I ſhall ſay I have pro-
" vided for him: it muſt be a perſonating † of himſelf;
" a ſatyr againſt the ſoftneſs of proſperity, with a diſ-
" covery of the infinite flatteries that follow youth and
" opulency.

Tim. Muſt thou needs ſtand for a villain in thine own work? wilt thou whip thine own faults in other men? do ſo, I have gold for thee.

Pain. Nay, let's ſeek him.
Then do we ſin againſt our own eſtate,
When we may profit meet, and come too late.

Poet. True.

Pain. While the day ſerves, before black-cornette night,
Find what thou want'ſt, by free and offer'd light.
Come.

Tim. I'll meet you at the turn———
What a god's gold, that he is worſhipped
In baſer temples, than where ſwine do feed!
'Tis thou that rigg'ſt the bark, and plow'ſt the foam,
Settleſt admired rev'rence in a ſlave:
To thee be worſhip, and thy ſaints for aye
Be crown'd with plagues, that thee alone obey!
'Tis fit I meet them.

Poet. Hail! worthy Timon.

Pain. Our late noble maſter.

Tim. Have I once liv'd to ſee two honeſt men?

Poet. Sir, having often of your bounty taſted,
Hearing you were retir'd, your friends fall'n off,
Whoſe thankleſs natures, (oh abhorred ſpirits!)
Not all the whips of heav'n are large enough——
What! to you!
Whoſe ſtar-like nobleneſs gave life and influence
To their whole being! I am rapt, and cannot
Cover the monſtrous bulk of this ingratitude
With any ſize of words.

Tim. Let it go naked, men may ſee't the better;
You that are honeſt, by being what you are,
Make them beſt ſeen and known.

Pain. He and myſelf
Have travell'd *in the* great ſhower of your gifts,

And

† *perſonating*, for *repreſenting*, ſimply.

And ſweetly felt it.

Tim. Ay, you're honeſt men.

Pain. We're hither come to offer you our ſervice.

Tim. Moſt honeſt men! why, how ſhall I requite you? Can you eat roots, and drink cold water? no.

Both. What we can do, we'll do, to do you ſervice.

Tim. Y'are honeſt men! you've heard that I have gold; I'm ſure you have; ſpeak truth, y'are honeſt men.

Pain. So it is ſaid, my Noble Lord; but therefore Came not my friend, nor I.

Tim. Good honeſt man; thou draw'ſt a counterfeit Beſt in all Athens; thou'rt indeed the beſt; Thou counterfeit'ſt moſt lively.

Pain. So, ſo, my Lord.

Tim. Ev'n ſo, Sir, as I ſay—And for thy fiction, [*To the Poet.*
Why, thy verſe ſwells with ſtuff ſo fine and ſmooth, That thou art even natural in thine art. But for all this, my honeſt-natur'd friends, I muſt needs ſay, you have a little fault; Marry, not monſtrous in you; neither wiſh I, You take much pains to mend.

Both. Beſeech you Honour To make it known to us.

Tim. You'll take it ill.

Both. Moſt thankfully, my Lord.

Tim. Will you indeed?

Both. Doubt it not, worthy Lord.

Tim. There's ne'er a one of you but truſts a knave, That mightily deceives you.

Both. Do we, my Lord?

Tim. Ay, and you hear him cogg, ſee him diſſemble, Know his groſs patchery, love him, and feed him, Keep in your boſom, yet remain aſſur'd, That he's a made-up villain.

Pain. I know none ſuch, my Lord.

Poet. Nor I.

Tim. Look you, I love you well, I'll give you gold, Rid me theſe villains from your companies; Hang them, or ſtab them, drown them in a draught, Confound them by ſome courſe, and come to me, I'll give you gold enough.

Both

Both. Name them, my Lord, let's know them.

Tim. You that way, and you this;—but two in company †———

Each man apart, all ſingle and alone,
Yet an arch villain keeps him company.
If where *thou* art two villains ſhall not be,
[*To the Painter.*
Come not near *him.*——If *thou* would'ſt not reſide
[*To the Poet.*
But where one villain is, then *him* abandon.
Hence, pack, there's gold; ye came for gold, ye ſlaves;
You have work for me; there's your payment, hence!
You are an alchymiſt, make gold of that:
Out, raſcal dogs! [*Exit, beating, and driving 'em out.*

SCENE III. *Enter Flavius and two Senators.*

Flav. It is in vain that you would ſpeak with Timon:
For he is ſet ſo only to himſelf,
That nothing but himſelf which looks like man,
Is friendly with him.

1 *Sen.* Bring us to his cave.
It is our part and promiſe to the Athenians
To ſpeak with Timon.

2 *Sen.* At all times alike
Men are not ſtill the ſame; 'twas time and griefs
That fram'd him thus. Time with his fairer hand
Offering the fortunes of his former days,
The former man may make him; bring us to him,
And chance it as it may.

Flav. Here is his cave.
Peace and content be here, Lord Timon! Timon!
Look out, and ſpeak to friends: th' Athenians
By two of their moſt rev'rend ſenate greet thee;
Speak to them, Noble Timon.

Enter Timon out of his cave.

Tim. Thou ſun, that comfort'ſt, burn!
Speak, and be hang'd;
For each true word a bliſter, and each falſe
Be cauterizing to the root o' th' tongue,
Conſuming

† *This is an imperfect ſentence*; and is to be ſupplied thus, *But two in company ſpoils all.*

Conſuming it with ſpeaking!

1 *Sen.* Worthy Timon,———

Tim.—Of none but ſuch as you, and you of Timon.

2 *Sen.* The Senators of Athens greet thee, Timon.

Tim. I thank them; and would ſend them back th
Could I but catch it for them. [plagu

1 *Sen.* O, forget
What we are ſorry for ourſelves, in thee:
The Senators, with one conſent of love,
Intreat thee back to Athens; who have thought
On ſpecial dignities, which vacant lie
For thy beſt uſe and wearing.

2 *Sen.* They confeſs
Tow'rd thee forgetfulneſs, too general, groſs;
And now the public body, (which doth ſeldom
Play the recanter), feeling in itſelf
A lack of Timon's aid, hath ſenſe withal
Of its own fall, reſtraining aid to Timon;
And ſends forth us to make their ſorrowed tender,
Together with a recompence more fruitful
Than their offence can weigh down by the dram;
Ay, ev'n ſuch heaps and ſums of love and wealth,
As ſhall to thee blot out what wrongs were theirs,
And write in thee the figures of their love,
Ever to read them thine.

Tim. You witch me in it,
Surpriſe me to the very brink of tears:
Lend me a fool's heart, and a woman's eyes,
And I'll beweep theſe comforts, worthy Senators.

1 *Sen.* Therefore ſo pleaſe thee to return with us,
And of our Athens, thine and ours, to take
The captainſhip: thou ſhalt be met with thanks,
Hallow'd with abſolute power, and thy good name
Live with authority: ſoon we ſhall drive back
Of Alcibiades th' approaches wild,
Who, like a boar too ſavage, doth root up
His country's peace.

2 *Sen.* And ſhakes his threat'ning ſword
Againſt the walls of Athens.

1 *Sen.* Therefore, Timon———

Tim. Well, Sir, I will; therefore I will, Sir; thus—
If Alcibiades kill my countrymen,

Let Alcibiades know this of Timon,
That Timon cares not. If he ſack fair Athens,
And take our goodly aged men by th' beards,
Giving our holy virgins to the ſtain
Of contumelious, beaſtly, mad-brain'd war;
Then let him know, and tell him Timon ſpeaks it;
In pity of our aged, and our youth,
I cannot chuſe but tell him, that I care not.
And let him take't at worſt; for their knives care not,
While you have throats to anſwer. For myſelf,
There's not a whittle in th' unruly camp,
But I do prize it in my love, before
The reverend'ſt throat in Athens. So I leave you
To the protection of the proſp'rous †gods,
As thieves to keepers.

Flav. Stay not, all's in vain.

Tim. Why, I was writing of my epitaph,
It will be ſeen to-morrow. My long ſickneſs
Of health and living now begins to mend,
And nothing brings me all things. Go, live ſtill;
Be Alcibiades your plague; you his;
And laſt ſo long enough!

1 *Sen.* We ſpeak in vain.

Tim. But yet I love my country, and am not
One that rejoices in the common wreck,
As common bruit doth put it.

1 *Sen.* That's well ſpoke.

Tim. Commend me to my loving countrymen.

1 *Sen.* Theſe words become your lips, as they paſs thro' them.

2 *Sen.* And enter in our ears, like great triumphers.
In their applauding gates

Tim. Commend me to them,
And tell them, that to eaſe them of their griefs,
Their fears of hoſtile ſtrokes, their aches, loſſes,
Their pangs of love, with other incident throes,
That nature's fragile veſſel doth ſuſtain
In life's uncertain voyage, I will do
Some kindneſs to them, teach them to prevent
Wild Alcibiades' wrath.

2 *Sen.* I like this well, he will return again.

† *proſp'rous*, for *happy*. The claſſical epithet of the gods.

Tim. I have a tree, which grows here in my close,
That mine own use invites me to cut down,
And shortly must I fell it. Tell my friends,
Tell Athens, in the frequence of degree,
From high to low throughout, that whoso please
To stop affliction, let him take his haste;
Come hither, ere my tree hath felt the ax,
And hang himself.——I pray you, do my greeting.

Flav. Vex him no further, thus you still shall find him

Tim. Come not to me again, but say to Athens,
Timon hath made his everlasting mansion
Upon the beached verge of the salt flood;
Which once a-day with his embossed froth
The turbulent surge shall cover: thither come,
And let my grave stone be your oracle.
Lips, let four words go by, and language end:
What is amiss, plague and infection mend!
Graves only be mens' works, and death their gain!
Sun, hide thy beams! Timon hath done his reign.

[*Exit Timon*

1 *Sen.* His discontents are unremoveably coupled to his nature.

2 *Sen.* Our hope in him is dead; let us return,
And strain what other means is left unto us
In our dear peril.

1 *Sen.* It requires swift foot. [*Exeunt*

SCENE IV. *Changes to the walls of Athens.*

Enter two other Senators, with a Messenger.

1 *Sen.* Thou hast painfully discover'd; are his files
As full as thy report?

Mess. I have spoke the least.
Besides, his expedition promises
Present approach.

2 *Sen.* We stand much hazard, if they bring not Timon

Mess. I met a courier, one mine ancient friend;
And though in general part we were oppos'd,
Yet our old love had a particular force,
And made us speak like friends. This man was riding
From Alcibiades to Timon's cave,
With letters of intreaty, which imported

His fellowſhip i' th' cauſe againſt your city,
In part for his ſake mov'd.

Enter the other Senators.

1 *Sen.* Here come our brothers.

3 *Sen.* No talk of Timon, nothing of him expect.—
The enemies' drum is heard, and fearful ſcouring
Doth choke the air with duſt. In, and prepare;
Ours is the fall, I fear, our foes the ſnare †. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *Before the walls of Athens.*

Trumpets ſound. Enter Alcibiades with his powers.

Alc. Sound to this coward and laſcivious town
Our terrible approach.

[*Sound a parley. The Senators appear upon the walls.*

Till now you have gone on, and fill'd the time
With all licentious meaſure, making your wills
The ſcope of juſtice. Till now myſelf, and ſuch
As ſlept within the ſhadow of your power,
Have wander'd with our travers'd arms, and breath'd
Our ſufferance vainly. Now the time is flush,
When crouching marrow in the bearer ſtrong
Cries of itſelf, No more: now breathleſs wrong
Shall ſit and pant in your great chairs of eaſe,
And purſy Inſolence ſhall break his wind
With fear and horrid flight.

1 *Sen.* Noble and young,
When thy firſt griefs were but a mere conceit,
Ere thou hadſt power, or we had cauſe to fear;
We ſent to thee, to give thy rages balm,

† ——our foes the ſnare

Enter a Soldier in the woods, ſeeking Timon.

Sol. By all deſcription this ſhould be the place.
Who's here? ſpeak, ho.—No anſwer?—What is this?—
Timon is dead, who hath outſtretch'd his ſpan;
Some beaſt rear'd this; here does not live a man.
Dead, ſure, and this his grave; what's on this tomb?
I cannot read; the character I'll take with wax;
Our captain hath in every figure ſkill,
An ag'd interpreter, tho' young in days:
Before proud Athens he's ſet down by this,
Whoſe fall the mark of his ambition is. [Exit.

SCENE, &c.

To wipe out our ingratitude, with loves
Above their * quantity.

2 *Sen.* So did we woo
Transformed Timon to our city's love
By humble meſſage, and by promis'd 'mends:
We were not all unkind, nor all deſerve
The common ſtroke of war.

1 *Sen.* Theſe walls of ours
Were not erected by their hands, from whom
You have receiv'd your griefs: nor are they ſuch,
That theſe great tow'rs, trophies, and ſchools ſhould fall
For private faults in them.

2 *Sen.* Nor are they living,
Who were the motives that you firſt went out:
Shame that they wanted cunning, in exceſs
Hath broke their hearts. March on, oh, Noble Lord,
Into our city with thy banners ſpread;
By decimation and a tithed death,
If thy revenges hunger for that food
Which nature loathes, take thou the deſtin'd tenth †:

1 *Sen.* All have not offended;
For thoſe that were, it is not ſquare to take
On thoſe that are, revenge: crimes, like to lands,
Are not inherited. Then, dear countryman,
Bring in thy ranks, but leave without thy rage;
Spare thy Athenian cradle, and thoſe kin
Which in the bluſter of thy wrath muſt fall
With thoſe that have offended; like a ſhepherd,
Approach the fold, and cull th' infected forth;
But kill not altogether.

2 *Sen.* What thou wilt,
Thou rather ſhalt inforce it with thy ſmile,
Than hew to't with thy ſword.

1 *Sen.* Set but thy foot
Againſt our rampir'd gates, and they ſhall ope:
So thou wilt ſend thy gentle heart before,
To ſay thou'lt enter friendly.

2 *Sen.* Throw thy glove,

* *their* refers to *Ages.*

† ——— take thou the deſtin'd tenth:
And by the hazard of the ſpotted die,
Let die the ſpotted.

1 *Sen.* All have, &c.

Or

token of thine honour elſe,
ıou wilt uſe the wars as thy redreſs,
ɔt as our confuſion: all thy powers
ıake their harbour in our town, till we
eal'd thy full deſire.
Then there's my glove;
ıd, and open your uncharged ports;
enemies of Timon's, and mine own,
you yourſelves ſhall ſet out for reproof,
nd no more; and to atone your fears
my more noble meaning, not a man
ɔaſs his quarter, or offend the ſtream
:ular juſtice in your city's bounds;
all be remedied by public laws
ıvieſt anſwer.
ɔ. 'Tis moſt nobly ſpoken.
Deſcend, and keep your words.

Enter a Soldier.

My noble General, Timon is dead,
b'd upon the very hem o' th' ſea;
ɔn the grave-ſtone this inſculpture, which
wax I brought away; whoſe ſoft impreſſion
ıreteth for my poor ignorance.

[*Alcibiades reads the epitaph.*]

ɾe lies a wretched corſe, of wretched ſoul bereft:
k not my name: a plague conſume you caitiffs left:
ɾe lie I Timon, who all living men did hate;
ſs by, and curſe thy fill, but ſtay not here thy gait.
: well expreſs in thee thy latter ſpirits:
thou abhorr'dſt in us our human griefs,
'd our brine's flow, and thoſe our droplets, which
niggard nature fall: yet rich conceit
ht thee to make vaſt Neptune weep for aye
ıy low grave.——On: faults forgiven.——Dead
ble Timon, of whoſe memory
after more——Bring me into your city,
I will uſe the olive with my ſword;
: *war breed peace; make peace ſtint war; make*
ɾibe to other, as each other's leach. [*each*
ır drums ſtrike.—— [*Exeunt.*

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

SATURNINUS, *son to the late Emperor of Rome, and afterwards declared Emperor himself.*
Bassianus, *brother to Saturninus, in love with Lavinia.*
Titus Andronicus, *a Noble Roman, General against the Goths.*
Marcus Andronicus, *Tribune of the People, and brother to Titus.*
Marcus, Quintus, Lucius, Mutius, *sons to Titus Andronicus.*
Young Lucius, *a boy, son to Lucius.*
Publius, *son to Marcus the Tribune, and nephew to Titus Andronicus.*
Sempronius, Alarbus, Chiron, Demetrius, *sons to Tamora.*
Aaron, *a Moor, belov'd by Tamora.*
Captain, from Titus's camp.
Æmilius, *a messenger.*
Goths, *and* Romans.
Clown.
Tamora, *Queen of the Goths, and afterwards married to Saturninus.*
Lavinia, *daughter to Titus Andronicus.*
Nurse, with a Black-a-moor child.
Senators, Judges, Officers, Soldiers, and other Attendants.

SCENE, Rome, and the country near it.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Before the capital in Rome.

Enter the Tribunes and Senators aloft, as in the senate. Enter Saturninus and his followers, at one door; and Bassianus and his followers at the other, with drum and colours.

Sat. NOBLE Patricians, patrons of my right,
Defend the justice of my cause with arms:
And countrymen, my loving followers,
Plead my successive title with your swords.
I am the first-born son of him that last
Wore the imperial diadem of Rome:

T

Then let my father's honours live in me,
Nor wrong mine age with this indignity.
Baſ. Romans, friends, foll'wers, favourers of my right,
If ever Baſſianus, Cæſar's ſon,
Were gracious in the eyes of royal Rome,
Keep then this paſſage to the Capitol;
But ſuffer not diſhonour to approach
Th' imperial ſeat, to virtue conſecrate,
To juſtice, continence, and nobility:
And let deſert in pure election ſhine;
And, Romans, fight for freedom in your chice.

Enter Marcus Andronicus aloft, with the crown.

Mar. Princes that ſtrive by factions, and by friends,
Ambitiouſly for rule and empery!
Know, that the people of Rome, for whom we ſtand
A ſpecial party, have by common voice,
In election for the Roman empery,
Choſen Andronicus, ſurnamed *Pius*,
For many good and great deſerts to Rome.
A nobler man, a braver warrior,
Lives not this day within our city-walls.
He by the ſenate is accited home,
From weary wars againſt the barb'rous Goths;
That with his ſons (a terror to our foes)
Hath yok'd a nation ſtrong, train'd up in arms.
Ten years are ſpent ſince firſt he undertook
This cauſe of Rome, and chaſtiſed with arms
Our enemies' pride. Five times he hath return'd
Bleeding to Rome, bearing his valiant ſons
In coffins from the field.——
And now at laſt laden with honour's ſpoils,
Returns the good Andronicus to Rome,
Renowned Titus, flouriſhing in arms,
Let us entreat, by honour of his name,
Whom (worthily) you would have now ſucceed,
And in the Capitol and ſenate's right,
Whom you pretend to honour and adore,
That you withdraw you, and abate your ſtrength;
Diſmiſs your followers, and, as ſuitors ſhould,
Plead your deſerts in peace and humbleneſs.
Sat. How fair the Tribune ſpeaks to calm my thoughts!

Baſ.

Baſ. Marcus Andronicus, ſo I do affy
In thy uprightneſs and integrity,
And ſo I love and honour thee and thine;
Thy noble brother Titus, and his ſons,
And her to whom our thoughts are humbled all,
Gracious Lavinia, Rome's rich ornament;
That I will here diſmiſs my loving friends;
And to my fortunes, and my people's favour,
Commit my cauſe in balance to be weigh'd.

[*Exeunt ſoldiers.*

Sat. Friends, that have been thus forward in my right,
I thank you all, and here diſmiſs you all;
And to the love and favour of my country
Commit myſelf, my perſon, and the cauſe.
Rome, be as juſt and gracious unto me,
As I am confident and kind to thee.
Open the gates, and let me in.

Baſ. Tribunes, and me, a poor competitor.

[*They go up into the ſenate-houſe.*

SCENE II. *Enter a Captain.*

Capt. Romans, make way: the good Andronicus,
Patron of virtue, Rome's beſt champion,
Succeſsful in the battles that he fights,
With honour and with fortune is return'd,
From whence he circumſcribed with his ſword,
And brought to yoke the enemies of Rome.

Sound drums and trumpets, and then enter Mutius and Marcus; after them, two men bearing a coffin cover'd with black; then Quintus and Lucius. After them, Titus Andronicus; and then Tamora, the Queen of Goths, Alarbus, Chiron, and Demetrius, with Aaron the Moor, priſoners; ſoldiers, and other attendants. They ſet down the coffin, and Titus ſpeaks.

Tit. Hail, Rome, victorious in thy mourning weeds!
Lo, as the bark, that hath diſcharg'd her freight,
Returns with precious lading to the bay,
From whence at firſt ſhe weigh'd her anchorage;
Cometh Andronicus with laurel boughs,
To re-ſalute his country with his tears;
Tears of true joy for his return to Rome.

Thou

Thou great defender of this Capitol,
Stand gracious to the rites that we intend!
Romans, of five and twenty valiant ſons,
Half of the number that King Priam had,
Behold the poor remains alive and dead!
Theſe that ſurvive let Rome reward with love;
Theſe that I bring unto their lateſt home,
With burial among their anceſtors.
Here Goths have given me leave to ſheath my ſword;
Titus, unkind, and careleſs of thine own,
Why ſuffer'ſt thou thy ſons, unburied yet,
To hover on the dreadful ſhore of Styx?
Make way to lay them by their brethren.
[*They open the Tomb.*
There greet in ſilence, as the dead are wont,
And ſleep in peace, ſlain in your country's wars.
O ſacred receptacle of my joys,
Sweet cell of virtue and nobility,
How many ſons of mine haſt thou in ſtore,
That thou wilt never render to me more?

Luc. Give us the proudeſt priſoner of the Goths,
That we may hew his limbs, and on a pile,
Ad manes fratrum ſacrifice his fleſh,
Before this earthly priſon of their bones:
That ſo the ſhadows be not unappeas'd,
Nor we diſturb'd with prodigies on earth.

Tit. I give him you, the nobleſt that ſurvives:
The eldeſt ſon of this diſtreſſed Queen.

Tam. Stay, Roman brethren, gracious conqueror
Victorious Titus, rue the tears I ſhed,
A mother's tears in paſſion for her ſon:
And, if thy ſons were ever dear to thee,
O, think my ſons to be as dear to me.
Sufficeth not that we are brought to Rome,
To beautify thy triumphs and return,
Captive to thee and to thy Roman yoke;
But muſt my ſons be ſlaughter'd in the ſtreets,
For valiant doings in their country's cauſe?
O! if to fight for King and common-weal
Were piety in thine, it is in theſe.
Andronicus, *ſtain not thy* tomb with blood.
Wilt thou draw near the nature of the gods?

Draw

Draw near them then in being merciful;
Sweet mercy is nobility's true badge.
Thrice-noble Titus, ſpare my firſt-born ſon.
Tit. Patient yourſelf, Madam, and pardon me.
Theſe are their brethren, whom you Goths behold
Alive and dead, and for their brethren ſlain
Religiouſly they aſk a ſacrifice;
To this your ſon is mark'd, and die he muſt,
T' appeaſe their groaning ſhadows that are gone.
Luc. Away with him, and make a fire ſtraight.
And with our ſwords, upon a pile of wood,
Let's hew his limbs till they be clean conſum'd.

[*Exeunt Mutius, Marcus, Quintus, and Lucius with Alarbus.*

Tam. O cruel, irreligious piety!
Chi. Was ever Scythia half ſo barbarous?
Dem. Oppoſe me Scythia to ambitious Rome.
Alarbus, go to reſt! and we ſurvive
To tremble under Titus' threat'ning looks.
Then, Madam, ſtand reſolv'd; but hope withal,
The ſelf-ſame gods that arm'd the Queen of Troy
With opportunity of ſharp revenge
Upon the Thracian tyrant † in her tent,
May favour Tamora, the Queen of Goths,
(When Goths were Goths, and Tamora was Queen),
To quit her bloody wrongs upon her foes.

Enter Mutius, Marcus, Quintus, and Lucius.

Luc. See, Lord and Father, how we have perform'd
Our Roman rites: Alarbus' limbs are lopp'd;
And intrails feed the ſacrificing fire;
Whoſe ſmoke, like incenſe, doth perfume the ſky.
Remaineth nought but to inter our brethren,
And with loud 'larums welcome them to Rome.
Tit. Let it be ſo, and let Andronicus
Make this his lateſt farewel to their ſouls.

[*Then ſound trumpets, and lay the coffins in the tomb.*

In peace and honour reſt you here, my ſons,
Rome's readieſt champions, repoſe you here,

Secure

† Polymneſtor, whoſe eyes were pulled out, and ſons murdered by Hecuba, in revenge for his having treacherouſly ſlain her ſon Polydore. *Eurip. in Hec.*

Secure from worldly chances and miſhaps.
Here lurks no treaſon, here no envy ſwells;
Here grow no damned grudges, here no ſtorms,
No noiſe; but ſilence and eternal ſleep.
In peace and honour reſt you here, my ſons!

SCENE III. *Enter Lavinia.*

Lav. In peace and honour live Lord Titus long,
My Noble Lord and father, live in fame!
Lo! at this tomb my tributary tears
I render, for my brethrens' obſequies:
And at thy feet I kneel, with tears of joy
Shed on the earth, for thy return to Rome.
O, bleſs me here with thy victorious hand,
Whoſe fortune Rome's beſt citizens applaud.

Tit. Kind Rome, that haſt this lovingly preſerv'd
The cordial of mine age, to glad mine heart!
Lavinia, live; outlive thy father's days,
In Fame's eternal date of Virtue's praiſe!

Mar. Long live Lord Titus, my beloved brother,
Gracious triumpher in the eyes of Rome!

Tit. Thanks, gentle Tribune, noble brother Marcus.

Mar. And welcome, nephews, from ſucceſsful wars,
You that ſurvive, and you that ſleep in fame:
Fair Lords, your fortunes are alike in all,
That in your country's ſervice draw your ſwords.
But ſafer triumph is this funeral pomp,
That hath aſpir'd to Solon's happineſs;
And triumphs over chance, in Honour's bed.
Titus Andronicus, the people of Rome,
Whoſe friend in juſtice thou haſt ever been,
Send thee by me their Tribune, and their truſt,
This palliament of white and ſpotleſs hue;
And name thee in election for the empire,
With theſe our late deceaſed Emperor's ſons.
Be *Candidatus* then, and put it on;
And help to ſet a head on headleſs Rome.

Tit. A better head her glorious body fits,
Than his that ſhakes for age and feebleneſs.
What! ſhoud I don this rob, and trouble you?
Be choſe *with proclamations to-day,*
To-morrow yield up rule, reſign my life,

And

And ſet abroach new buſineſs for you all!
Rome, I have been thy ſoldier forty years,
And led my country's ſtrength ſucceſsfully!
And buried one and twenty valiant ſons,
Knighted in field, ſlain manfully in arms,
In right and ſervice of their noble country.
Give me a ſtaff of honour for mine age,
But not a ſceptre to controul the world.
Upright he held it, Lords, that held it laſt.
Mar. Titus, thou ſhalt obtain and aſk the empery.
Sat. Proud and ambitious Tribune, canſt thou tell—
Tit. Patience, Prince Saturninus.———
Sat. Romans, do me right.
Patricians, draw your ſwords, and ſheath them not,
Till Saturninus be Rome's Emperor.
Andronicus, would thou were ſhipp'd to hell,
Rather than rob me of the people's hearts.
Luc. Proud Saturnine, interrupter of the good
That noble-minded Titus means to thee.———
Tit. Content thee, Prince; I will reſtore to thee
The people's hearts, and wean them from themſelves.
Baſ. Andronicus, I do not flatter thee,
But honour thee, and will do till I die:
My faction, if thou ſtrengthen with thy friends,
I will moſt thankful be; and thanks to men
Of noble minds is honourable meed.
Tit. People of Rome, and noble Tribunes here,
I aſk your voices, and your ſuffrages;
Will you beſtow them friendly on Andronicus?
Mar. To gratify the good Andronicus,
And gratulate his ſafe return to Rome,
The people will accept whom he admits.
Tit. Tribunes, I thank you; and this ſuit I make,
That you create your Emperor's eldeſt ſon
Lord Saturnine; whoſe virtues will, I hope,
Reflect on Rome, as Titan's rays on earth,
And ripen juſtice in this common-weal.
Then, if you will elect by my advice,
Crown him, and ſay,———Long live our Emperor!
Mar. With voices and applauſe of every ſort,
Patricians and Plebeians, we create
Lord Saturninus Rome's great Emperor;

ay,——Long live our Emperor Saturnine!
[*A long flourish, till they come down.*
. Titus Andronicus, for thy favours done
; in our election this day,
: thee thanks in part of thy deserts,
will with deeds requite thy gentleness;
for an onset, Titus, to advance
name and honourable family,
ia will I make my Empress,
's royal mistress, mistress of my heart,
in the sacred Pantheon her espouse.
ne, Andronicus, doth this motion please thee?
t. It doth, my worthy Lord; and in this match
d me highly honour'd of your Grace:
here in sight of Rome, to Saturninus,
and commander of our common-weal,
wide world's Emperor, do I consecrate
word, my chariot, and my prisoners;
nts well worthy Rome's Imperial Lord.
ive them then, the tribute that I owe,
honour's ensigns humbled at thy feet.
t. Thanks, Noble Titus, father of my life!
proud I am of thee, and of thy gifts,
e shall record; and when I do forget
least of these unspeakable deserts,
ans, forget your fealty to me.
it. Now, Madam, are you prisoner to an Emperor;
m, that for your honour and your state
use you nobly, and your followers.
it. A goodly lady, trust me, of the hue [*To Tamora.*
: I would chuse, were I to chuse anew.
r up, fair Queen, that cloudy countenance;
' chance of war hath wrought this change of cheer,
u com'st not to be made a scorn in Rome:
cely shall be thy usage every way.
on my word, and let not discontent
nt all your hopes: Madam, who comforts you,
make you greater than the Queen of Goths.
nia, you are not displeas'd with this?
av. Not I, my Lord; sith true nobility
ants *these words in princely* courtesy.
t. *Thanks, sweet Lavinia*; Romans, let us go.

Ranſomleſs here we ſet our priſoners free;
Proclaim our honours, Lords, with trump and drum.
Baſ. Lord Titus, by your leave, this maid is mine.
[*Seizing Lavinia.*
Tit. How, Sir? are you in earneſt then, my Lord?
Baſ. Ay, Noble Titus; and reſolv'd withal
To do myſelf this reaſon and this right.
[*The Emperor courts Tamora in dumb ſhew.*
Mar. Suum cuique is our Roman juſtice:
This prince in juſtice ſeizeth but his own.
Luc. And that he will and ſhall if Lucius live.
Tit. Traitors, avaunt! where is the Emperor's guard?
Treaſon, my Lord! Lavinia is ſurpris'd.
Sat. Surpris'd! by whom?
Baſ. By him that juſtly may
Bear his betroth'd from all the world away.
[*Exit Baſſianus with Lavinia.*

SCENE IV.

Mut. Brothers, help to convey her once away,
And with my ſword I'll keep this door ſecure.
Tit. Follow, my Lord, and I'll ſoon bring her back.
Mut. My Lord, you paſs not here,———
Tit. What! villain-boy,
Barr'ſt me my way in Rome? [*He kills him.*
Mut. Help, Lucius, help!
Luc. My Lord, you are unjuſt, and more than ſo;
In wrongful quarrel you have ſlain your ſon.
Tit. Nor thou nor he are any ſons of mine:
My ſons would never ſo diſhonour me.
Traitor, reſtore Lavinia to the Emperor.
Luc. Dead, if you will, but not to be his wife,
That is another's lawful promis'd love.
Sat. No, Titus, no, the Emperor needs her not;
Nor her, nor thee, nor any of thy ſtock;
I'll truſt by leiſure him that mocks me once:
Thee never, nor thy traiterous haughty ſons,
Confederates all, thus to diſhonour me.
Was there none elſe in Rome to make a ſtale of,
But Saturnine? Full well, Andronicus,
Agree theſe deeds with that proud brag of thine,
That ſaidſt, I begg'd the empire at thy hands.

Tit.

Tit. O monſtrous! what reproachful words are theſe!
Sat. But go thy ways: go, give that changing piece,
To him that flouriſh'd for her with his ſword;
A valiant ſon-in-law thou ſhalt enjoy;
One fit to bandy with thy lawleſs ſons,
To ruffle in the commonwealth of Rome.
Tit. Theſe words are razors to my wounded heart.
Sat. And therefore, lovely Tamora, Queen of Goths,
That, like the ſtately Phœbe 'mong her nymphs,
Doſt overſhine the gallant'ſt dames of Rome;
If thou be pleas'd with this my ſudden choice,
Behold I chuſe thee, Tamora, for my bride,
And will create thee Empereſs of Rome.
Speak, Queen of Goths, doſt thou applaud my choice?
And here I ſwear by all the Roman gods,
With prieſt and holy water are ſo near,
And tapers burn ſo bright, and every thing
In readineſs for Hymeneus ſtands),
I will not re-ſalute the ſtreets of Rome,
Or climb my palace, till from forth this place
I lead eſpous'd my bride along with me.
Tam. And here in ſight of Heav'n to Rome I ſwear,
If Saturnine advance the Queen of Goths,
She will a handmaid be to his deſires,
A loving nurſe, a mother to his youth.
Sat. Aſcend, fair Queen, Pantheon; Lords, accompany
Your noble Emperor, and his lovely bride,
Sent by the heavens for Prince Saturnine;
Whoſe wiſdom hath her fortune conquered:
There ſhall we conſummate our ſpouſal rites. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *Manet Titus Andronicus.*

Tit. I am not bid to wait upon this bride.
Titus, when wert thou wont to walk alone,
Diſhonour'd thus, and challenged of wrongs?

Enter Marcus Andronicus, Lucius, Quintus, and Marcus.

Mar. Oh, Titus, ſee, oh, ſee, what thou haſt done!
In a bad quarrel ſlain a virtuous ſon.
Tit. No, fooliſh Tribune, no: no ſon of mine,
Nor thou, *nor theſe confederates* in the deed,
That *hath diſhonour'd all* our family;

Unworthy brother, and unworthy ſons.

Luc. But let us give him burial as becomes;
Give Mutius burial with our brethren.

Tit. Traitors, away! he reſts not in this tomb.
This monument five hundred years hath ſtood,
Which I have ſumptuouſly re-edified:
Here none but ſoldiers, and Rome's ſervitors,
Repoſe in fame: none baſely ſlain in brawls.
Bury him where you can, he comes not here.

Mar. My Lord, this is impiety in you;
My nephew Mutius' deeds do plead for him:
He muſt be buried with his brethren.

Sons. And ſhall, or him we will accompany.

Tit. And ſhall? what villain was it ſpake that word?

Quin. He that would vouch't in any place but here.

Tit. What, would you bury him in my deſpight?

Mar. No, Noble Titus; but intreat of thee
To pardon Mutius, and to bury him.

Tit. Marcus, ev'n thou haſt ſtruck upon my creſt,
And with theſe boys mine honour thou haſt wounded.
My foes I do repute you every one;
So trouble me no more, but get you gone.

Luc. He is not himſelf, let us withdraw.

Quin. Not I till Mutius' bones be buried.

[*The brother and the ſons kneel.*

Mar. Brother, for in that name doth nature plead.

Quin. Father, and in that name doth nature ſpeak.

Tit. Speak thou no more, if all the reſt will ſpeed.

Mar. Renowned Titus, more than half my ſoul,—

Luc. Dear father, ſoul and ſubſtance of us all,——

Mar. Suffer thy brother Marcus to inter
His noble nephew here in Virtue's neſt,
That died in honour, and Lavinia's cauſe.
Thou art a Roman, be not barbarous.
The Greeks, upon advice, did bury Ajax,
That ſlew himſelf; and wiſe Laertes' ſon
Did graciouſly plead for his funerals,
Let not young Mutius then, that was thy joy,
Be barr'd his entrance here.

Tit. Riſe, Marcus, riſe———
The diſmall'ſt day is this that e'er I ſaw,

To be dishonour'd by my sons in Rome:
Well; bury him, and bury me the next.

[*They put him in the tomb.*

Luc. There lie thy bones, sweet Mutius, with thy friends,
Till we with trophies do adorn thy tomb!

[*They all kneel, and say,*

No man shed tears for Noble Mutius;
He lives in fame that died in Virtue's cause.

Mar. My Lord, to step out of these dreary dumps,
How comes it that the subtle Queen of Goths
Is of a sudden thus advanc'd in Rome?

Tit. I know not, Marcus; but I know it is:
Whether by device or no, the heav'ns can tell:
Is she not then beholden to the man,
That brought her for this high good turn so far?
Yes; and will nobly him remunerate.

SCENE VI.

Flourish. Re-enter the Emperor, Tamora, Chiron, and Demetrius, with Aaron the Moor, at one door; at the other door, Bassianus and Lavinia, with others.

Sat. So, Bassianus, you have play'd your prize;
God give you joy, Sir, of your gallant bride.

Bas. And you of your's, my Lord; I say no more,
Nor wish no less, and so I take my leave.

Sat. Traitor, if Rome have law, or we have power,
Thou and thy faction shall repent this rape.

Bas. Rape call you it, my Lord, to seize my own,
My true-betrothed love, and now my wife?
But let the laws of Rome determine all;
Mean while I am possess'd of that is mine.

Sat. 'Tis good, Sir: you are very short with us,
But, if we live, we'll be as sharp with you.

Bas. My Lord, what I have done, as best I may,
Answer I must, and shall do with my life:
Only thus much I give your grace to know,
By all the duties which I owe to Rome,
This noble gentleman, Lord Titus here,
Is in opinion and in honour wrong'd;
That, *in the rescue of Lavinia,*
With his own hand did slay his eldest son,

In zeal to you, and highly mov'd to wrath
To be contro'd in that he frankly gave;
Receive him then to favour, Saturnine,
That hath expreſs'd himſelf in all his deeds,
A father and a friend to thee and Rome.

Tit. Prince Baſſianus, leave to plead my deeds.
'Tis thou and thoſe that have diſhonour'd me:
Rome and the righteous heavens be my judge,
How I have lov'd and honour'd Saturnine.

Tam. My worthy Lord, if ever Tamora
Were gracious in thoſe princely eyes of thine,
Then hear me ſpeak indifferently for all;
And at my ſuit (ſweet) pardon what is paſt.

Sat. What, Madam! be diſhonour'd openly,
And baſely put it up without revenge?

Tam. Not ſo, my Lord; the gods of Rome forefe
I ſhould be author to diſhonour you!
But, on mine honour, dare I undertake
For good Lord Titus' innocence in all;
Whoſe fury, not diſſembled, ſpeaks his griefs
Then, at my ſuit, look graciouſly on him,
Loſe not ſo noble a friend on vain ſuppoſe,
Nor with ſour looks afflict his gentle heart.——
My Lord, be rul'd by me, be won at laſt,
Diſſemble all your griefs and diſcontents:
You are but newly planted in your throne:
Leſt then the people, and patricians too,
Upon a juſt ſurvey, take Titus' part;
And to ſupplant us for ingratitude,
Which Rome reputes to be a heinous ſin;
Yield at intreats: and then let me alone; *Aſid*
I'll find a day to maſſacre them all,
And raze their faction, and their family,
The cruel father, and his traiterous ſons,
To whom I ſued for my dear ſon's life;
And make them know, what 'tis to let a Queen
Kneel in the ſtreets, and beg for grace in vain—
Come, come, ſweet Emperor,—come, Andronicus—
Take up this good old man, and chear the heart
That dies in tempeſt of thy angry frown.

Sat. Riſe, Titus, riſe; my Empreſs hath prevail'd.

Tit. I thank your Majeſty, and her; my Lord,

These words, these looks, infuse new life in me.
Tam. Titus, I am incorporate in Rome,
A Roman now adopted happily:
And must advise the Emperor for his good.
This day all quarrels die, Andronicus,
And let it be my honour, good my Lord,
That I have reconcil'd your friends and you.
For you, Prince Bassianus, I have pass'd
My word and promise to the Emperor,
That you will be more mild and tractable.
And fear not, Lords; and you, Lavinia,
By my advice all-humbled on your knees,
You shall ask pardon of his Majesty.
Luc. We do, and vow to Heaven and to his Highness,
That what we did was mildly, as we might,
Tend'ring our sister's honour and our own.
Mar. That on mine honour here I do protest.
Sat. Away, and talk not; trouble us no more——
Tam. Nay, nay, sweet Emperor, we must all be friends.
The Tribune and his nephews kneel for grace,
I will not be denied; sweet heart, look back.
Sat. Marcus, for thy sake, and thy brother's here,
And at my lovely Tamora's intreats,
I do remit these young mens' heinous faults.
Lavinia, though you left me like a churl,
I found a friend; and sure as death, I swore,
I would not part a bachelor from a priest.
Come, if the Emperor's court can feast two brides;
You are my guest, Lavinia, and my friends;
This day shall be a love-day, Tamora.
Tit. To-morrow an' it please your Majesty,
To hunt the Panther and the hart with me,
With horn and hound, we'll give your grace *bonjour*.
Sat. Be it so, Titus, and gramercy too. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Before the palace.

Enter Aaron alone.

Aar. NOW climbeth Tamora Olympus' top,
Safe out of Fortune's shot; and sits aloft,

Secure

Secure of thunder's crack, or lightning-flaſh;
Advanc'd above pale Envy's threat'ning reach.
As when the golden ſun ſalutes the morn,
And, having gilt the ocean with his beams,
Gallops the zodiac in his gliſt'ring coach,
And overlooks the higheſt-peering hills;
So Tamora———
Upon her will doth earthly honour wait,
And virtue ſtoops and trembles at her frown.
Then, Aaron, arm thy heart, and fit thy thoughts,
To mount aloft with thy imperial miſtreſs,
And mount her pitch; whom thou in triumph long
Haſt priſoner held, fetter'd in amorous chains;
And faſter bound to Aaron's charming eyes,
Than is Prometheus ty'd to Caucaſus.
Away with ſlaviſh weeds, and idle thoughts,
I will be bright and ſhine in pearl and gold
To wait upon this new-made Empereſs.
To wait, ſaid I? to wanton with this Queen,
This goddeſs, this Semiramis;———this Queen,
This Syren, that will charm Rome's Saturnine,
And ſee his ſhipwreck, and his common-weal's.
Holla! what ſtorm is this?

SCENE II.

Enter Chiron and Demetrius, braving.

Dem. Chiron, thy years want wit, thy wit wants edge
And manners, to intrude where I am grac'd;
And may, for aught thou know'ſt, affected be.
Chi. Demetrius, thou doſt overween in all,
And ſo in this, to bear me down with braves:
'Tis not the difference of a year or two
Makes me leſs gracious, or thee more fortunate;
I am as able, and as fit as thou,
To ſerve, and to deſerve my miſtreſs' grace;
And that my ſword upon thee ſhall approve,
And plead my paſſion for Lavinia's love.
Aar. Clubs, clubs!——theſe lovers ſhall not keep the peace.
Dem. Why, boy, although my mother (unadvis'd)
Gave you a dancing rapier by your ſide,

Are you ſo deſp'rate grown to threat your friends?
Go to; have your lath glued within your ſheath,
Till you know better how to handle it.
Chi. Mean while, Sir, with the little ſkill I have,
Full well ſhalt thou perceive how much I dare.
Dem. Ay, boy, grow ye ſo brave? [*They draw.*
Aar. Why, how now, Lords?
So near the Emperor's palace dare you draw?
And maintain ſuch a quarrel openly?
Full well I wot the ground of all this grudge:
I would not for a million of gold,
The cauſe were known to them it moſt concerns.
Nor would your noble mother, for much more,
Be ſo diſhonour'd in the court of Rome.
For ſhame, put up.———
Chi. Not I, till I have ſheath'd
My rapier in his boſom, and withal
Thruſt theſe reproachful ſpeeches down his throat,
That he hath breath'd in my diſhonour here.
Dem. For that I am prepar'd and full-reſolv'd,——
Foul-ſpoken coward! thou thund'reſt with thy tongue,
And with thy weapon nothing dar'ſt perform.
Aar. Away, I ſay.———
Now by the gods that warlike Goths adore,
This petty brabble will undo us all;
Why, Lords——and think you not how dangerous
It is to jot upon a prince's right?
What, is Lavinia then become ſo looſe,
Or Baſſianus ſo degenerate,
That for her love ſuch quarrels may be broach'd,
Without controulment, juſtice, or revenge?
Young Lords, beware—and ſhould the Empreſs know
This diſcord's ground, the muſic would not pleaſe.
Chi. I care not, I, knew ſhe and all the world;
I love Lavinia more than all the world.
Dem. Youngling, learn thou to make ſome meaner choice;
Lavinia is thy elder brother's hope.
Aar. Why, are you mad! or know ye not, in Rome
How furious and impatient they be,
And cannot brook competitors in love?
I tell you, Lords, you do but plot your deaths
By this device.

Dem.

Dem. Aaron, a thouſand deaths would I propoſe,
To atchieve her whom I do love.
Aar. To atchieve her——how?
Dem. Why mak'ſt thou it ſo ſtrange?
She is a woman, therefore may be woo'd;
She is a woman, therefore may be won;
She is Lavinia, therefore muſt be lov'd.
What, man! more water glideth by the mill
Than wots the miller of; and eaſy it is
Of a cut loaf to ſteal a ſhive, we know:
Tho' Baſſianus be the Emperor's brother,
Better than he have yet worn Vulcan's badge.
Aar. Ay, and as good as Saturninus may. [*Aſide.*
Dem. Then why ſhould he deſpair, that knows to
With words, fair looks, and liberality? [court it
What, haſt thou not full often ſtruck a doe,
And borne her cleanly by the keeper's noſe?
Aar. Why then, it ſeems, ſome certain ſnatch or ſo
Would ſerve your turns.
Chi. Ay, ſo the turn were ſerved.
Dem. Aaron, thou haſt hit it.
Aar. 'Would you had hit it too,
Then ſhould not we be tir'd with this ado:
Why, hark ye, hark ye—and are you ſuch fools,
To ſquare for this? would it offend you then
That both ſhould ſpeed!
Chi. Faith, not me.
Dem. Nor me, ſo I were one.
Aar. For ſhame, be friends; and join for that you jar.
'Tis policy and ſtratagem muſt do
That you affect; and ſo muſt you reſolve,
That what you cannot, as you would, atchieve,
You muſt perforce accompliſh as you may:
Take this of me, Lucrece was not more chaſte
Than this Lavinia, Baſſianus' love;
A ſpeedier courſe than ling'ring languiſhment
Muſt we purſue, and I have found the path.
My Lords, a ſolemn hunting is in hand,
There will the lovely Roman ladies troop:
The foreſt-walks are wide and ſpacious,
And many unfrequented plots there are,
Fitted by kind for rape and villany:

Single

Single you thither then this dainty doe,
And ſtrike her home by force, if not by words:
This way, or not at all, ſtand you in hope.
Come, come, our Empreſs with her ſacred wit
To villany and vengeance conſecrate,
We will acquaint with all that we intend;
And ſhe ſhall file our engines with advice,
That will not ſuffer you to ſquare yourſelves,
But to your wiſhes' height advance you both.
The Emperor's court is like the houſe of fame,
The palace full of tongues, of eyes, of ears:
The woods are ruthleſs, dreadful, deaf, and dull:
There ſpeak, and ſtrike, brave boys, and take your turns;
There ſerve your luſts, ſhadow'd from heaven's eye,
And revel in Lavinia's treaſury.

Chi. Thy counſel, lad, ſmells of no cowardice.

Dem. Sit fas aut nefas, till I find the ſtream
To cool this heat, a charm to calm theſe fits,
Per Styga, per manes vehor.——— [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *Changes to a foreſt.*

Enter Titus Andronicus and his three ſons, with hounds and horns, and Marcus.

Tit. The hunt is up, the morn is bright and gray;
The fields are fragrant, and the woods are green:
Uncouple here, and let us make a bay;
And wake the Emperor and his lovely bride,
And rouſe the Prince, and wake a hunter's peal,
That all the court may echo with the noiſe.
Sons, let it be your charge, as it is ours,
To tend the Emperor's perſon carefully.
I have been troubled in my ſleep this night,
But dawning day new comfort hath inſpir'd.

Here a cry of hounds, and wind horns in a peal: then enter Saturninus, Tamora, Baſſianus, Lavinia, Chiron, Demetrius, and their Attendants.

Tit. Many good morrows to your Majeſty;
Madam, to you as many and as good.
I promiſed your Grace a hunter's peal.

Sat.

Sat. And you have rung it luſtily, my Lords,
Somewhat too early for new-married ladies.
Baſſ. Lavinia, how ſay you?
Lav. I ſay No:
I have been broad awake two hours and more.
Sat. Come on then, horſe and chariots let us have,
And to our ſport. Madam, now ye ſhall ſee
Our Roman hunting.
Mar. I have dogs, my Lord,
Will rouſe the proudeſt panther in the chaſe,
And climb the higheſt promontory-top.
Tit. And I have horſe will follow, where the game
Makes way, and run like ſwallows o'er the plain.
Dem. Chiron, we hunt not, we, with horſe nor hound,
But hope to pluck a dainty doe to ground. [*Exeunt*

SCENE IV. *Changes to a deſart part of the foreſt.*

Enter Aaron alone.

Aar. He that had wit, would think that I had none,
To bury ſo much gold under a tree;
And never after to inherit † it.
Let him that thinks of me ſo abjectly,
Know, that this gold might coin a ſtratagem;
Which cunningly effected, will beget
A very excellent piece of villany;
And ſo repoſe, ſweet gold, for their unreſt,
That have their alms out of the Empreſs' cheſt.

Enter Tamora.

Tam. My lovely Aaron, wherefore look'ſt thou ſad,
When every thing doth make a gleeful boaſt?
'The birds chaunt melody on every buſh,
'The ſnake lies rolled in the chearful ſun,
'The green leaves quiver with the cooling wind,
'And make a chequer'd ſhadow on the ground.
'Under their ſweet ſhade, Aaron, let us ſit;
'And whilſt the babling Echo mocks the hounds,
Replying ſhrilly to the well-tun'd horns,
As if a double hunt were heard at once,

Let

† *inherit*, for *poſſeſs* ſimply.

Let us ſit down, and mark their yelling noiſe:
And after conflict, ſuch as was ſuppos'd
The wand'ring prince and Dido once enjoy'd,
When with a happy ſtorm they were ſurpris'd,
And curtain'd with a counſel-keeping cave;
We may, each wreathed in the other's arms,
(Our paſtimes done), poſſeſs a golden ſlumber;
Whilſt hounds and horns, and ſweet melodious birds,
Be unto us as is a nurſe's ſong
Of lullaby, to bring her babe aſleep.

Aar. Madam, though Venus govern your deſires,
Saturn is dominator over mine.
What ſignifies my deadly-ſtanding eye,
My ſilence, and my cloudy melancholy,
My fleece of woolly hair, that now uncurls,
Even as an adder, when ſhe doth unrowl
To do ſome fatal execution?
No, Madam, theſe are no venereal ſigns;
Vengeance is in my heart, death in my hand;
Blood and revenge are hammering in my head.
Hark, Tamora, (the empreſs of my ſoul,
Which never hopes more heaven than reſts in thee),
This is the day of doom for Baſſianus;
His Philomel muſt loſe her tongue to-day;
Thy ſons make pillage of her chaſtity,
And waſh their hands in Baſſianus' blood.
Seeſt thou this letter, take it up, I pray thee,
And give the King this fatal-plotted ſcrowl.
Now queſtion me no more, we are eſpied.
Here comes a parcel of our hopeful booty,
Which dread not yet their lives' deſtruction.

Tam. Ah, my ſweet Moor, ſweeter to me than life!

Aar. No more, great Empreſs; Baſſianus comes;
Be croſs with him, and I'll go fetch thy ſons
To back thy quarrels, whatſoe'er they be. [*Exit.*

SCENE V. *Enter Baſſianus and Lavinia.*

Baſ. Whom have we here? Rome's Royal Empereſs?
Unfurniſh'd of her well-beſeeming troops?
Or is it Dian, habited like her,
Who hath *abandoned her holy groves,*
To ſee the general hunting in this foreſt?

Tam. Saucy controuler of our private ſteps,
Had I the power that ſome ſay Dian had,
Thy temples ſhould be planted preſently
With horns, as was Acteon's, and the hounds
Should drive upon thy new-transformed limbs,
Unmannerly intruder as thou art!

Lav. Under your patience, gentle Empereſs,
'Tisthought you have a goodly gift in horning;
And to be doubted, that your Moor and you
Are ſingled forth to try experiments.
Jove ſhield your huſband from his hounds to-day!
'Tis pity they ſhould take him for a ſtag.

Baſ. Believe me, Queen, your ſwarth Cimmerian
Doth make your honour of his body's hue,
Spotted, deteſted, and abominable.
Why are you ſequeſtred from all your train?
Diſmounted from your ſnow-white goodly ſteed,
And wand'red hither to an obſcure plot,
Accompanied with a barbarous Moor,
If foul deſire had not conducted you?

Lav. And being interrupted in your ſport,
Great reaſon that my Noble Lord be rated
For ſaucineſs.——I pray you, let us hence;
And let her 'joy her raven-colour'd love;
This valley fits the purpoſe paſſing well.

Baſ. The King my brother ſhall have note of this.

Lav. Ay, for theſe ſlips have made him noted long.
Good King, to be ſo mightily abuſed!

Tam. Why have I patience to endure all this?

Enter Chiron and Demetrius.

Dem. How now, dear Sovereign, and our gracious mother,
Why does your Highneſs look ſo pale and wan!

Tam. Have I not reaſon, think you, to look pale?
Theſe two have 'tic'd me hither to this place,
" A barren and deteſted vale, you ſee, it is.
" The trees, tho' ſummer, yet forlorn and lean,
" O'ercome with moſs, and baleful miſſelto.
" Here never ſhines the ſun; here nothing breeds,
" Unleſs the nightly owl, or fatal raven.
" And when they ſhew'd me this abhorred pit,

" The

They told me, here, at dead time of the night,
A thouſand fiends, a thouſand hiſſing ſnakes,
Ten thouſand ſwelling toads, as many urchins,
Would make ſuch fearful and confuſed cries,
As any mortal body, hearing it,
Should ſtraight fall mad, or elſe die ſuddenly.
No ſooner had they told this helliſh tale,
But ſtraight they told me, they would bind me here,
Unto the body of a diſmal yew,
And leave me to this miſerable death:
And then they call'd me foul adultereſs,
Laſcivious Goth, and all the bittereſt terms
That ever ear did hear to ſuch effect.
And had you not by wondrous fortune come,
This vengeance on me had they executed.
Revenge it, as you love your mother's life;
Or be ye not from henceforth call'd my children.

Dem. This is a witneſs that I am thy ſon.

[*Stabs Baſſianus.*

Chi. And this for me, ſtruck home to ſhew my ſtrength.

[*Stabling him likewiſe.*

Lav. Ay, come, Semiramis;—nay, barbarous Tamora;
For no name fits thy nature but thy own.

Tam. Give me thy poniard; you ſhall know, my boys,
Your mother's hand ſhall right your mother's wrong.

Dem. Stay, Madam, here is more belongs to her.
Firſt threſh the corn, then after burn the ſtraw.
This minion ſtood upon her chaſtity,
Upon her nuptial vow, her loyalty,
And with that painted cope ſhe braves your Mightineſs;
And ſhall ſhe carry this unto her grave?

Chi. An' if ſhe do, I would I were an eunuch.
Drag hence her huſband to ſome ſecret hole,
And make his dead trunk pillow to our luſt.

Tam. But when you have the honey you deſire,
Let not this waſp outlive, us both to ſting.

Chi. I warrant, Madam, we will make that ſure.
Come, Miſtreſs, now perforce we will enjoy
That nice preſerved honeſty of your's.

Lav. O Tamora, thou bear'ſt a woman's face———

Tam. *I will not hear* her ſpeak; away with her.

Lav. *Sweet Lords,* intreat her hear me but a word—

Dem. Liſten, fair Madam; let it be your glory
To ſee her tears; but be your heart to them,
As unrelenting flints to drops of rain.
Lav. When did the tyger's young ones teach the dam?
O, do not teach her wrath, ſhe taught it thee.
The milk thou ſuck'dſt from her did turn to marble;
Even at thy teat thou hadſt thy tyranny.
Yet every mother breeds not ſons alike;
Do thou intreat her, ſhew a woman pity. [*To Chiron.*
Chi. What! would'ſt thou have me prove myſelf a baſtard?
Lav. 'Tis true, the raven doth not hatch the lark:
Yet have I heard, (oh, could I find it now!),
The lion, mov'd with pity, did endure
To have his princely paws par'd all away.
Some ſay, that ravens foſter forlorn children,
The whilſt their own birds famiſh in their neſts:
Oh, be to me, tho' thy hard heart ſay No,
Nothing ſo kind, but ſomething pitiful.
Tam. I know not what it means. Away with her.
Lav. Oh, let me teach thee: for my father's ſake,
(That gave thee life, when well he might have ſlain thee),
Be not obdurate, open thy deaf ears.
Tam. Hadſt thou in perſon ne'er offended me,
Even for his ſake am I now pitileſs.
Remember, boys, I pour'd forth tears in vain,
To ſave your brother from the ſacrifice;
But fierce Andronicus would not relent.
Therefore away with her and uſe her as you will;
The worſe to her, the better lov'd of me.
Lav. O Tamora, be call'd a gentle Queen,
And with thine own hands kill me in this place;
For 'tis not life that I have begg'd ſo long;
Poor I was ſlain when Baſſianus dy'd.
Tam. What begg'ſt thou then? fond woman, let me go.
Lav. 'Tis preſent death I beg; and one thing more,
That womanhood denies my tongue to tell.
O keep me from their worſe-than-killing luſt,
And tumble me into ſome lothſome pit;
Where never man's eye may behold my body.
Do this, and be a charitable murderer.

Tam.

Tam. So ſhould I rob my ſweet ſons of their fee.
No; let them ſatisfy their luſt on thee.
Dem. Away! for thou haſt ſtaid us here too long.
Lav. No grace? no womanhood? ah beaſtly creature!
The blot and enemy of our general name!
Confuſion fall———
Chi. Nay, then I'll ſtop your mouth——Bring thou her huſband. [*Dragging off Lavinia.*
This is the hole where Aaron bid us hide him. [*Exeunt.*
Tam. Farewel, my ſons; ſee that you make her ſure.
Ne'er let my heart know merry cheer indeed,
Till all the Andronici be made away.
Now will I hence to ſeek my lovely Moor,
And let my ſpleenful ſons this trull deflow'r. [*Exit.*

SCENE VI.

Enter Aaron, with Quintus and Marcus.

Aar. Come on, my Lords, the better foot before;
Straight will I bring you to the lothſome pit,
Where I eſpied the panther faſt aſleep.
Quin. My ſight is very dull, whate'er it bodes.
Mar. And mine, I promiſe you; were't not for ſhame,
Well could I leave our ſport to ſleep a while.
[*Marcus falls into the pit.*
Quin. What, art thou fallen? what ſubtle hole is this,
Whoſe mouth is cover'd with rude-growing briars,
Upon whoſe leaves are drops of new-ſhed blood,
As freſh as morning-dew diſtill'd on flowers?
A very fatal place it ſeems to me.
Speak, brother, haſt thou hurt thee with the fall?
Mar. O brother, with the diſmalleſt object
That ever eye, with ſight, made heart lament.
Aar. Now will I fetch the King to find them here,
That he thereby may have a likely gueſs,
How theſe were they that made away his brother.
[*Exit Aaron.*

SCENE VII.

Mar. Why doſt not comfort me, and help me out
From this unhallow'd and blood-ſtained hole?
Quin. I am ſurprized with an uncouth fear;

A chilling ſweat o'er-runs my trembling joints;
My heart ſuſpects more than mine eye can ſee.
Mar. To prove thou haſt a true-divining heart,
Aaron and thou, look down into the den,
And ſee a fearful ſight of blood and death.
Quin. Aaron is gone; and my compaſſionate heart
Will not permit my eyes once to behold
The thing whereat it trembles by ſurmiſe.
O tell me how it is; for ne'er till now
Was I a child, to fear I know not what.
Mar. Lord Baſſianus lies embrewed here,
All on a heap, like to a ſlaughter'd lamb,
In this deteſted, dark, blood-drinking pit.
Quin. If it be dark, how doſt thou know 'tis he?
Mar. 'Upon his bloody finger he doth wear
'A precious ring, that lightens all the hole;
'Which, like a taper in ſome monument,
'Doth ſhine upon the dead man's earthy cheeks,
'And ſhews the ragged intrails of this pit.
So pale did ſhine the moon on Pyramus,
When he by night lay bath'd in maiden blood.
O brother, help me with thy fainting hand
(If fear hath made thee faint, as me it hath)
Out of this fell devouring receptacle,
As hateful as Cocytus' miſty mouth.
Quin. Reach me thy hand, that I may help thee out,
Or, wanting ſtrength to do thee ſo much good,
I may be pluck'd into the ſwallowing womb
Of this deep pit, poor Baſſianus' grave.
I have no ſtrength to pluck thee to the brink.
Mar. And I no ſtrength to climb without thy help.
Quin. Thy hand once more; I will not looſe again,
Till thou art here aloft, or I below.
Thou canſt not come to me, I come to thee. [*Falls in.*

SCENE VIII. *Enter the Emperor, and Aaron.*

Sat. Along, with me—I'll ſee what hole is here,
And what he is that now is leap'd into't.
Say, who art thou that lately didſt deſcend
Into this gaping hollow of the earth?
Mar. Th' unhappy ſon of old Andronicus,
Brought hither in a moſt unlucky hour,

To find thy brother Baſſianus dead.

Sat. My brother dead? I know thou doſt but jeſt.
He and his lady both are at the lodge,
Upon the north ſide of this pleaſant chaſe:
'Tis not an hour ſince I left him there.

Mar. We know not where you left him all alive,
But out, alas! here have we found him dead.

Enter Tamora with Attendants, Andronicus, and Lucius.

Tam. Where is my Lord the King?

Sat. Here, Tamora, though griev'd with killing grief.

Tam. Where is thy brother Baſſianus?

Sat. Now to the bottom doſt thou ſearch my wound;
Poor Baſſianus here lies murthered.

Tam. Then all too late I bring this fatal writ,
The complot of this timeleſs tragedy;
And wonder greatly, that man's face can fold
In pleaſing ſmiles ſuch murderous tyranny.
[*She giveth Saturninus a letter.*

Saturninus reads the letter.

And if we miſs to meet him handſomely,
Sweet huntſman, Baſſianus 'tis we mean;
Do thou ſo much as dig the grave for him,
Thou know'ſt our meaning: look for thy reward
Among the nettles at the elder-tree,
Which overſhades the mouth of that ſame pit,
Where we decreed to bury Baſſianus.
Do this, and purchaſe us thy laſting friends.

Sat. Oh, Tamora! was ever heard the like?
This is the pit, and this the elder-tree.
Look, Sirs, if you can find the huntſman out,
That ſhould have murther'd Baſſianus here.

Aar. My gracious Lord, here is the bag of gold.

Sat. Two of thy whelps, fell curs of bloody kind,
Have here bereft my brother of his life. [*To Titus.*
Sirs, drag them from the pit unto the priſon;
There let them bide, until we have devis'd
Some never heard-of torturing pain for them.

Tam. What, are they in this pit? oh wondrous thing!
How eaſily murder is diſcovered?

Tit.

Tit. High Emperor, upon my feeble knee
I beg this boon, with tears not lightly ſhed,
That this fell fault of my accurſed ſons,
(Accurſed, if the fault be prov'd in them——)
Sat. If it be prov'd! you ſee it is apparent.
Who found this letter? Tamora, was it you?
Tam. Andronicus himſelf did take it up.
Tit. I did, my Lord: yet let me be their bail.
For, by my father's reverend tomb, I vow,
They ſhall be ready at your Highneſs' will,
To anſwer their ſuſpicion with their lives.
Sat. Thou ſhalt not bail them: ſee thou follow me.
Some bring the murther'd body, ſome the murtherers.
Let them not ſpeak a word, the guilt is plain:
For, by my ſoul, were there worſe end than death,
That end upon them ſhould be executed.
Tam. Andronicus, I will intreat the King;
Fear not thy ſons, they ſhall do well enough.
Tit. Come, Lucius, come, ſtay not to talk with them.
[*Exeunt ſeverally.*

SCENE IX.

Enter Demetrius and Chiron, with Lavinia, raviſh'd; her hands cut off, and her tongue cut out.

Dem. So, now go tell (and if thy tongue can ſpeak)
Who 'twas that cut thy tongue, and raviſh'd thee.
Chi. Write down thy mind, bewray thy meaning ſo;
And (if thy ſtumps will let thee) play the ſcribe.
Dem. See how with ſigns and tokens ſhe can ſcrowl.
Chi. Go home, call for ſweet water, waſh thy hands.
Dem. She has no tongue to call, or hands to waſh;
And ſo let's leave her to her ſilent walks.
Chi. If 'twere my caſe, I ſhould go hang myſelf.
Dem. If thou hadſt hands to help thee knit the cord.
[*Exeunt Dem. and Chiron.*

SCENE X. *Enter Marcus to Lavina.*

Mar. Who's this, my niece, that flies away ſo faſt?
Couſin, a word; where is your huſband?
If I do dream, would all my wealth would wake me!
If I do wake, ſome planet ſtrike me down,

That

That I may ſlumber in eternal ſleep!
Speak, gentle niece, what ſtern ungentle hands
Have lopp'd, and hew'd, and made thy body bare
Of her two branches, thoſe ſweet ornaments,
Whoſe circling ſhadows Kings have fought to ſleep in!
And might not gain ſo great a happineſs,
As have thy love! why doſt not ſpeak to me?
'Alas, a crimſon river of warm blood,
'Like to a babbling fountain ſtirr'd with wind,
'Doth riſe and fall between thy roſy lips,
'Coming and going with thy honey-breath.
But, ſure, ſome Tereus hath deflowered thee:
And, leſt thou ſhould'ſt detect him, cut thy tongue.
Ah, now thou turn'ſt away thy face for ſhame!
And, notwithſtanding all this loſs of blood,
(As from a conduit with three iſſuing ſpouts),
Yet do thy cheeks look red as Titan's face,
Bluſhing to be encountred with a cloud.——
Shall I ſpeak for thee? ſhall I ſay, 'tis ſo?
O that I knew thy heart, and knew the beaſt,
That I might rail at him to eaſe my mind!
Sorrow concealed like an oven ſtopt,
Doth burn the heart to cinders where it is.
Fair Philomela, ſhe but loſt her tongue,
And in a tedious ſampler ſew'd her mind.
But, lovely niece, that mean is cut from thee;
A craftier Tereus haſt thou met withal,
And he hath cut thoſe pretty fingers off,
That could have better ſew'd than Philomel.
'Oh, had the monſter ſeen thoſe lily hands
'Tremble, like aſpen leaves, upon a lute,
And make the ſilken ſtrings delight to kiſs them;
He would not then have touch'd them for his life.
Or had he heard the heav'nly harmony,
Which that ſweet tongue hath made;
He would have dropp'd his knife, and fell aſleep,
As Cerberus at the Thracian Poet's feet.
Come, let us go, and make thy father blind;
For ſuch a ſight will blind a father's eye.
One hour's ſtorm will drown the fragrant meads,
What will whole months of tears thy father's eyes?

Do

Do not draw back, for we will mourn with thee:
Oh, could our mourning eaſe thy miſery! [*Exeu*

ACT III. SCENE I.

A ſtreet in Rome.

Enter the Judges and Senators, with Marcus and Quin bound, paſſing on the ſtage to the place of execution, Titus going before, pleading.

Tit. HEAR me, great father; noble Tribunes, f
For pity of mine age, whoſe youth was ſpent
In dangerous wars, whilſt you ſecurely ſlept:
For all my blood in Rome's great quarrel ſhed,
For all the froſty nights that I have watch'd,
And for theſe bitter tears, which you now ſee
Filling the aged wrinkles in my cheeks,
Be pitiful to my condemned ſons,
Whoſe ſouls are not corrupted, as 'tis thought.
For two and twenty ſons I never wept,
Becauſe they died in honour's lofty bed.
[*Andronicus lieth down, and the Judges paſs by*
For theſe, theſe, Tribunes, in the duſt I write
My heart's deep languor, and my ſoul's ſad tears:
Let my tears ſtanch the earth's dry appetite,
My ſons' ſweet blood will make it ſhame and bluſh:
O earth! I will befriend thee more with rain, [*Exi*
That ſhall diſtil from theſe two ancient urns,
Than youthful April ſhall with all his ſhowers;
In ſummer's drought I'll drop upon thee ſtill;
In winter, with warm tears I'll melt the ſnow;
And keep eternal ſpring-time on thy face,
So thou refuſe to drink my dear ſons' blood.

Enter Lucius with his ſword drawn.

Oh, reverend Tribunes! gentle aged men!
Unbind my ſon, reverſe the doom of death:
And let me ſay, (that never wept before),
My tears are now prevailing orators.
Luc. Oh, noble father, you lament in vain;

The tribunes hear you not, no man is by;
And you recount your ſorrows to a ſtone.

Tit. Ah, Lucius, for thy brothers let me plead;—
Grave Tribunes, once more I intreat of you———

Luc. My gracious Lord, no Tribune hears you ſpeak.

Tit. Why, 'tis no matter, man; if they did hear,
They would not mark me; or if they did mark,
They would not pity me.———
Therefore I tell my ſorrows to the ſtones,
Who, tho' they cannot anſwer my diſtreſs,
Yet in ſome ſort they're better than the Tribunes,
For that they will not intercept my tale:
When I do weep, they humbly at my feet
Receive my tears, and ſeem to weep with me;
And were they but attired in grave weeds,
Rome could afford no Tribune like to theſe.
A ſtone is ſoft as wax, Tribunes more hard than ſtones:
A ſtone is ſilent, and offendeth not;
And Tribunes with their tongues doom men to death.
But wherefore ſtand'ſt thou with thy weapon drawn?

Luc. To reſcue my two brothers from their death;
For which attempt, the judges have pronounc'd
My everlaſting doom of baniſhment.

Tit. O happy man, they have befriended thee,
Why, fooliſh Lucius, doſt thou not perceive,
That Rome is but a wilderneſs of tygers?
Tygers muſt prey, and Rome affords no prey
But me and mine; how happy art thou then,
From theſe devourers to be baniſhed?
But who comes with our brother Marcus here?

SCENE II.

Enter Marcus and Lavinia

Mar. Titus, prepare thy noble eyes to weep,
Or, if not ſo, thy noble heart to break:
I bring conſuming ſorrow to thine age.

Tit. Will it conſume me? let me ſee it then.

Mar. This was thy daughter.

Tit. Why, Marcus, ſo ſhe is.

Luc. *Ah me! this object kills me.*

Tit. *Faint-hearted boy,* ariſe and look upon her.

Speak,

Speak, my Lavinia; what accurſed hand
Hath made thee handleſs, in thy father's ſpight?
What fool hath added water to the ſea?
Or brought a faggot to bright-burning Troy?
My grief was at the height before thou cam'ſt,
And now, like Nilus, it diſdaineth bounds.
Give me a ſword, I'll chop off my hands too,
For they have fought for Rome, and all in vain:
And they have nurs'd this woe, in feeding life:
In bootleſs prayer have they been held up,
And they have ſerv'd me to effectleſs uſe.
Now all the ſervice I require of them,
Is, that the one will help to cut the other.
'Tis well, Lavinia, that thou haſt no hands,
For hands to do Rome ſervice are but vain.

Luc. Speak, gentle ſiſter, who hath martyr'd thee?

Mar. O, that delightful engine of her thoughts,
That blabb'd them with ſuch pleaſing eloquence,
Is torn from forth that pretty hollow cage,
Where, like a ſweet melodious bird, it ſung
Sweet various notes, inchanting every ear!

Luc. O, ſay thou for her, who hath done this deed?

Mar. O, thus I found her ſtraying in the park,
Seeking to hide herſelf; as doth the deer,
That hath receiv'd ſome unrecuring wound.

Tit. It was my deer; and he that wounded her,
Hath hurt me more than had he kill'd me dead.
'For now I ſtand, as one upon a rock,
'Inviron'd with a wilderneſs of ſea,
'Who marks the waxing tide grow wave by wave;
'Expecting ever when ſome envious ſurge
'Will in his briniſh bowels ſwallow him.
This way to death my wretched ſons are gone;
Here ſtands my other ſon, a baniſh'd man;
And here my brother, weeping at my woes.
But that which gives my ſoul the greateſt ſpurn,
Is dear Lavinia, dearer than my ſoul——
"Had I but ſeen thy picture in this plight,
"It would have madded me. What ſhall I do,
Now I behold thy lovely body ſo?
Thou haſt no hands to wipe away thy tears,
Nor tongue to tell me who hath martyr'd thee;

Thy

ıſband he is dead ; and for his death
others are condemn'd, and dead by this.
Marcus ! ah, ſon Lucius, look on her :
:n I did name her brothers, then freſh tears
ıd on her cheeks ; as doth the honey-dew
ın a gather'd lily almoſt wither'd.
·. Perchance ſhe weeps becauſe they kill'd her
huſband ;
nce becauſe ſhe knows them innocent.
If they did kill thy huſband, then be joyful,
e the law hath ta'en revenge on them.
, they would not do ſo foul a deed ;
ſs the ſorrow that their ſiſter makes.
: Lavinia, let me kiſs thy lips,
ke ſome ſigns how I may do thee eaſe.
hy good uncle, and thy brother Lucius,
ıou, and I, ſit round about ſome fountain,
ng all downwards to behold our cheeks,
hey are ſtain'd like meadows yet not dry
miry ſlime left on them by a flood ?
n the fountain ſhall we gaze ſo long,
e freſh taſte be taken from that clearneſs,
ıade a brine-pit with our bitter tears ?
ıll we cut away our hands like thine ?
ll we bite our tongues, and in dumb ſhews
he remainder of our hateful days ?
ſhall we do ? let us that have our tongues,
ome device of further miſery,
ake us wond'red at in time to come.
·. Sweet father, ceaſe your tears ; for at your grief
ow my wretched ſiſter ſobs and weeps.
r. Patience, dear niece ; good Titus, dry thine eyes.
. Ah, Marcus, Marcus ! brother, well I wot,
ıapkin cannot drink a tear of mine ;
hou, poor man, haſt drown'd it with thine own.
c. Ah, my Lavinia, I will wipe thy cheeks.
·. Mark, Marcus, mark ; I underſtand her ſigns ;
ſhe a tongue to ſpeak, now would ſhe ſay
to her brother which I ſaid to thee.
ıapkin, with his true tears all bewet,
lo *no ſervice on her* ſorrowful cheeks.

Oh what a ſympathy of woe is this!
As far from help as Limbo is from bliſs.

SCENE III. *Enter Aaron.*

Aar. Titus Andronicus, my Lord the Emperor
Sends thee this word, that if thou love thy ſons,
Let Marcus, Lucius, or thyſelf, old Titus,
Or any one of you, chop off your hand,
And ſend it to the King; he for the ſame
Will ſend thee hither both thy ſons alive,
And that ſhall be the ranſom for their fault.

Tit. Oh, gracious Emperor! oh, gentle Aaron!
Did ever raven ſing ſo like a lark,
That gives ſweet tidings of the ſun's uprife?
With all my heart, I'll ſend the Emperor my hand.
Good Aaron, wilt thou help to chop it off?

Luc. Stay, father; for that noble hand of thine,
That hath thrown down ſo many enemies,
Shall not be ſent; my hand will ſerve the turn.
My youth can better ſpare my blood than you,
And therefore mine ſhall ſave my brothers' lives.

Mar. Which of your hands hath not defended Rom
And rear'd aloft the bloody battle-ax,
Writing deſtruction on the enemies' caſtle?
Oh, none of both but are of high deſert:
My hand hath been but idle, let it ſerve
To ranſom my two nephews from their death;
Then have I kept it to a worthy end.

Aar. Nay, come, agree, whoſe hand ſhall go along,
For fear they die before their pardon come.

Mar. My hand ſhall go.

Luc. By heav'n, it ſhall not go.

Tit. Sirs, ſtrive no more, ſuch wither'd herbs as theſe
Are meet for plucking up, and therefore mine.

Luc. Sweet father, if I ſhall be thought thy ſon,
Let me redeem my brothers both from death.

Mar. And for our father's ſake, and mother's care,
Now let me ſhew a brother's love to thee.

Tit. Agree between you, I will ſpare my hand.

Luc. Then I'll go fetch an ax.

Mar. But I will uſe the ax.

[Exeunt Lucius and Marc

Tit. Come hither, Aaron, I'll deceive them both;
end me thy hand, and I will give thee mine.
Aar. If that be call'd deceit, I will be honeſt,
nd never, whilſt I live, deceive men ſo.
ut I'll deceive you in another ſort,
nd that, you'll ſay, ere half an hour paſs. [*Aſide.*

[*He cuts off Titus's hand.*

Enter Lucius and Marcus again.

Tit. Now ſtay your ſtrife; what ſhall be, is diſpatch'd.
ood Aaron, give his Majeſty my hand.
ell him it was a hand that warded him
rom thouſand dangers, bid him bury it.
ore hath it merited; that let it have.
s for my ſons, ſay, I account of them
s jewels purchas'd at an eaſy price;
nd yet dear too, becauſe I bought mine own.
Aar. I go, Andronicus; and for thy hand
ook by and by to have thy ſons with thee.
heir heads, I mean.——Oh, how this villany [*Aſide.*
oth fat me with the very thought of it!
et fools do good, and fair men call for grace,
aron will have his ſoul black like his face. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

Tit. O hear!—I lift this one hand up to heav'n,
nd bow this feeble ruin to the earth.
f any power pities wretched tears,
o that I call. What, wilt thou kneel with me?
o then, dear heart, for heav'n ſhall hear our prayers,
r with our ſighs we'll breathe the welkin dim,
nd ſtain the ſun with fogs, as ſometime clouds,
hen they do hug him in their melting boſoms.
Mar. Oh! brother, ſpeak with poſſibilities,
nd do not break into theſe woe-extremes.
Tit. Is not my ſorrow deep, having no bottom?
hen be my paſſions bottomleſs with them.
Mar. But yet let reaſon govern thy lament.
Tit. If there were reaſon for theſe miſeries,
hen into limits could I bind my woes.
hen heav'n *doth weep*, doth not the earth o'erflow?
the winds rage, doth not the ſea wax mad,

Threat'ning the welkin with his big-ſwoln face?
And wilt thou have a reaſon for this coil?
I am the ſea; hark, how her ſighs do blow.
She is the weeping welkin, I the earth.
Then muſt my ſea be moved with their ſighs,
Then muſt my earth with her continual tears
Become a deluge, overflow'd and drown'd:
For why, my bowels cannot hide her woes,
But, like a drunkard, muſt I vomit them.
Then give me leave, for loſers will have leave
To eaſe their ſtomachs with their bitter tongues.

Enter a Meſſenger, bringing in two heads and a hand.

Meſſ. Worthy Andronicus, ill art thou repay'd
For that good hand thou ſent'ſt the Emperor.
Here are the heads of thy two noble ſons,
And here's thy hand in ſcorn to thee ſent back.
Thy grief's their ſport, thy reſolution mock'd.
That woe is me to think upon thy woes,
More then remembrance of my father's death. [*Exit.*

Mar. Now let hot Ætna cool in Sicily,
And be my heart an ever-burning hell!
Theſe miſeries are more than may be borne!
To weep with them that weep, doth eaſe ſome deal†;
But ſorrow flouted at, is double death.

Luc. Ah, that this ſight ſhould make ſo deep a wound
And yet deteſted life not ſhrink thereat;
That ever death ſhould let life bear his name,
Where life hath no more intereſt but to breathe!

Mar. Alas, poor heart, that kiſs is comfortleſs,
As frozen water to a ſtarved ſnake.

Tit. When will this fearful ſlumber have an end?

Mar. Now, farewel, flattery, die, Andronicus;
Thou doſt not ſlumber; ſee, thy two ſons' heads,
Thy warlike hand, thy mangled daughter, here;
Thy other baniſh'd ſon with this dear ſight
Struck pale and bloodleſs; and thy brother I,
Even like a ſtony image, cold and numb.
Ah! now no more will I controul thy griefs;
Rend off thy ſilver hair, thy other hand
Gnawing with thy teeth, and be this diſmal ſight

† *i. e.* in ſome meaſure.

The cloſing up of your moſt wretched eyes!
Now is a time to ſtorm, why art thou ſtill?
Tit. Ha, ha, ha!———
Mar. Why doſt thou laugh? it fits not with this hour.
Tit. Why, I have not another tear to ſhed.
Beſides, this ſorrow is an enemy,
And would uſurp upon my watry eyes,
And make them blind with tributary tears.
Then which way ſhall I find Revenge's cave?
For theſe two heads do ſeem to ſpeak to me,
And threat me, I ſhall never come to bliſs,
Till all theſe miſchiefs be return'd again,
Even in their throats that have committed them.
Come, let me ſee, what taſk I have to do——
You heavy people, circle me about,
That I may turn me to each one of you,
And ſwear unto my ſoul to right your wrongs.
The vow is made.—Come, brother, take a head,
And in this hand the other will I bear.
Lavinia, thou ſhalt be employ'd in theſe things;
Bear thou my hand, ſweet wench, between thy teeth.
As for thee, boy, go get thee from my ſight,
Thou art an exile, and thou muſt not ſtay.
Hie to the Goths, and raiſe an army there;
And if you love me, as I think you do,
Let's kiſs and part, for we have much to do. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *Manet Lucius.*

Luc. Farewel, Andronicus, my noble father,
The wofull'ſt man that ever liv'd in Rome;
Farewel, proud Rome; till Lucius come again,
He leaves his pledges dearer than his life;
Farewel, Lavinia, my noble ſiſter,
O, would thou wert as thou tofore haſt been!
But now nor Lucius nor Lavinia lives,
But in oblivion and hateful griefs;
If Lucius live, he will requite your wrongs,
And make proud Saturninus and his Empreſs
Beg at the gates, like Tarquin and his Queen.
Now will I to the Goths, and raiſe a power,
To be reveng'd *on* Rome and Saturnine. [Exit Lucius.

SCENE VI. *An apartment in Titus's house. A banquet.*

Enter Titus, Marcus, Lavinia, and young Lucius, a boy.

Tit. So, so, now sit; and look you eat no more
Than will preserve just so much strength in us
As will revenge these bitter woes of ours.
Marcus, unknit that sorrow-wreathen knot;
Thy niece and I, poor creatures, want our hands,
And cannot passionate our tenfold grief
With folded arms. This poor right hand of mine
Is left to tyrannize upon my breast;
And when my heart, all mad with misery,
Beats in this hollow prison of my flesh,
Then thus I thump it down.——
Thou map of woe, that thus dost talk in signs!
When thy poor heart beats with outrageous beating,
Thou canst not strike it thus to make it still;
Wound it with sighing, girl, kill it with groans;
Or get some little knife between thy teeth,
And just against thy heart make thou a hole,
That all the tears that thy poor eyes let fall,
May run into that sink, and soaking in,
Drown the lamenting fool in sea-salt tears.

Mar. Fie, brother, fie, teach her not thus to lay
Such violent hands upon her tender life.

Tit. How now! has sorrow made thee doat already?
Why, Marcus, no man should be mad but I;
What violent hands can she lay on her life?
Ah, wherefore dost thou urge the name of hands,—
To bid Æneas tell the tale twice o'er,
How Troy was burnt, and he made miserable?
O handle not the theme; no talk of hands,—
Lest we remember still that we have none.
Fie, fie, how frantickly I square my talk,
As if we should forget we had no hands,
If Marcus did not name the word of hands?
Come, let's fall to, and, gentle girl, eat this.
Here is no drink: hark, Marcus, what she says,
I can interpret all her martyr'd signs.
She says, she drinks no other drink but tears,

Brew

Brew'd with her ſorrows, meſh'd upon her cheeks:
Speechleſs complaint!——O, I will learn thy thought;
In thy dumb action will I be as perfect,
As begging hermits in their holy prayers.
Thou ſhalt not ſigh, nor hold thy ſtumps to heav'n,
Nor wink, nor nod, nor kneel, nor make a ſign,
But I of theſe will reſt an alphabet,
And by ſtill practice learn to know thy meaning.
Boy. Good grandſire, leave theſe bitter, deep laments;
Make my aunt merry with ſome pleaſing tale.
Mar. Alas, the tender boy, in paſſion mov'd,
Doth weep to ſee his grandſire's heavineſs!
Tit. Peace, tender ſapling; thou art made of tears,
And tears will quickly melt thy life away.
[*Marcus ſtrikes the diſh with a knife.*
What doſt thou ſtrike at, Marcus, with thy knife?
Mar. At that that I have kill'd, my Lord, a fly.
Tit. Out on thee, murderer; thou kill'ſt my heart;
Mine eyes are cloy'd with view of tyranny:
A deed of death done on the innocent
Becomes not Titus' brother; get thee gone,
I ſee thou art not for my company.
Mar. Alas, my Lord, I have but kill'd a fly.
Tit. 'But?—how if that fly had a father and mother?
'How would he hang his ſlender gilded wings,
'And buzz laments and dolings in the air?
'Poor harmleſs fly,
'That with his pretty buzzing melody,
'Came here to make us merry;
'And thou haſt kill'd him.'
Mar. Pardon me, Sir; it was a black ill-favour'd fly,
Like to the Empreſs' Moor; therefore I kill'd him.
Tit. O, O, O,
Then pardon me for reprehending thee,
For thou haſt done a charitable deed.
Give me thy knife, I will inſult on him,
Flattering myſelf, as if it were the Moor
Come hither purpoſely to poiſon me.
There's for thyſelf, and that's for Tamora.
Yet ſtill I think we are not brought ſo low,
But *that between us we can kill* a fly,
That comes in likeneſs of a coal-black Moor.

Mar.

Mar. Alas, poor man, grief has ſo wrought on him,
He takes falſe ſhadows for true ſubſtances.
Come, take away; Lavinia, go with me;
I'll to thy cloſet, and go read with thee
Sad ſtories chanced in the times of old.
Come, boy, and go with me; thy ſight is young,
And thou ſhalt read, when mine begins to dazzle.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Titus's houſe.

Enter young Lucius, and Lavinia running after him; and the boy flies from her, with his books under his arm. Enter Titus and Marcus.

Boy. Help, grandſire, help; my aunt Lavinia
Follows me every where, I know not why.
Good uncle Marcus, ſee how ſwift ſhe comes:
Alas, ſweet aunt, I know not what you mean!
Mar. Stand by me, Lucius, do not fear thy aunt.
Tit. She loves thee, boy, too well to do thee harm.
Boy. Ay, when my father was in Rome, ſhe did.
Mar. What means my niece Lavinia by theſe ſigns?
Tit. Fear thou not, Lucius, ſomewhat doth ſhe mean:
See, Lucius, ſee how much ſhe makes of thee:
Some whither would ſhe have thee go with her.
Ah, boy, Cornelia never with more care
Read to her ſons, than ſhe hath read to thee,
Sweet poetry, and Tully's oratory.
Canſt thou not gueſs wherefore ſhe plies thee thus?
Boy. My Lord, I know not, I, nor can I gueſs,
Unleſs ſome fit or frenzy do poſſeſs her:
For I have heard my grandſire ſay full oft,
Extremity of grief would make men mad.
And I have read, that Hecuba of Troy
Ran mad through ſorrow; that made me to fear,
Although, my Lord, I know my noble aunt
Loves me as dear as e'er my mother did;
And would not, but in fury, fright my youth;
Which made me down to throw my books, and fly,
Cauſeleſs perhaps: but pardon me, ſweet aunt;

And

ſadam, if my uncle Marcus go,
ioſt willingly attend your Ladyſhip.
. Lucius, I will.
How now, Lavinia? Marcus, what means this?
ook there is that ſhe deſires to ſee.
is it, girl, of theſe? open them, boy.
ou art deeper read, and better ſkill'd:
and make choice of all my library,
beguile thy ſorrow, till the heav'ns
the damn'd contriver of this deed.
ook?
fts ſhe up her arms in ſequence thus?
. I think ſhe means that there was more than one
erate in the fact. Ay more there was;
to heav'n ſhe heaves them for revenge.
Lucius, what book is that ſhe toſſes ſo?
Grandſire, 'tis Ovid's Metamorphoſes;
ther gave it me.
. For love of her that's gone,
s ſhe cull'd it from among the reſt.
Soft! ſee how buſily ſhe turns the leaves!
er: what would ſhe find? Lavinia, ſhall I read?
the tragic tale of Philomel,
eats of Tereus' treaſon, and his rape;
ape, I fear, was root of thine annoy. [leaves.
. See, brother, ſee; note how ſhe quotes the
Lavinia, wert thou thus ſurpris'd, ſweet girl,
'd and wrong'd as Philomela was,
in the ruthleſs, vaſt, and gloomy woods?
ee,———
ich a place there is where we did hunt,
d we never, never, hunted there!)
n'd by that the poet here deſcribes,
ure made for murders and for rapes.
. O, why ſhould Nature build ſo foul a den,
the gods delight in tragedies!
Give ſigns, ſweet girl, for here are none but
Roman Lord it was durſt do the deed: [friends,
nk not Saturnine, as Tarquin erſt,
eft the camp to ſin Lucrece' bed?
r. *Sit down, ſweet niece*; brother, ſit down by
, *Pallas, Jove, or Mercury*, [me.
Inſpire

Inſpire me, that I may this treaſon find.
My Lord, look here; look here, Lavinia.

[*He writes his name with his ſtaff, and guides it with his feet and mouth.*

This ſandy plot is plain; guide, if thou canſt,
This after me, when I have writ my name,
Without the help of any hand at all.
Curs'd be that heart that forc'd us to this ſhift!
Write thou, good niece; and here diſplay, at leaſt,
What God will have diſcover'd for revenge;
Heav'n guide thy pen, to print thy ſorrows plain,
That we may know the traitors and the truth!

[*She takes the ſtaff in her mouth, and guides it with her ſtumps, and writes.*

Tit. Oh, do you read, my Lord what ſhe hath writ?
Stuprum, Chiron, Demetrius.

Mar. What, what!—the luſtful ſons of Tamora
Performers of this hateful bloody deed?

Tit. Magne Regnator poli,
Tam lentus audis ſcelera! tam lentus vides!

Mar. Oh, calm thee, gentle Lord; although I know
There is enough written upon this earth
To ſtir a mutiny in the mildeſt thoughts,
And arm the minds of infants to exclaims.
My Lord, kneel down with me: Lavinia, kneel;
And kneel, ſweet boy, the Roman Hector's hope,
And ſwear with me, (as with the woful peer,
And father of that chaſte diſhonour'd dame,
Lord Junius Brutus ſware for Lucrece' rape),
That we will proſecute (by good advice)
Mortal revenge upon theſe traiterous Goths;
And ſee their blood, or die with this reproach.

Tit. 'Tis ſure enough, if you knew how.
But if you hurt theſe bear-whelps, then beware,
The dam will wake; and if ſhe wind you once,
She's with the lion deeply ſtill in league;
And lulls him whilſt ſhe playeth on her back,
And, when he ſleeps, will ſhe do what ſhe liſt.
You're a young huntſman, Marcus, let it alone;
And come, and I will go get a leaf of braſs,
And with a gad of ſteel will write theſe words,

And lay it by; the angry northern wind
Will blow theſe ſands, like Sibyl's leaves, abroad,
And where's your leſſon then? Boy, what ſay you!

Boy. I ſay, my Lord, that if I were a man,
Their mother's bed-chamber ſhould not be ſafe,
For theſe bad bond-men to the yoke of Rome.

Mar. Ay, that's my boy! thy father hath full oft
For this ungrateful country done the like.

Boy. And, uncle, ſo will I, an' if I live.

Tit Come, go with me into mine armoury.
Lucius, I'll fit thee; and withal, my boy
Shall carry from me to the Empreſs' ſons
Preſents that I intend to ſend them both.
Come, come, thou'lt do my meſſage, wilt thou not?

Boy. Ay, with my dagger in their boſom, grandſire.

Tit. No, boy, not ſo; I'll teach thee another courſe.
Lavinia, come; Marcus, look to my houſe:
Lucius and I'll go brave it at the court;
Ay, marry, will we, Sir; and we'll be waited on.

[*Exeunt.*

Mar. O heavens, can you hear a good man grone,
And not relent, or not compaſſion him?
Marcus, attend him in his ecſtaſy,
That hath more ſcars of ſorrow in his heart,
Than foe-mens' marks upon his batter'd ſhield;
But yet ſo juſt, that he will not revenge;
Revenge thee, heav'ns! for old Andronicus. [*Exit.*

SCENE II. *Changes to the palace.*

Enter Aaron, Chiron, and Demetrius, at one door; and at another door, young Lucius and another, with a bundle of weapons, and verſes writ upon them.

Chi. Demetrius, here's the ſon of Lucius;
He hath ſome meſſage to deliver us.

Aar. Ay, ſome mad meſſage from his mad grandfather.

Boy. My Lords, with all the humbleneſs I may,
I greet your honours from Andronicus;
And pray the Roman gods confound you both.

Dem. Gramercy, lovely Lucius, what's the news?

Boy. That you are both decypher'd (that's the news)

For

For villains mark'd with rape. May it pleaſe you,
My grandſire, well advis'd, hath ſent by me
The goodlieſt weapons of his armoury,
To gratify your honourable youth,
The hope of Rome; for ſo he bade me ſay:
And ſo I do, and with his gifts preſent
Your Lordſhips, that whenever you have need,
You may be armed and appointed well.
And ſo I leave you both, like bloody villains. [*Exit.*
Dem. What's here? a ſcrowl, and written round about!
Let's ſee.
Integer vitæ, ſceleriſque purus,
Non eget Mauri jaculis nec arcu.
Chi. O, 'tis a verſe in Horace, I know it well:
I read it in the Grammar long ago.
Aar. Ay, juſt;——a verſe in Horace——right, you have it——
Now, what a thing it is to be an aſs!
Here's no fond jeſt; th' old man hath found their guilt,
And ſends the weapons wrapp'd about with lines,
That wound, beyond their feeling, to the quick.
But were our witty Empreſs well a-foot,
She would applaud Andronicus' conceit:
But let her reſt in her unreſt a while.
And now, young Lords, was't not a happy ſtar
Led us to Rome ſtrangers, and more than ſo,
Captives, to be advanced to this height?
It did me good before the palace-gate,
To brave the Tribune in his brother's hearing.
Dem. But me more good, to ſee ſo great a Lord
Baſely inſinuate, and ſend us gifts.
Aar. Had he not reaſon, Lord Demetrius?
Did you not uſe his daughter very friendly?
Dem. I would we had a thouſand Roman dames
At ſuch a bay, by turn to ſerve our luſt.
Chi. A charitable wiſh, and full of love.
Aar. Here lacketh but your mother to ſay Amen.
Chi. And that would ſhe for twenty thouſand more.
Dem. Come, let us go, and pray to all the gods
For our beloved mother in her pains.
Aar. Pray to the devils; the gods have given us over.
[*Flourish.*

em. Why do the Emp'ror's trumpets flouriſh thus?
i. Belike, for joy the Emp'ror hath a ſon.
em. Soft, who comes here?

SCENE III.

Enter Nurſe, with a Black-a-moor child.

ur. Good morrow, Lords:
ell me, did you ſee Aaron the Moor?
ar. Well, more or leſs, or ne'er a whit at all,
: Aaron is, and what with Aaron now?
ur. O gentle Aaron, we are all undone:
help, or woe betide thee evermore!
ar. Why, what a caterwauling doſt thou keep?
it doſt thou wrap and fumble in thine arms?
ur. O that which I would hide from heaven's eye,
Empreſs' ſhame, and ſtately Rome's diſgrace.
is deliver'd, Lords, ſhe is deliver'd.
ar. To whom?
ur. I mean ſhe is brought to bed.
ar. Well, God give her good reſt!
it hath he ſent her?
ur. A devil.
ar. Why, then ſhe is the devil's dam: a joyful iſſue.
ur. A joyleſs, diſmal, black, and ſorrowful iſſue.
e is the babe, as lothſome as a toad,
ongſt the faireſt breeders of our clime.
: Empreſs ſends it thee, thy ſtamp, thy ſeal;
l bids thee chriſten it with thy dagger's point.
lar. Out, out, you whore! is black ſo baſe a hue?
eet blowſe, you are a beauteous bloſſom, ſure.
Dem. Villain, what haſt thou done?
Aar. That which thou canſt not undo.
Chi. Thou haſt undone our mother.
Dem Woe to her chance, and damn'd her lothed
:urs'd the offspring of ſo foul a fiend! [choice,
Chi. It ſhall not live.
Aar. It ſhall not die.
Nur. Aaron, it muſt; the mother wills it ſo.
Aar. What, muſt it, nurſe? then let no man but I
Execution on my fleſh and blood.
Dem. I'll broach the tadpole on my rapier's point.

Nurſe, give it me, my ſword ſhall ſoon diſpatch it.
Aar. Sooner this ſword ſhall plow thy bowels up.
Stay, murtherous villains, will you kill your brother?
Now, by the burning tapers of the ſky,
That ſhone ſo brightly when this boy was got,
He dies upon my ſcymitar's ſharp point,
That touches this my firſt-born ſon and heir.
I tell you, younglings, not Enceladus,
With all his threat'ning band of Typhon's brood,
Nor great Alcides, nor the god of war,
Shall ſeize this prey out of his father's hands.
What, what, y' unſanguine ſhallow-hearted boys,
Ye white-lim'd walls, ye alehouſe painted ſigns,
Coal-black is better than another hue,
In that it ſcorns to bear another hue:
For all the water in the ocean
Can never turn the ſwan's blag legs to white,
Although ſhe lave them hourly in the flood.
Tell the Empreſs from me, I am of age
To keep mine own; excuſe it how ſhe can.
Dem. Wilt thou betray thy noble miſtreſs thus?
Aar. My miſtreſs is my miſtreſs; this, myſelf,
The vigour and the picture of my youth.
This before all the world do I prefer;
This, maugre all the world, will I keep ſafe;
Or ſome of you ſhall ſmoke for it in Rome.
Dem. By this our mother is for ever ſham'd.
Chi. Rome will deſpiſe her for this foul eſcape.
Nur. The Emperor in his rage will doom her death.
Chi. I bluſh to think upon this ignominy.
Aar. Why, there's the privilege your beauty bears.
Fie, treacherous hue, that will betray with bluſhing
The cloſe enacts and counſels of the heart!
Here's a young lad fram'd of another leer;
Look how the black ſlave ſmiles upon the father;
As who ſhould ſay, "Old lad, I am thine own."
He is your brother, Lords; ſenſibly fed
Of that ſelf-blood that firſt gave life to you;
And from that womb where you impriſon'd were,
He is infranchiſed, and come to light.
Nay, he's your brother by the ſurer ſide,
Although my ſeal is ſtamped in his face.

Nur. Aaron, what ſhall I ſay unto the Empreſs?
Dem. Adviſe thee, Aaron, what is to be done,
nd we will all ſubſcribe to thy advice.
ve thou the child, ſo we may be all ſafe.
Aar. Then ſit we down, and let us all conſult.
y ſon and I will have the wind of you.
eep there: now talk at pleaſure of your ſafety.
[*They ſit on the ground.*
Dem. How many women ſaw this child of his?
Aar. Why, ſo, brave Lords; when we all join in league,
am a lamb; but if you brave the Moor,
he chafed boar, the mountain-lioneſs,
he ocean ſwells not ſo as Aaron ſtorms.
ut ſay again, how many ſaw the child?
Nur. Cornelia the midwife, and myſelf——
nd no one elſe but the deliver'd Empreſs.
Aar. The Empreſs, the midwife, and yourſelf——
wo may keep counſel, when the third's away.
o to the Empreſs, tell her, this I ſaid— [*He kills her.*
Week,—week!—ſo cries a pig prepar'd to th' ſpit.
Dem. What mean'ſt thou, Aaron? wherefore didſt thou this?
Aar. O Lord, Sir, 'tis a deed of policy.
Shall ſhe live to betray this guilt of ours?
A long-tongu'd babling goſſip? no, Lords, no.
And now be it known to you my full intent:
Not far, one Muliteus lives, my countryman,
His wife but yeſternight was brought to bed,
His child is like to her, fair as you are.
Go pack with him, and give the mother gold,
And tell them both the circumſtance of all;
And how by this their child ſhall be advanc'd,
And be receiv'd for the Emp'ror's heir,
And ſubſtituted in the place of mine,
To calm this tempeſt whirling in the court;
And let the Emperor dandle him for his own.
Hark ye, my Lords, ye ſee I have given her phyſic,
And you muſt needs beſtow her funeral.
The fields are near, and you are gallant grooms.
This done, ſee that you take no longer days,
But ſend the midwife preſently to me.
The midwife and the nurſe well made away,

Then let the ladies tattle what they pleaſe.
Chi. I ſee thou wilt not truſt the air
With ſecrets.
Dem. For this care of Tamora,
Herſelf and her's are highly bound to thee. [*Exeu*
Aar. Now to the Goths, as ſwift as ſwallow flies,
There to diſpoſe this treaſure in my arms,
And ſecretly to greet the Empreſs' friends.
Come on, you thick-lip'd ſlave, I bear you hence,
For it is you that put us to our ſhifts.
I'll make you feed on berries, and on roots,
And feaſt on curds and whey, and ſuck the goat,
And cabbin in a cave; and bring you up
To be a warrior, and command a camp. [*Ex*

SCENE IV. *A ſtreet near the palace.*

Enter Titus, old Marcus, young Lucius, and other Gen-tlemen with bows; and Titus bears the arrows with letters on the end of them.

Tit. Come, Marcus, come; kinſmen this is the way.
Sir boy, now let me ſee your archery.
Look, ye draw home enough, and 'tis there ſtraight:
Terras Aſtræa reliquit——be you remember'd, Marcus—
She's gone, ſhe's fled——Sirs, take you to your tools;
You, couſins, ſhall go ſound the ocean,
And caſt your nets; haply you may find her in the ſea;
Yet there's as little juſtice as at land——
No, Publius and Sempronius; you muſt do it,
'Tis you muſt dig with mattock and with ſpade,
And pierce the inmoſt centre of the earth.
Then, when you come to Pluto's region,
I pray you deliver this petition;
Tell him it is for juſtice, and for aid;
And that it comes from old Andronicus,
Shaken with ſorrows in ungrateful Rome.
Ah, Rome!——Well, well, I made thee miſerable,
What time I threw the people's ſuffrages
On him that thus doth tyrannize o'er me.
Go, get you gone, and pray be careful all,
And leave you not a man of war unſcarch'd.

This wicked Emperor may have ſhipp'd her hence,
And, kinſmen, then we may go pipe for juſtice.
Mar. Oh Publius, is not this a heavy caſe,
To ſee thy noble uncle thus diſtract?
Pub. Therefore, my Lord, it highly us concerns,
By day and night t'attend him carefully;
And feed his humour, kindly as we may,
Till time beget ſome careful remedy.
Mar. Kinſman, his ſorrows are paſt remedy.
Join with the Goths, and with revengeful war
Take wreak on Rome for this ingratitude,
And vengeance on the traitor Saturnine.
Tit. Publius, how now? how now, my maſters;
What, have you met with her?
Pub. No, my good Lord; but Pluto ſends you word,
If you will have Revenge from hell, you ſhall.
Marry, for Juſtice, ſhe is now employ'd,
He thinks, with Jove in heav'n, or ſomewhere elſe;
So that perforce you muſt needs ſtay a time.
Tit. He doth me wrong to feed me with delays.
I'll dive into the burning lake below,
And pull her out of Acheron by the heels,
Marcus, we are but ſhrubs, no cedars we,
No big-bon'd men, fram'd of the Cyclops' ſize;
But metal, Marcus, ſteel to th' very back;
Yet wrung with wrongs, more than our backs can bear.
And ſith there is no juſtice in earth or hell,
We will ſolicit heav'n, and move the gods,
To ſend down juſtice for to wreak our wrongs.
Come, to this gear; you're a good archer, Marcus.
[*He gives them the arrows.*
Ad Jovem, that's for you——here, *ad Appollinem*——
Ad Martem, that's for myſelf;
Here, boy, to Pallas—here, to Mercury——
To Saturn and to Cœlus – not to Saturnine—
You were as good to ſhoot againſt the wind.
To it, boy; Marcus, looſe when I bid.
O' my word, I have written to effect,
There's not a god left unſolicited.
Mar. Kinſmen, ſhoot all your ſhafts into the court;
We will afflict the Emperor in his pride. [*They ſhoot.*
Tit. Now, maſters, draw; oh, well ſaid, Lucius.

Good boy, in Virgo's lap, give it Pallas.

Mar. My Lord, I am a mile beyond the moon;
Your letter is with Jupiter by this.

Tit. Ha, ha, Publius, Publius, what haſt thou do
See, ſee, thou'ſt ſhot off one of Taurus' horns.

Mar. This was the ſport, my Lord; when Publi
The bull being gall'd, gave Aries ſuch a knock, [fl
That down fell both the ram's horns in the court.
And who ſhould find them but the Empreſs' villain.
She laugh'd and told the Moor, he ſhould not chuſe
But give them to his maſter for a preſent.

Tit. Why there it goes. God give your Lordſhip jo

Enter a Clown with a baſket and two pigeons.

News, news from heav'n; Marcus, the poſt is come.
Sirrah, what tidings? have you any letters?
Shall I have juſtice? what ſays Jupiter?

Clown. Who? the gibbet-maker? he ſays, that
hath taken them down again, for the man muſt not
hang'd till the next week.

Tit. Tut, what ſays Jupiter, I aſk thee?

Clown. Alas, Sir, I know not Jupiter;
I never drank with him in all my life.

Tit. Why, villain, art not thou the carrier?

Clown. Ay, of my pigeons, Sir; nothing elſe.

Tit. Why, didſt thou not come from heav'n?

Clown. From heav'n? alas, Sir, I never came there
God forbid I ſhould be ſo bold to preſs into heav'n
my young days. Why, I am going with my pigeon
to the Tribunal Plebs *, to take up a matter of braw
betwixt my uncle and one of the Emperial's men.

Mar. Why, Sir, that is as fit as can be to ſerve for
your oration, and let him deliver the pigeons to the Em
peror from you.

Tit. Tell me, can you deliver an oration to the Em
peror with a grace?

Clown. Nay, truly, Sir, I could never ſay grace in all
my life.

Sirrah, come hither, make no more ado,
your pigeons to the Emperor.

Dr

* ns to ſay, *Tribunus Plebis.*

By me thou ſhalt have juſtice at his hands.
Hold, hold—mean while, here's money for thy charges.
Give me a pen and ink.
Sirrah, can you with grace a deliver a ſupplication?

Clown. Ay, Sir.

Tit. Then, here is a ſupplication for you: and when you come to him, at the firſt approach you muſt kneel, then kiſs his foot, then deliver up your pigeons, and then look for your reward. I'll be at hand, Sir; ſee you do it bravely.

Clown. I warrant you, Sir, let me alone.

Tit. Sirrah, haſt thou a knife? Come, let me ſee it.
Here, Marcus, fold it in the oration,
For thou haſt made it like an humble ſuppliant;
And when thou haſt given it the Emperor,
Knock at my door, and tell me what he ſays.

Clown. God be with you, Sir, I will.

Tit. Come, Marcus, let us go. Publius, follow me.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *The palace.*

Enter Emperor, and Empreſs, and her two ſons; the Emperor brings the arrows in his hand that Titus ſhot.

Sat. Why, Lords, what wrongs are theſe? was ever
An Emperor of Rome thus overborne, [ſeen
Troubled, confronted thus, and for th' extent
Of equal juſtice, us'd in ſuch contempt?
My Lords, you know, as do the mightful gods,
However the diſturbers of our peace
Buzz in the people's ears), there nought hath paſs'd,
But even with law againſt the wilful ſons
Of old Andronicus. And what an' if
His ſorrows have ſo overwhelm'd his wits,
Shall we be thus afflicted in his freaks,
His fits, his phrenzy, and his bitterneſs,
And now he writes to heav'n for his redreſs.
See, here's to Jove, and this to Mercury,
This to Apollo, this to the god of war.
Sweet ſcrowls, to fly about the ſtreets of Rome!
What's this but libelling againſt the ſenate,
And *blazoning our injuſtice* ev'ry where?

A goodly humour, is it not, my Lords?
As who would ſay, in Rome no juſtice were,
But if I live, his feigned ecſtaſies
Shall be no ſhelter to theſe outrages:
But he and his ſhall know, that Juſtice lives
In Saturninus' health; whom, if ſhe ſleep,
He'll ſo awake, as ſhe in fury ſhall
Cut off the proud'ſt conſpirator that lives.

Tam. My gracious Lord, moſt lovely Saturnine,
Lord of my life, commander of my thought,
Calm thee, and bear the faults of Titus' age,
Th' effects of ſorrow for his valiant ſons,
Whoſe loſs hath pierc'd him deep, and ſcarr'd his heart;
And rather comfort his diſtreſſed plight,
Than proſecute the meaneſt, or the beſt,
For theſe contempts——Why, thus it ſhall become
High-witted Tamora to gloſe with all:
But, Titus, I have touch'd thee to the quick,
Thy life-blood out: if Aaron now be wiſe,
Then is all ſafe, the anchor's in the port. [*Aſide.*

Enter Clown.

How now, good fellow, would'ſt thou ſpeak with us?

Clo. Yea, forſooth, an' your Miſterſhip be Emperial.

Tam. Empreſs I am, but yonder ſits the Emperor.

Clo. 'Tis he: God and St. Stephen give you good-e'en:
I have brought you a letter and a couple of pigeons here.
[*He reads the letter.*

Sat. Go, take him away, and hang him preſently.

Clo. How much money muſt I have?

Tam. Come, ſirrah, thou muſt be hang'd.

Clo. Hang'd! by'r lady, then I have brought up a neck to a fair end. [*Exit.*

Sat. Deſpightful and intolerable wrongs!
Shall I endure this monſtrous villany?
I know from whence this ſame device proceeds;
May this be borne? as if his traiterous ſons,
That dy'd by law for murther of our brother,
Have by my means been butcher'd wrongfully?
Go, drag the villain hither by the hair,

ge nor honour ſhall ſhape privilege †.
iis proud mock I'll be thy ſlaughter-man ;
antic wretch, that holp'ſt to make me great,
e thyſelf ſhould govern Rome and me.

Enter Æmilius.

. What news with thee, Æmilius?
il. Arm, arm, my Lords; Rome never had more
cauſe ;
Goths have gather'd head, and with a power
gh-reſolved men, bent to the ſpoil,
hither march amain, under the conduct
ucius, ſon to old Andronicus ;
threats, in courſe of his revenge, to do
uch as ever Coriolanus did.
. Is warlike Lucius General of the Goths?
tidings nip me, and I hang the head
wers with froſt, or graſs beat down with ſtorms
ow begin our ſorrows to approach ;
e the common people love ſo much :
f have often overheard them ſay,
n I have walked like a private man),
Lucius' baniſhment was wrongfully,
hey have wiſh'd that Lucius were their Emperor.
n. Why ſhould you fear? is not our city ſtrong?
. Ay, but the citizens favour Lucius,
will revolt from me to ſuccour him.
n. King, be thy thoughts imperious like thy name.
ſun dimm'd, that gnats do fly in it?
agle ſuffers little birds to ſing,
s not careful what they mean thereby,
ing that with the ſhadow of his wings
n at pleaſure ſtint their melody ;
ſo may'ſt thou the giddy men of Rome.
cheer thy ſpirit ; for know, thou Emperor,
inchant the old Andronicus
words more ſweet, and yet more dangerous,
baits to fiſh, or honey-ſtalks to ſheep,
as the one is wounded with the bait,
ther rotted with delicious food.
) But he *will not intreat* his ſon for us.

Tam.

† *make or eſtabliſh privilege.*

Tam. If Tamora intreat him, then he will:
For I can ſmooth, and fill his aged ear
With golden promiſes; that were his heart
Almoſt impregnable, his old ears deaf,
Yet ſhould both ear and heart obey my tongue.
Go thou before as our ambaſſador; [*To Æmil.*
Say, that the Emperor requeſts a parley
Of warlike Lucius, and appoint the meeting.

Sat. Æmilius, do this meſſage honourably;
And if he ſtand on hoſtage for his ſafety,
Bid him demand what pledge will pleaſe him beſt.

Æmil. Your biding ſhall I do effectually. [*Exit.*

Tam. Now will I to that old Andronicus,
And temper him, with all the art I have,
To pluck proud Lucius from the warlike Goths,
And now, ſweet Emperor, be blyth again,
And bury all thy fear in my devices.

Sat. Then go ſucceſsfully, and plead to him.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

A camp at a ſmall diſtance from Rome.

Enter Lucius with Goths, with drum and ſoldiers.

Luc. APPROVED warriors, and my faithful friends,
I have received letters from great Rome,
Which ſignify what hate they bear their Emperor,
And how deſirous of our ſight they are.
Therefore, great Lords, be, as your titles witneſs,
Imperious and impatient of your wrongs;
And wherein Rome hath done you any ſcathe,
Let him make treble ſatisfaction.

Goth. Brave ſlip, ſprung from the great Andronicus
(Whoſe name was once our terror, now our comfort),
Whoſe high exploits and honourable deeds
Ungrateful Rome requites with foul contempt,
Be bold in us; we'll follow where thou lead'ſt:
Like ſtinging bees in hotteſt ſummer's day,
Led by their maſter to the flower'd fields,
And be aveng'd on curſed Tamora.

Omnes. And as he ſaith, ſo ſay we all with him.

Luc. I humbly thank him, and I thank you all.
t who comes here, led by a luſty Goth?

SCENE II.

Enter a Goth leading Aaron, with his child in his arms.

Goth. Renowned Lucius, from our troops I ſtray'd
o gaze upon a ruinous monaſtery:
nd as I earneſtly did fix mine eye
pon the waſted building, ſuddenly
eard a child cry underneath a wall;
made unto the noiſe, when ſoon I heard
he crying babe controul'd with this diſcourſe:
ace, twany ſlave, half me and half thy dam,
id not thy hue bewray whoſe brat thou art,
ad Nature lent thee but thy mother's look,
illain, thou might'ſt have been an Emperor:
t where the bull and cow are both milk-white,
ey never do beget a coal-black calf.
ace, villain, peace! (ev'n thus he rates the babe,)
or I muſt bear thee to a truſty Goth;
ho, when he knows thou art the Empreſs' babe,
ill hold thee dearly for thy mother's ſake.
ith this, my weapon drawn, I ruſh'd upon him,
ſurpris'd him ſuddenly, and brought him hither,
o uſe as you think needful of the man.

Luc. O worthy Goth, this is th' incarnate devil
hat robb'd Andronicus of his good hand;
his is the pearl that pleas'd your Empreſs' eye,
nd here's the baſe fruit of his burning luſt.
ay, wall-ey'd ſlave, whither would'ſt thou convey
his growing image of thy fiend-like face?
hy doſt not ſpeak? what! deaf? no! not a word?
halter, ſoldiers; hang him on this tree,
nd by his ſide his fruit of baſtardy.

Aar. Touch not the boy, he is of royal blood.

Luc. Too like the ſire for ever being good.
irſt, hang the child, that he may ſee it ſprawl;
fight to vex the father's ſoul withal.
et me a ladder.

Aar. Lucius, ſave the child,
And bear it from me to the Empereſs.

If

If thou do this, I'll ſhew thee wondrous things,
That highly may advantage thee to hear;
If thou wilt not, befal what may befal,
I'll ſpeak no more, but vengeance rot you all!
Luc. Say on; and if it pleaſe me which thou ſpeak'ſt
Thy child ſhall live and I will ſee it nouriſh'd.
Aar. An' if it pleaſe thee? why, aſſure thee, Lucius,
'Twill vex thy ſoul to hear what I ſhall ſpeak:
For I muſt talk of murthers, rapes, and maſſacres,
Acts of black night, abominable deeds,
Complots of miſchief, treaſon, villanies,
Ruthful to hear, yet piteouſly perform'd:
And this ſhall all be buried by my death,
Unleſs thou ſwear to me my child ſhall live.
Luc. Tell on thy mind; I ſay thy child ſhall live.
Aar. Swear that he ſhall, and then I will begin.
Luc. Who ſhould I ſwear by? thou believ'ſt no God:
That granted, how canſt thou believe an oath?
Aar. What if I do not! as indeed I do not;
Yet, for I know thou art religious,
And haſt a thing within thee called *Conſcience*,
With twenty Popiſh tricks and ceremonies
Which I have ſeen thee careful to obſerve:
Therefore I urge thy oath, (for that I know
An ideot holds his bauble for a god, [*Aſide.*
And keeps the oath which by that god he ſwears,
To that I'll urge him);——therefore thou ſhalt vow
By that ſame god, what god ſoe'er it be,
That thou ador'ſt, and haſt in reverence,
To ſave my boy, nouriſh and bring him up;
Or elſe I will diſcover nought to thee.
Luc. Even by my God I ſwear to thee I will.
Aar. Firſt, know thou, I begot him on the Empreſs.
Luc. O moſt inſatiate, luxurious woman!
Aar. Tut, Lucius, this was but a deed of charity,
To that which thou ſhalt hear of me anon.
'Twas her two ſons that murder'd Baſſianus;
They cut thy ſiſter's tongue, and raviſh'd her,
And cut her hands, and trimm'd her as thou ſaw'ſt.
Luc. Oh, deteſtable villain! call'ſt thou that trimming?
Aar. Why, ſhe was waſh'd, and cut and trimm'd;
And 'twas trim ſport for them that had the doing of't.

Luc. Oh, barb'rous beaſtly villains like thyſelf!
Aar. Indeed I was their tutor to inſtruct them.
That codding ſpirit had they from their mother,
As ſure a card as ever won the ſet;
That bloody mind, I think, they learn'd of me,
As true a dog as ever fought at head.——
Well; let my deeds be witneſs of my worth.
I train'd thy brethren to that guileful hole,
Where the dead corpſe of Baſſianus lay:
I wrote the letter that thy father found,
And hid the gold within the letter mention'd;
Confed'rate with the Queen and her two ſons.
And what not done that thou haſt cauſe to rue,
Wherein I had no ſtroke of miſchief in't!
I play'd the cheater for thy father's hand;
And when I had it, drew myſelf apart,
And almoſt broke my heart with extreme laughter.
I pry'd me through the crevice of a wall,
When for his hand he had his two ſons' heads;
Beheld his tears, and laugh'd ſo heartily,
That both mine eyes were rainy like to his.
And when I told the Empreſs of this ſport,
She ſwooned almoſt at my pleaſing tale,
And for my tidings gave me twenty kiſſes.
Goth. What! canſt thou ſay all this, and never bluſh?
Aar. Ay, like a black dog, as the ſaying is.
Luc. Art thou not ſorry for theſe heinous deeds?
Aar. Ay, that I had not done a thouſand more.
Even now I curſe the day (and yet I think
Few come within the compaſs of my curſe)
Wherein I did not ſome notorious ill;
As kill a man, or elſe deviſe his death;
Raviſh a maid, or plot the way to do it;
Accuſe ſome innocent, and forſwear myſelf;
Set deedly enmity between two friends;
Make poor mens' cattle break their necks,
Set fire on barns and hay-ſtacks in the night,
And bid the owners quench them with their tears.
Oft have I digg'd up dead men from their graves,
And ſet them upright at their dear friends' doors,
Even when *their ſorrow* almoſt was forgot;
And on *their ſkins, as on the* bark of trees,

Have with my knife carved in Roman letters,
" Let not your ſorrow die, though I am dead."
Tut, I have done a thouſand dreadful things,
As willingly as one would kill a fly:
And nothing grieves me heartily indeed,
But that I cannot do ten thouſand more.

Luc. Bring down the devil; for he muſt not die
So ſweet a death, as hanging preſently.

Aar. If there be devils, 'would I were a devil,
To live and burn in everlaſting fire,
So I might have your company in hell,
But to torment you with my bitter tongue!

Luc. Sirs, ſtop his mouth, and let him ſpeak no more.

Enter Æmilius.

Goth. My Lord, there is a meſſenger from Rome
Deſires to be admitted to your preſence.

Luc. Let him come near.———
Welcome, Æmilius; what's the news from Rome?

Æmil. Lord Lucius, and you princes of the Goths,
The Roman Emperor greets you all by me;
And, for he underſtands you are in arms,
He craves a parley at your father's houſe,
Willing you to demand your hoſtages,
And they ſhall be immediately deliver'd.

Goth. What ſays our General?

Luc. Æmilius, let the Emperor give his pledges
Unto my father and my uncle Marcus,
And we will come. March away. [*Exeun*

SCENE III. *Changes to Titus's palace in Rome.*

Enter Tamora, Chiron, and Demetrius diſguis'd.

Tam. Thus, in theſe ſtrange and ſad habiliments,
I will encounter with Andronicus;
And ſay, I am Revenge ſent from below,
To join with him, and right his heinous wrongs:
Knock at the ſtudy, where they ſay he keeps,
To ruminate ſtrange plots of dire revenge;
Tell him, Revenge is come to join with him,
And work confuſion on his enemies.

[*They knock, and Titus appears abo*

Tit. Who doth moleſt my contemplation!
s it your trick to make me ope the door,
That ſo my ſad decrees may fly away,
And all my ſtudy be to no effect?
You are deceiv'd; for what I mean to do,
See here in bloody lines I have ſet down;
And what is written, ſhall be executed.
Tam. Titus, I am come to talk with thee.
Tit. No, not a word. How can I grace my talk,
Wanting a hand to give it that accord?
Thou haſt the odds of me, therefore no more.
Tam. If thou didſt know me, thou wouldſt talk with me.
Tit. I am not mad; I know thee well enough:
Witneſs this wretched ſtump, theſe crimſon lines;
Witneſs theſe trenches made by grief and care;
Witneſs the tiring day and heavy night;
Witneſs all ſorrow, that I know thee well
For our proud Empreſs, mighty Tamora.
s not thy coming for my other hand?
Tam. Know thou, ſad man, I am not Tamora;
She is thy enemy, and I thy friend:
I am Revenge, ſent from th' infernal kingdom,
To eaſe the gnawing vulture of thy mind,
By working wreakful vengeance on thy foes.
Come down, and welcome me to this world's light;
Confer with me of murder and of death:
There's not a hollow cave, nor lurking-place,
No vaſt obſcurity, or miſty vale,
Where bloody Murder or deteſted Rape
Can couch for fear, but I will find them out;
And in their ears tell them my dreadful name,
Revenge, which makes the foul offenders quake.
Tit. Art thou Revenge? and art thou ſent to me,
To be a torment to mine enemies?
Tam. I am; therefore come down, and welcome me.
Tit. Do me ſome ſervice ere I come to thee.
Lo, by thy ſide where Rape and Murder ſtands;
Now give ſome 'ſurance that thou art Revenge,
Stab them, or tear them on thy chariot-wheels;
And then I'll come and be thy waggoner,
And whirl along with thee about the globes:

Provide two proper palfries black as jet,
To hale thy vengeful waggon ſwift away,
And find out murders in their guilty caves.
And when thy car is loaden with their heads,
I will diſmount, and by thy waggon-wheel
Trot like a ſervile footman all day long;
Even from Hyperion's riſing in the eaſt,
Until his very downfal in the ſea.
And day by day I'll do this heavy taſk,
So thou deſtroy Rapine and Murder there.

Tam. Theſe are my miniſters, and come with me.

Tit. Are they thy miniſters? what are they call'd?

Tam. Rapine and Murder; therefore called ſo,
'Cauſe they take vengeance on ſuch kind of men.

Tit. Good Lord, how like the Empreſs' ſons they a
And you the Empreſs! but we worldly men
Have miſerable and miſtaking eyes.
O ſweet Revenge, now do I come to thee,
And if one arm's embracement will content thee,
I will embrace thee in it by and by.

[*Exit Titus from abo*

Tam. This cloſing with him fits his lunacy;
Whate'er I forge to feed his brain-ſick fits,
Do you uphold and maintain in your ſpeech:
For now he firmly takes me for Revenge;
And, being credulous in this mad thought,
I'll make him ſend for Lucius his ſon:
And whilſt I at a banquet hold him ſure,
I'll find ſome cunning practice out of hand,
To ſcatter and diſperſe the giddy Goths,
Or at the leaſt make them his enemies.
See here he comes, and I muſt ply my theme.

SCENE IV. *Enter Titus.*

Tit. Long have I been forlorn, and all for thee:
Welcome, dread Fury, to my woful houſe;
Rapine and Murder, you are welcome too.
How like the Empreſs and her ſons you are!
Well are you fitted, had you but a Moor;
Could not all hell afford you ſuch a devil?
For, well I wot, the Empreſs never wags,
But in her company there is a Moor;

ould you repreſent our Queen aright,
: convenient you had ſuch a devil.
:lcome as you are. What ſhall we do?
. What wouldſt thou have us do, Andronicus?
. Shew me a murderer, I'll deal with him.
Shew me a villain that has done a rape,
am ſent to be reveng'd on him.
. Shew me a thouſand that have done thee wrong,
will be revenged on them all.
Look round about the wicked ſtreets of Rome,
'hen thou find'ſt a man that's like thyſelf,
Murder, ſtab him; he's a murderer.
ıu with him; and when it is thy hap
d another that is like to thee,
Rapine, ſtab him; he's a raviſher.
ɔu with them, and in the Emperor's court
is a Queen attended by a Moor;
ıay'ſt thou know her by thy own proportion,
and down ſhe doth reſemble thee;
thee do on them ſome violent death;
ıave been violent to me and mine.
. Well haſt thou leſſon'd us, this ſhall we do.
ould it pleaſe thee, good Andronicus,
d for Lucius thy thrice-valiant ſon,
:ads tow'rds Rome a band of warlike Goths,
d him come and banquet at thy houſe;
he is here, even at thy ſolemn feaſt,
bring in the Empreſs and her ſons,
mperor himſelf, and all thy foes;
thy mercy ſhall they ſtoop and kneel,
ı them ſhalt thou eaſe thy angry heart.
ſays Andronicus to this device?
Marcus, my brother!—'tis ſad Titus calls.

Enter Marcus.

gentle Marcus, to thy nephew Lucius;
halt inquire him out among the Goths;
m repair to me; and bring with him
of the chiefeſt princes of the Goths;
n incamp his ſoldiers where they are;
m the Emperor and the Empreſs too
my houſe, and he ſhall feaſt with them.

This do thou for my love, and ſo let him,
As he regards his aged father's life.

Mar. This will I do, and ſoon return again. [*Exit.*

Tam. Now will I hence about my buſineſs,
And take my miniſters along with me.

Tit. Nay, nay, let Rape and Murder ſtay with me,
Or elſe I'll call my brother back again,
And cleave to no Revenge but Lucius.

Tam. What ſay you, boys? will you abide with him,
Whiles I go tell my Lord, the Emperor,
How I have govern'd our determin'd jeſt?
Yield to his humour, ſmooth and ſpeak him fair,
And tarry with him till I come again. [*Aſide.*

Tit. I know them all, tho' they ſuppoſe me mad;
And will o'er-reach them in their own devices:
A pair of curſed hell-hounds and their dam. [*Aſide.*

Dem. Madam, depart at pleaſure, leave us here.

Tam. Farewel, Andronicus! Revenge now goes
To lay a complot to betray thy foes. [*Exit Tamora.*

Tit. I know thou doſt; and, ſweet Revenge, farewel.

Chi. Tell us, old man, how ſhall we be employ'd?

Tit. Tut, I have work enough for you to do.
Publius, come hither, Caius, and Valentine!

Enter Publius and Servants.

Pub. What is your will?

Tit. Know ye theſe two?

Pub. The Empreſs' ſons,
I take them, Chiron, and Demetrius!

Tit. Fie, Publius, fie! thou art too much deceiv'd;
The one is Murder, Rape is th' other's name;
And therefore bind them, gentle Publius;
Caius and Valentine, lay hands on them.
Oft have you heard me wiſh for ſuch an hour,
And now I find it, therefore bind them ſure.
[*Exit Titus.*

Chi. Villains, forbear; we are the Empreſs' ſons.

Pub. And therefore do we what we are commanded.
Stop cloſe their mouths; let them not ſpeak a word.
Is he ſure bound? look that ye bind them faſt.

SCENE

SCENE V.

Enter Titus Andronicus with a knife, and Lavinia with a baſon.

Tit. Come, come, Lavinia; look thy foes are bound;
Sirs, ſtop their mouths, let them not ſpeak to me,
But let them hear what fearful words I utter.
Oh, villains, Chiron, and Demetrius!
Here ſtands the ſpring whom you have ſtain'd with mud,
This goodly ſummer with your winter mix'd:
You kill'd her huſband, and for that vile fault
Two of her brothers were condemn'd to death;
My hand cut off, and made a merry jeſt:
Both her ſweet hands, her tongue, and that more dear
Than hands or tongue, her ſpotleſs chaſtity,
Inhuman traitors, you conſtrain'd and forc'd.
What would you ſay, if I ſhould let you ſpeak?
Villains!——for ſhame you could not beg for grace.
Hark, wretches, how I mean to martyr you.
This one hand yet is left to cut your throats,
Whilſt that Lavinia 'twixt her ſtumps doth hold
The baſon that receives your guilty blood.
You know your mother means to feaſt with me,
And calls herſelf Revenge, and thinks me mad——
Hark, villains, I will grind your bones to duſt,
And with your blood and it I'll make a paſte;
And of the paſte a coffin will I rear,
And make two paſties of your ſhameful heads;
And bid that ſtrumpet, your unhallow'd dam,
Like to the earth, ſwallow her own increaſe.
This is the feaſt that I have bid her to,
And this is the banquet ſhe ſhall ſurfeit on;
For worſe than Philomel you us'd my daughter,
And worſe than Procne I will be reveng'd:
And now prepare your throats: Lavinia, come,
Receive the blood; and when that they are dead,
Let me go grind their bones to powder ſmall,
And with this hateful liquor temper it;
And in that paſte let their vile heads be bak'd.
Come, come, be every one officious
To make this banquet, which I wiſh might prove

More

More ſtern and bloody than the Centaurs' feaſt.
[*He cuts their throats.*
So, now bring them in, for I'll play the cook,
And ſee them ready 'gainſt their mother comes. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Lucius, Marcus, and Goths, with Aaron priſoner.

Luc. Uncle Marcus, ſince it is my father's mind
That I repair to Rome, I am content.
Goth. And ours with thine, befal what fortune will.
Luc. Good uncle, take you in this barbarous Moor,
This ravenous tyger, this accurſed devil;
Let him receive no ſuſtenance, fetter him,
Till he be brought unto the Emp'ror's face,
For teſtimony of theſe foul proceedings:
And ſee the ambuſh of our friends be ſtrong;
I fear the Emperor means no good to us.
Aar. Some devil whiſper curſes in my ear,
And prompt me that my tongue may utter forth
The venomous malice of my ſwelling heart!
Luc. Away, inhuman dog, unhallow'd ſlave.
[*Exeunt Goths with Aaron.*
Sirs, help our uncle to convey him in. [*Flouriſh.*
The trumpets ſhew the Emperor is at hand.

SCENE VI.

Sound trumpets. Enter Emperor and Empreſs, with Tribunes, and others.

Sat. What, hath the firmament more ſuns than one?
Luc. What boots it thee to call thyſelf a ſun?
Mar. Rome's Emperor, and nephew, break the parley;
Theſe quarrels muſt be quietly debated:
The feaſt is ready, which the careful Titus
Hath ordain'd to an honourable end,
For peace, for love, for league, and good to Rome:
Pleaſe you therefore draw nigh, and take your places.
Sat. Marcus, we will. [*Hautboys.*

A table brought in. Enter Titus like a cook, placing the meat on the table, and Lavinia with a veil over her face.

Tit. Welcome, my gracious Lord; welcome, dread
Queen;

Welcome

ome, ye warlike Goths; welcome, Lucius;
welcome all: although the cheer be poor,
ill you ſtomachs, pleaſe you eat of it.
. Why art thou thus attir'd, Andronicus?
. Becauſe I would be ſure to have all well,
tertain your Highneſs, and your Empreſs.
n. We are beholden to you, good Andronicus.
. And if your Highneſs knew my heart, you were.
ord the Emperor, reſolve me this:
t well done of raſh Virginius,
y his daughter with his own right hand,
ſe ſhe was inforc'd, ſtain'd, and deflower'd?
. It was, Andronicus.
. Your reaſon, mighty Lord?
. Becauſe the girl ſhould not ſurvive her ſhame,
by her preſence ſtill renew his ſorrows.
. A reaſon mighty, ſtrong, and effectual,
ttern, precedent, and lively warrant,
ie, moſt wretched, to perform the like.
die, Lavinia, and thy ſhame with thee,
with thy ſhame thy father's ſorrow die!

[*He kills her.*

t. What haſt thou done, unnatural and unkind?
t. Kill'd her, for whom my tears have made me
as woful as Virginius was, [blind.
have a thouſand times more cauſe than he
o this outrage. And it is now done.
t. What, was ſhe raviſh'd; tell, who did the deed?
t. Will't pleaſe you eat, will't pleaſe your Highneſs
feed?
m. Why haſt thou ſlain thine only daughter thus?
t. Not I, 'twas Chiron and Demetrius.
r raviſh'd her, and cut away her tongue;
they, 'twas they, that did her all this wrong.
t. Go, fetch them hither to us preſently.
t. Why, there they are both, baked in that pye,
reof their mother daintily hath fed;
ng the fleſh that ſhe herſelf hath bred.
true, 'tis true; witneſs my knife's ſharp point.

[*He ſtabs the Empreſs.*

t. *Die, frantic wretch,* for this accurſed deed.

[*He ſtabs Titus.*

Luc.

Luc. Can the ſon's eye behold his father bleed?
There's meed for meed, death for a deadly deed.
[*Lucius ſtabs the Emperor.*
Mar. You ſad-fac'd men, people and ſons of Rome,
By uproar ſever'd, like a flight of fowl
Scatter'd by winds and high tempeſtuous guſts,
Oh, let me teach you how to knit again
This ſcatter'd corn into one mutual ſheaf,
Theſe broken limbs again into one body.
Goth. Let Rome herſelf be bane unto herſelf;
And ſhe whom mighty kingdoms curtſey to,
Like a forlorn and deſperate caſt-away,
Do ſhameful execution on herſelf.
Mar. But if my froſty ſigns and chaps of age,
Grave witneſſes of true experience,
Cannot induce you to attend my words,
Speak, Rome's dear friend; as erſt our anceſtor,
[*To Lucius.*
When with his ſolemn tongue he did diſcourſe
To love-ſick Dido's ſad attending ear,
The ſtory of that baleful burning night,
When ſubtle Greeks ſurpris'd King Priam's Troy:
Tell us, what Sinon hath bewitch'd our ears,
Or who hath brought the fatal engine in,
That gives our Troy, our Rome, the civil wound.
My heart is not compact of flint, nor ſteel;
Nor can I utter all our bitter grief,
But floods of tears will drown my oratory,
And break my very utt'rance; even in the time
When it ſhould move you to attend me moſt,
Lending your kind commiſeration.
Here is a captain, let him tell the tale.
Your hearts will throb and weep to hear him ſpeak.
Luc. Then, noble auditory, be it known to you,
That curſed Chiron and Demetrius
Were they that murdered our Emperor's brother,
And they it were that raviſhed our ſiſter:
For their fell faults our brothers were beheaded,
Our father's tears deſpis'd, and baſely cozen'd
Of that true hand, that fought Rome's quarrel out,
And ſent her enemies into the grave.
Laſtly, myſelf unkindly baniſhed,

ıe gates ſhut on me, and turn'd weeping out,
› beg relief among Rome's enemies;
ho drown'd their enmity in my true tears,
ıd op'd their arms t' embrace me as a friend:
ıd I am turn'd forth, be it known unto you,
ıat have preſerv'd her welfare in my blood,
ıd from her boſom took the enemies point,
ıeathing the ſteel in my advent'rous body.
las——you know, I am no vaunter, I;
y ſcars can witneſs, dumb although they are,
ıat my report is juſt, and full of truth.
ıt ſoft, methinks I do digreſs too much,
ting my worthleſs praiſe: oh, pardon me;
ır when no friends are by, men praiſe themſelves.
Mar. Now is my tongue to ſpeak. Behold this child,
f this was Tamora delivered,
he iſſue of an irreligious Moor,
ıief architect and plotter of theſe woes.
he villain is alive in Titus' houſe,
amn'd as he is, to witneſs this is true.
ow judge, what cauſe had Titus to revenge
heſe wrongs unſpeakable, paſt patience,
r more than any living man could bear.
ow you have heard the truth, what ſay you, Romans?
ave we done aught amiſs? ſhew us wherein;
ıd from the place where you behold us now,
he poor remainder of Andronicus,
'e'll hand in hand all headlong caſt us down,
ıd on the ragged ſtones beat out our brains,
ıd make a mutual cloſure of our houſe.
peak, Romans, ſpeak; and if you ſay we ſhall,
o, hand in hand, Lucius and I will fall.
Æmil. Come, come, thou reverend man of Rome,
ıd bring our Emperor gently in thy hand,
ucius our Emperor: for well I know
he common voice doth cry, it ſhall be ſo.
Mar. Lucius, all hail, Rome's Royal Emperor!
o, go into old Titus' ſorrowful houſe,
ınd hither hale that miſbelieving Moor,
o be adjudg'd ſome direful ſlaughtering death,
s puniſhment for his moſt wicked life.
ucius, all hail, Rome's gracious Governor!

Luc

Luc. Thanks, gentle Romans: may I govern ſo,
To heal Rome's harm, and drive away her woe!
But, gentle people, give me aim a while,
For nature puts me to a heavy taſk.
Stand all aloof; but, uncle, draw you near,
To ſhed obſequious tears upon this trunk.
Oh, take this warm kiſs on thy pale cold lips,
Theſe ſorrowful drops upon thy blood-ſtain'd face;
The laſt true duties of thy noble ſon.

Mar. Ay, tear for tear, and loving kiſs for kiſs,
Thy brother Marcus tenders on thy lips.
O were the ſum of theſe that I ſhould pay
Countleſs and infinite, yet would I pay them!

Luc. Come hither, boy; come, come, and learn of us
To melt in ſhowers; thy grandſire lov'd thee well:
Many a time he danc'd thee on his knee;
Sung thee aſleep, his loving breaſt thy pillow.
Many a matter hath he told to thee,
Meet and agreeing with thy infancy;
In that reſpect then, like a loving child
Shed yet ſome ſmall drops from thy tender ſpring,
Becauſe kind nature doth require it ſo.
Friends ſhould aſſociate friends, in grief and woe.
Bid him farewel, commit him to the grave;
Do him that kindneſs, and take leave of him.

Boy. O grandſire, grandſire! even with all my heart,
'Would I were dead, ſo you did live again——
O Lord, I cannot ſpeak to him for weeping——
My tears will choke me if I ope my mouth.

SCENE VII *Enter Romans with Aaron.*

Rom. You ſad Andronici, have done with woes.
Give ſentence on this execrable wretch,
That hath been breeder of theſe dire events.

Luc. Set him breaſt-deep in earth, and famiſh him.
There let him ſtand, and rave and cry for food.
If any one relieves or pities him,
For the offence he dies. This is our doom.
Some ſtay to ſee him faſten'd in the earth.

Aar. O, why ſhould wrath be mute and fury dumb!
I am no baby, I, that with baſe prayers
I ſhould repent the evil I have done.

ouſand worſe, than ever yet I did,
I perform, if I might have my will.
good deed in all my life I did,
pent it from my very ſoul.
Some loving friends convey the Emp'ror hence,
ve him burial in his father's grave.
her and Lavinia ſhall forthwith
ed in our houſhold's monument.
that heinous tygreſs Tamora,
ral rites, nor man in mournful weeds,
rnful bell ſhall ring her burial;
ow her forth to beaſts and birds of prey.
was beaſt-like, and devoid of pity;
ing ſo, ſhall have like want of pity.
ice done on Aaron that damn'd Moor,
hom our heavy haps had their beginning;
fterwards, we'll order well the ſtate;
te events may ne'er it ruinate. [*Exeunt omnes.*

THE

TRAGEDY OF MACBETH †.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

DUNCAN, *King of Scotland.*
Malcolm, Donald Bane, *sons to the King.*
Macbeth, Banquo, *Generals of the King's army.*
Lenox, Macduff, Roſſe, Menteth, Angus, Cathneſs, *Noblemen of Scotland.*
Fleance, *ſon to Banquo.*
Siward, *General of the Engliſh forces.*
Young Siward, *his ſon.*
Seyton, *an officer attending Macbeth.*
Son to Macduff.
Doctor.
Lady Macbeth.
Lady Macduff.
Gentlewomen attending on Lady Macbeth.
Hecate, *and three other Witches.*
Lords, Gentlemen, Officers, Soldiers, and Attendants.
The Ghoſt of Banquo, and ſeveral other Apparitions.

SCENE, in the end of the fourth act, lies in England; through the reſt of the play, in Scotland, and chiefly at Macbeth's caſtle.

ACT I. SCENE I.

An open place.

Thunder and lightning. Enter three Witches.

1 *Witch.* WHEN ſhall we three meet again?
In thunder, lightning, or in rain?
2 *Witch.* When the hurly-burly's done,
When the battle's loſt and won.
3 *Witch.* That will be ere ſet of ſun.
1 *Witch.* Where the place?
2 *Witch.* Upon the heath.
3 *Witch.* There I go to meet Macbeth.
1 *Witch.* I come, I come, Grimalkin.——

† This is ſuppoſed to be a true hiſtory, taken from *Boetius*, and other Scottiſh chroniclers.

2 *Witch.* Padocke calls———anon!
All. Fair is foul, and foul is fair;
over through the fog and filthy air.
[*They riſe from the ſtage, and fly away.*

SCENE II. *Changes to the palace at Forres.*

nter King, Malcolm, Donald Bane, Lenox, with Attendants, meeting a bleeding Captain.

King. What bloody man is that? he can report,
s ſeemeth by his plight, of the revolt
he neweſt ſtate.
Mal. This is the Serjeant,
Who, like a good and hardy ſoldier, fought
Gainſt my captivity. Hail, hail, brave friend!
ay to the King the knowledge of the broil
s thou didſt leave it.
Capt. Doubtful long it ſtood;
As two ſpent ſwimmers that do cling together,
And choke their art: the mercileſs Macdonel
(Worthy to be a rebel; for to that
The multiplying villanies of nature
Do ſwarm upon him) from the weſtern iſles
Of kernes and gallow-glaſſes was ſupply'd;
And Fortune on his damned quarrel ſmiling,
Shew'd like a rebel's whore. But all too weak:
For brave Macbeth, (well he deſerves that name),
Diſdaining Fortune, with his brandiſh'd ſteel,
Which ſmok'd with bloody execution,
Like Valour's minion carved out his paſſage,
Till he had fac'd the ſlave;
Who ne'er ſhook hands, nor bid farewel to him,
Till he unſeam'd him from the nape to th' chops,
And fix'd his head upon our battlements.
King. Oh, valiant couſin! worthy Gentleman!
Capt. As whence the ſun 'gins his reflection,
Shipwrecking ſtorms and direful thunders break;
So from that ſpring whence comfort ſeem'd to come,
Diſcomfit well'd. Mark, King of Scotland, mark;
No ſooner juſtice had with valour arm'd,
Compell'd theſe ſkipping kernes to truſt their heels;
But the Norweyan Lord, ſurveying 'vantage,

With ſurbiſh'd arms, and new ſupplies of men,
Began a freſh aſſault.
King. Diſmay'd not this
Our Captains, Macbeth and Banquo?
Capt. Yes,
As ſparrows, eagles; or the hare, the lion.
If I ſay ſooth, I muſt report, they were
As cannons overcharg'd with double * cracks,
So they redoubled ſtrokes upon the foe:
Except they meant to bathe in reeking wounds,
Or memorize † another Golgotha,
I cannot tell———
But I am faint, my gaſhes cry for help.——
King. So well thy words become thee, as thy wounds:
They ſmack of honour both. Go, get him ſurgeons.

Enter Roſſe and Angus.

But who comes here?
Mal. The worthy Thane of Roſſe.
Len. What haſte looks through his eyes?
So ſhould he look that ſeems to ſpeak ‡ things ſtrange.
Roſſe. God ſave the King!
King. Whence cam'ſt thou, worthy Thane?
Roſſe. From Fife, great King,
Where the Norweyan banners flout the ſky,
And fan our people cold.
Norway, himſelf with numbers terrible,
Aſſiſted by that moſt diſloyal traitor
The Thane of Cawdor, 'gan a diſmal conflict;
'Till that Bellona's bridegroom, lapt in proof,
Confronted him with ſelf-compariſons ‖,
Point againſt point rebellious, arm 'gainſt arm,
Curbing his laviſh ſpirit. To conclude,
The victory fell on us.
King. Great happineſs!
Roſſe. Now Sweno, Norway's King, craves compoſi-
Nor would we deign him burial of his men, [tion:
Till

* *double* is here uſed for *great*, and not for *two*.
† *memorize*, for *make*.
‡ *i. e.* that ſeems as if he would ſpeak.
‖ *i. e.* gave him as good as he brought, ſhew'd he was his equal.

Till he disbursed, at Saint Colmeskil isle *
Ten thousand dollars, to our gen'ral † use.

King. No more that Thane of Cawdor shall deceive
Our bosom-int'rest ‡. Go, pronounce his death;
And with his former title greet Macbeth.

Rosse. I'll see it done.

King. What he hath lost, noble Macbeth hath won.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *Changes to the heath.*

Thunder. Enter the three Witches.

1 *Witch.* Where hast thou been, sister?

2 *Witch.* Killing swine.

3 *Witch.* Sister, where thou?

1 *Witch.* A sailor's wife had chesnuts in her lap,
And mouncht, and mouncht, and mouncht. Give me, quoth I.
Aroint thee, witch!—the rump-fed ronyon cries.
Her husband's to Aleppo gone, master o' th' Tyger.
But in a sieve I'll thither sail,
And like a rat without a tail,
I'll do——I'll do——and I'll do.

2 *Witch.* I'll give thee a wind.

1 *Witch.* Thou art kind.

3 *Witch.* And I another.

1 *Witch.* I myself have all the other,
And the very points they blow;
All the quarters that they know,
I' th' ship-man's card.———
I will drain him dry as hay,
Sleep shall neither night nor day
Hang upon his pent-house lid;
He shall live a man forbid;
Weary sev'n-nights, nine times nine,
Shall he dwindle, peak and pine.
Though his bark cannot be lost,
Yet it shall be tempest-tost.
Look what I have.

* *One of the western isles of Scotland, otherwise called Jona.*
† *general, for public.*
‡ *bosom-interest, for trust.*

2 *Witch.* Shew me, ſhew me.
1 *Witch.* Here I have a pilot's thumb,
Wreck'd as homeward he did come. [*Drum wi*
3 *Witch.* A drum, a drum!
Macbeth doth come!
All. The weyward ſiſters, hand in hand,
Poſters of the ſea and land,
Thus do go about, about,
Thrice to thine, and thrice to mine,
And thrice again to make up nine!
Peace!——the charm's wound up.

SCENE IV.

Enter Macbeth and Banquo, with Soldiers and other. tendants.

Mach. So foul and fair a day I have not ſeen.
Ban. How far is't call'd to Forres?—What are the
So wither'd, and ſo wild in their attire,
That look not like th' inhabitants o' th' earth,
And yet are on't? Live you, or are you aught
That man may queſtion? You ſeem to underſtand me
By each at once her choppy finger laying
Upon her ſkinny lips.——You ſhould be women;
And yet your beards forbid me to interpret
That you are ſo.
Mach. Speak, if you can; what are you?
1 *Witch.* All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee, Thane
Glamis!
2 *Witch.* All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee, Thane
Cawdor!
3 *Witch.* All hail, Macbeth! that ſhalt be King he
after.
Ban. Good Sir, why do you ſtart, and ſeem to fear
Things that do ſound ſo fair? I' th' name of truth,
Are ye fantaſtical †, or that indeed [*To the witch*
Which outwardly ye ſhew? My noble partner
You greet with preſent grace, and great prediction
Of noble having, and of royal hope,
That he ſeems rapt withal; to me you ſpeak not.
If you can look into the ſeeds of time,

† *fantaſtical*, for *ſupernatural*, *ſpiritual*.

And ſay, which grain will grow and which will not,
Speak then to me, who neither beg nor fear
Your favours nor your hate.

1 *Witch.* Hail!

2 *Witch.* Hail!

3 *Witch.* Hail!

1 *Witch.* Leſſer than Macbeth, and greater.

2 *Witch.* Not ſo happy, yet much happier.

3 *Witch.* Thou ſhalt get Kings, though thou be none;
So, all hail, Macbeth and Banquo!

1 *Witch.* Banquo and Macbeth, all hail!

Macb. Stay, you imperfect ſpeakers, tell me more.
By Sinel's * death, I know I'm Thane of Glamis;
But how of Cawdor? the Thane of Cawdor lives,
A proſp'rous gentleman. And, to be King,
Stands not within the proſpect of belief,
No more than to be Cawdor. Say, from whence
You owe this ſtrange intelligence? or why
Upon this blaſted heath you ſtop our way,
With ſuch prophetic greeting?—Speak, I charge you.
[*Witches vaniſh.*

Ban. The earth hath bubbles, as the water has;
And theſe are of them: whither are they vaniſh'd?

Macb. Into the air: and what ſeem'd corporal
Melted, as breath, into the wind.——
Would they had ſtaid!

Ban. Were ſuch things here as we do ſpeak about?
Or have we eaten of the inſane root,
That takes the reaſon priſoner?

Macb. Your children ſhall be Kings.

Ban. You ſhall be King.

Macb. And Thane of Cawdor too; went it not ſo?

Ban. To th' ſelf-ſame tune, and words. Who's here?

SCENE V. *Enter Roſſe and Angus.*

Roſſe. The King hath happily receiv'd, Macbeth,
The news of thy ſucceſs; and when he reads
Thy perſonal 'venture † in the rebels' fi[illegible]
His wonders and his praiſes do contend,
Which ſhould be thine or his. Silenc'd with that,
In

* The father of Macbeth.
† i. e. adventure.

In viewing o'er the reſt o' th' ſelf-ſame day,
He finds thee in the ſtout Norweyan ranks,
Nothing afraid of what thyſelf didſt make,
Strange images of death. As thick as hail,
Came poſt on poſt; and every one did bear
Thy praiſes in his kingdom's great defence;
And pour'd them down before him.

Aug. We are ſent,
To give thee, from our royal maſter, thanks;
Only to herald thee into his ſight,
Not pay thee.

Roſſe. And for an earneſt of a greater honour,
He bade me, from him, call thee *Thane of Cawdor!*
In which addition, hail, moſt worthy Thane!
For it is thine.

Ban. What, can the devil ſpeak true?

Macb. The Thane of Cawdor lives?
Why do you dreſs me in his borrow'd robes?

Aug. Who was the Thane, lives yet;
But under heavy judgment bears that life
Which he deſerves to loſe. Whether he was
Combin'd with Norway, or did line the rebel
With hidden help and 'vantage; or that with both
He labour'd in his country's wreck, I know not;
But treaſons capital, confeſs'd, and prov'd,
Have overthrown him.

Macb. Glamis and Thane of Cawdor! [*Aſide.*
The greateſt is behind. Thanks for you pains.
[*To Angus.*
Do you not hope your children ſhall be Kings?
[*To Banquo.*
When thoſe that gave the Thane of Cawdor to me,
Promis'd no leſs to them?

Ban. That, truſted home,
Might yet inkindle † you unto the crown,
Beſides the Thane of Cawdor. But 'tis ſtrange:
And oftentimes, to win us to our harm,
The inſtruments of darkneſs tell us truths;
Win us with honeſt trifles, to betray us
In deepeſt conſequence.
Couſins, a word, I pray you. [To Roſſe and Ang.
M

† *inkindle*, for *to ſtimulate* you to ſeek.

acb. Two truths are told, [*Aſide.*
appy prologues to the ſwelling act
ıe imperial theme. I thank you, Gentlemen——
ſupernatural ſoliciting *
ot be ill; cannot be good.——If ill,
hath it giv'n me earneſt of ſucceſs,
nencing in a truth? I'm Thane of Cawdor.
od, why do I yield † to that ſuggeſtion,
ſe horrid image doth upfix my hair,
make my ſeated heart knock at my ribs
nſt the uſe of nature? preſent feats
eſs than horrible imaginings.
hought, whoſe murther yet is but fantaſtical,
es ſo my ſingle ſtate of man, that function
other'd in ſurmiſe ‡; and nothing is
vhat is not ‖.
n. Look, how our partner's rapt!
acb. If chance will have me King, why, chance may
crown me, [*Aſide.*
out my ſtir.
n. New honours come upon him,
our ſtrange garments cleave not to their mould,
vith the aid of uſe.
acb. Come what come may, [*Aſide.*
and the hour runs thro' the roughest day.
n. Worthy Macbeth, we ſtay upon your leiſure.
acb. Give me your favour: my dull brain was
wrought
things forgot. Kind Gentlemen, your pains
egiſt'red where every day I turn
eaf to read them——Let us tow'rd the King;
k upon what hath chanc'd; and at more time,
[*To Banquo.*
interim having weigh'd it), let us ſpeak
ree hearts each to other.
n. Very gladly.
acb. Till then, enough: come, friends. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

'iciting, for *information.*
ld, not for *conſent*, but for to *be ſubdued by.*
miſe, for *contemplation.*
r. I can give no attention to any thing but to the future *of the crown.*

SCENE VI. *Changes to the palace.*

Flouriſh. Enter King Malcom, Donald Bane, Lenox, and Attendants.

King. Is execution done on Cawdor yet?
Or not thoſe in commiſſion yet return'd?
Mal. My Liege,
They are not yet come back. But I have ſpoke
With one that ſaw him die; who did report,
That very frankly he confeſs'd his treaſons;
Implor'd your Highneſs' pardon, and ſet forth
A deep repentance; nothing in his life
Became him like the leaving it. He dy'd,
As one that had been ſtudied in his death,
To throw away the deareſt thing he own'd,
As 'twere a careleſs trifle.
King. There's no art,
To find the mind's conſtruction in the face.
He was a Gentleman, on whom I built
An abſolute truſt.

Enter Macbeth, Banquo, Roſſe, and Angus.

O worthieſt couſin!
The ſin of my ingratitude e'en now
Was heavy on me. Thou'rt ſo far before,
That ſwifteſt wing of recompence is ſlow,
To overtake thee. 'Would thou'dſt leſs deſerv'd,
That the proportion both of thanks and payment
Might have been mine! only I've left to ſay,
More is thy due, ev'n more than all can pay.
Mach. The ſervice and the loyalty I owe,
In doing it, pays itſelf. Your Highneſs' part
Is to receive our duties; and our duties
Are to your throne, and ſtate, children and ſervants
Which do but what they ſhould, by doing every thi
Fief'd † tow'rd your life and honour.
King. Welcome hither.
I have begun to plant thee, and will labour
To make thee full of growing. Noble Banquo,
Thou haſt no leſs deſerv'd, and muſt be known
No leſs to have done ſo: let me infold thee,

† *i. e.* engaged to the ſupport of.

And hold thee to my heart.

Ban. There if I grow,
The harveſt is your own.

King. My plenteous joys,
Wanton in fulneſs, ſeek to hide themſelves
In drops of ſorrow. Sons, kinſmen, Thanes,
And you whoſe places are the neareſt, know,
We will eſtabliſh our eſtate upon
Our eldeſt Malcolm, whom we name hereafter
The Prince of Cumberland: which honour muſt
Not unaccompanied inveſt him only;
But ſigns of nobleneſs, like ſtars, ſhall ſhine
On all deſervers.—Hence to Inverneſs, [*To Macbeth.*
And bind us further to you.

Macb. The reſt is labour, which is not us'd for you;
I'll be myſelf the harbinger, and make joyful
The hearing of my wife with your approach;
So humbly take my leave.

King. My worthy Cawdor!

Macb. The Prince of Cumberland!—that is a ſtep,
On which I muſt fall down, or elſe o'erleap, [*Aſide.*
For in my way it lies. Stars, hide your fires!
Let not Night ſee my black and deep deſires:
The eye wink at the hand! yet let that be,
Which the eye fears, when it is done, to ſee. [*Exit.*

King. True, worthy Banquo; he is full ſo valiant;
And in his commendations I am fed;
It is a banquet to me. Let us after him,
Whoſe care is gone before to bid us welcome.
It is a peerleſs kinſman. [*Flouriſh. Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

Changes to an apartment in Macbeth's caſtle at Inverneſs.

Enter Lady Macbeth alone, with a letter.

Lady. *They met me in the day of ſucceſs: and I have learn'd by the perfected report †, they have more in them than mortal knowledge. When I burnt in deſire to queſtion them further, they made themſelves air, into which they vaniſh'd. While I ſtood rapt in the wonder of it, came miſſives from the King, who all-hail'd me Thane of Cawdor;*

† *report*, for *prediction.*

dor; by which title, before, theſe weyward ſiſters ſaluted me, and referr'd me to the coming on of time, with Hail! King that ſhalt be! *This have I thought good to deliver thee, (my deareſt partner of greatneſs), that thou might'ſt not loſe the dues of rejoicing, by being ignorant of what greatneſs is promis'd thee. Lay it to thy heart, and farewel.*

Glamis thou art, and Cawdor——and ſhalt be
What thou art promis'd. " Yet do I fear thy nature;
" It is too full o' th' milk of human kindneſs,
" To catch the neareſt way. Thou wouldſt be great,
" Art not without ambition; but without
" The illneſs ſhould attend it. What thou wouldſt highly,
That wouldſt thou holily; wouldſt not play falſe,
And yet wouldſt wrongly win. Thou'dſt have, great Glamis,
That which cries, *This thou muſt do, if thou have it;*
And that's what rather thou doſt fear to do,
Than wiſheſt ſhould be undone. Hie thee hither,
That I may pour my ſpirits in thine ear,
And chaſtiſe with the valour of my tongue
All that impedes thee from the golden round,
Which fate, and metaphyſic † aid, doth ſeem
To have crown'd thee withal.

Enter Meſſenger.

What is your tidings?
Meſſ. The King comes here to-night.
Lady. Thou'rt mad to ſay it.
Is not thy maſter with him? who, were't ſo,
Would have inform'd for preparation.
Meſſ. So pleaſe you, it is true: our Thane is coming.
One of my fellows had the ſpeed of him;
Who, almoſt, dead for breath, had ſcarcely more
Than would make up his meſſage.
Lady. Give him tending;
He brings great news. The raven himſelf's not hoarſe,
[*Exit. Meſſ.*
' That croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan
' Under my battlements. Come, all you ſpirits

' That

† *metaphyſic*, for *ſupernatural*.

'hat tend on mortal * thoughts, unſex me here ;
.nd fill me, from the crown to th' toe, top-full
f direſt cruelty ; make thick my blood,
top up th' acceſs and paſſage to remorſe,
hat no compunctious viſitings of nature
iake my fell purpoſe, nor keep peace † between
h' effect and it. Come to my woman's breaſts,
nd take my milk for gall, you murth'ring miniſters !
'here-ever in your ſightleſs ſubſtances
ou wait on nature's ‡ miſchief.—Come, thick night !
nd pall || thee in the dunneſt ſmoak of hell,
hat my keen knife ſee not the wound it makes ;
or heav'n peep through the blanket of the dark,
o cry, Hold, hold !———

Enter Macbeth.

at Glamis ! worthy Cawdor ! [*Embracing him.*
ater than both, by the all-hail hereafter !
· letters have tranſported me beyond
s ign'rant § preſent time, and I feel now
future in the inſtant.
lacb. Deareſt love,
'can comes here to-night.
ady. And when goes hence ?
lacb. To-morrow, as he purpoſes.
ady. Oh never
! ſun that morrow ſee !———
· face, my Thane, is as a book, where men
'read ſtrange ** matters. To beguile the time,
t like the time ; bear welcome in your eye,
hand, your tongue ; look like the innocent flower,
)e the ſerpent under't. He that's coming
be provided for ; and you ſhall put
night's great buſineſs into my diſpatch,
h ſhall to all our nights and days to come
ſolely ſovereign ſway and maſterdom.

e. deadly.
ep peace, for *go between* ſimply. The alluſion to officers of who *keep peace* between rioters by *going between* them.
ture, for *human*.
e. wrap *thyſelf in* a pall.
orant, for *baſe, poor, ignoble*.
nge, for *dangerous*.

Macb. We will ſpeak further.
Lady. Only look up clear:
To alter favour, ever, is to fear.
Leave all the reſt to me. [*Exeunt*

SCENE VIII. *Before Macbeth's caſtle-gate.*

Hautboys and torches. Enter King, Malcolm, Donald Ban Banquo, Lenox, Macduff, Roſſe, Angus, and Attendants.

King. This caſtle hath a pleaſant ſeat *; the air
Nimbly and ſweetly recommends itſelf
Unto our general ſenſe.
Ban. This gueſt of ſummer,
The temple-haunting martlet, does approve,
By his lov'd manſionry, that heaven's breath
Smells wooingly here. No jutting frieze,
Buttrice, nor coigne of 'vantage, but this bird
Hath made his pendant bed, and procreant cradle:
Where they moſt breed and haunt, I have obſerv'd
The air is delicate.

Enter Lady.

King. See, ſee! our honour'd hoſteſs!
The love that follows us ſometimes is our trouble,
Which ſtill we thank as love. Herein I teach you,
How you ſhould bid God-yeld us † for your pains,
And thank us for your trouble.
Lady. All our ſervice
(In every point twice done, and then done double)
Were poor and ſingle buſineſs to contend
Againſt thoſe honours deep and broad, wherewith
Your majeſty loads our houſe. For thoſe of old,
And the late dignities heap'd up to them,
We reſt your hermits ‡.
King. Where's the Thane of Cawdor?
We cours'd him at the heels, and had a purpoſe
To be his purveyor: but he rides well,

* *ſeat* is the ſame word as *ſite*.
† To bid any one God-yeld him, i. e. God yield him, was the ſa as *God reward him*.
‡ *hermits*, for *beadſmen*.

And his great love (ſharp as his ſpur) hath holp him
To's home before us. Fair and noble hoſteſs,
We are your gueſt to-night.
Lady. Your ſervants ever
Have theirs, themſelves, and what is theirs in compt,
To make their audit at your Highneſs' pleaſure,
Still to return your own.
King. Give me your hand;
Conduct me to mine hoſt; we love him highly,
And ſhall continue our graces towards him.
By your leave, hoſteſs. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IX.

Changes to an apartment in Macbeth's caſtle.

Hautboys, torches. Enter divers Servants with diſhes and ſervice over the ſtage. Then Macbeth.

Mach. If it were *done*, when 'tis done, then 'twere
It were done quickly: if th' aſſaſſination [well
Could trammel up the conſequence, and catch
With its ſurceaſe, ſucceſs; that but this blow
Might be the be-all and the end-all——*Here.*
But *here*, upon this bank and ſhelve of Time,
We'd jump the life to come.——But, in theſe caſes,
" We ſtill have judgment *here*, that we but teach
" Bloody inſtructions; which, being taught, return
" To plague th' inventor. Even-handed Juſtice
" Returns th' ingredients of our poiſon'd chalice
" To our own lips. He's here in double truſt:
" Firſt, as I am his kinſman and his ſubject,
" Strong both againſt the deed: then, as his hoſt,
" Who ſhould againſt his murth'rer ſhut the door,
" Not bear the knife myſelf. Beſides, this Duncan
" Hath borne his faculties† ſo meek, hath been
" So clear in his great office, that his virtues
" Will plead, like angels, trumpet-tongu'd againſt
" The deep damnation of his taking off;
" And Pity, like a naked new-born babe,
" Striding the blaſt, or heav'n's cherubin hors'd
" Upon the ſightleſs courſers of the air,

† *faculties*, for *office*, *exerciſe of powers*, &c.

" Shall blow the horrid deed in ev'ry eye;
" That tears ſhall drown the wind——I have no ſpur
To prick the ſides of my intent, but only
Vaulting Ambition, which o'erleaps itſelf,
And falls on th' other ſide———

SCENE X. *Enter Lady Macbeth.*

How now? what news?

Lady. He's almoſt ſupp'd; why have you left the chamber?

Macb. Hath he aſk'd for me?

Lady. Know you not he has?

Macb. We will proceed no further in this buſineſs.
He hath honour'd me of late; and I have bought
Golden opinions from all ſorts of people,
Which would be worn now in their neweſt gloſs,
Not caſt aſide ſo ſoon.

Lady. Was the hope drunk
Wherein you dreſs'd yourſelf? hath it ſlept ſince?
And wakes it now, to look ſo green and pale
At what it did ſo freely? from this time
Such I account thy love. Art thou afraid
To be the ſame in thine own act and valour,
As thou art in deſire? wouldſt thou have that,
Which thou eſteem'ſt the ornament of life,
And live a coward in thine own eſteem?
Letting *I dare not* wait upon *I would*,
Like the poor cat i' th' adage *.

Macb. Pr'ythee, peace;
I dare do all that may become a man;
Who dares do more, is none.

Lady. What beaſt was't then
That made you break this enterprize to me?
When you durſt do it, then you were a man;
And to be more than what you were, you would
Be ſo much more than man. Nor time, nor place,
Did then cohere †, and yet you would make both:
They've made themſelves; and that their fitneſs now
Does unmake you. I have given ſuck, and know

How

* The adage alluded to is, The cat would eat fiſh, but ſhe dare not wet her feet.

† *cohere*, for *ſuit, ſit.*

How tender 'tis to love the babe that milks me——
I would, while it was ſmiling in my face,
Have pluck'd my nipple from his boneleſs gums,
And daſh'd the brains out, had I but ſo ſworn
As you have done to this.

Macb. If we ſhould fail,——

Lady. We fail!
But ſcrew your courage to the ſticking place,
And we'll not fail. When Duncan is aſleep,
(Whereto the rather ſhall this day's hard journey
Soundly invite him), his two chamberlains
Will I with wine and waſſel ſo convince †,
That memory (the warder of the brain)
Shall be a fume, and the receipt of reaſon
A limbeck only; when in ſwiniſh ſleep
Their drenched natures lie as in a death,
What cannot you and I perform upon
Th' unguarded Duncan? what not put upon
His ſpungy officers, who ſhall bear the guilt
Of our great quell?

Macb. Bring forth men-children only!
For thy undaunted metal ſhould compoſe
Nothing but males. Will it not be receiv'd,
When we have mark'd with blood thoſe ſleepy two
Of his own chamber, and us'd their very daggers,
That they have done't?

Lady. Who dares receive it other,
As we ſhall make our griefs and clamour roar
Upon his death?

Macb. I'm ſettled, and bend up
Each corporal agent to this terrible feat.
Away, and mock the time with faireſt ſhow:
Falſe face muſt hide what the falſe heart doth know.

[*Exeunt.*

† *convince*, for *intoxicate*.

ACT II. SCENE I.

A hall in Macbeth's caſtle.

Enter Banquo, and Fleance with a torch before him.

Ban. HOW goes the night, boy?
Fle. The moon is down: I have not heard the clock.
Ban. And ſhe goes down at twelve.
Fle. I take't, 'tis later, Sir.
Ban. Hold, take my ſword. There's huſbandry in heav'n,
Their candles are all out.——Take thee that too.
A heavy ſummons lies like lead upon me,
And yet I would not ſleep: Merciful pow'rs!
Reſtrain in me the curſed thoughts that nature
Gives way to in repoſe.

Enter Macbeth, and a Servant with a torch.

Give me my ſword. Who's there?
Macb. A friend.
Ban. What, Sir, not yet at reſt? the King's a-bed.
He hath to-night been in unuſual pleaſure,
And ſent great largeſs to your officers;
This diamond he greets your wife withal,
By the name of moſt kind hoſteſs, and's ſhut up
In meaſureleſs content.
Macb. Being unprepar'd,
Our will became the ſervant to defect;
Which elſe ſhould free have wrought.
Ban. All's well.
I dream'd laſt night of the three weyward ſiſters:
To you they've ſhew'd ſome truth.
Macb. I think not of them;
Yet, when we can intreat an hour to ſerve,
Would ſpend it in ſome words upon that buſineſs,
If you would grant the time.
Ban. At your kind leiſure.
Macb. If you ſhall cleave to my conſent †, when 'tis,
It ſhall make honour for you.
Ban. So I loſe none

† *conſent*, for *will*.

n ſeeking to augment it, but ſtill keep
My boſom franchis'd and allegiance clear,
ſhall be counſell'd.

Macb. Good repoſe the while!

Ban. Thanks, Sir; the like to you.

[*Exeunt Banquo and Fleance.*

SCENE II.

Macb. Go, bid thy miſtreſs, when my drink is ready,
She ſtrike upon the bell. Get thee to bed. [*Exit Serv.*
Is this a dagger that I ſee before me,
The handle tow'rd my hand? come, let me clutch
I have thee not, and yet I ſee thee ſtill. [thee.—
Art thou not, fatal viſion, ſenſible
To feeling as to ſight? or art thou but
A dagger of the mind, a falſe creation
Proceeding from the heat-oppreſſed brain?
I ſee thee yet, in form as palpable
As this which now I draw.———
Thou marſhal'ſt me the way that I was going;
And ſuch an inſtrument I was to uſe.
Mine eyes are made the fools o' th' other ſenſes,
Or elſe worth all the reſt——I ſee thee ſtill;
And on the blade of th' dudgeon, gouts of blood,
Which was not ſo before.—There's no ſuch thing.—
It is the bloody buſineſs, which informs
Thus to mine eyes.—Now o'er one half the world
Nature ſeems dead, and wicked dreams abuſe
The curtain'd ſleep; now witchcraft celebrates
Pale Hecate's offerings: and wither'd Murther,
(Alarum'd by his centinel, the wolf,
Whoſe howl's his watch), thus with his ſtealthy pace,
With Tarquin's raviſhing ſtrides, tow'rds his deſign
Moves like a ghoſt.—Thou ſound and firm-ſet earth,
Hear not my ſteps, which way they walk, for fear
Thy very ſtones prate of my where-about *;
And take the preſent horror from the time,
Which now ſuits with it.—Whilſt I threat, he lives †—
[*A bell rings.*

1

* *i. e. tell where I am.*

† ———*he lives*———
Gives to the heat of deeds too cold breath gives.
&c.

I go, and it is done; the bell invites me.
Hear it not, Duncan; for it is a knell
That ſummons thee to heaven, or to hell. [*Exit.*

SCENE III. *Enter Lady.*

Lady. That which hath made them drunk, hath made me bold:
What hath quench'd them, hath given me fire. "Hark! peace!
" It was the owl that ſhriek'd, the fatal bell-man,
" Which gives the ſtern'ſt good-night—he is about it—
" The doors are open; and the ſurfeited grooms
" Do mock their charge with ſnores. I've drugg'd their poſſets,
" That death and nature do contend about them,
" Whether they live or die.

Enter Macbeth.

Macb. Whoſe's there?——What ho!
Lady. "Alack! I am afraid they have awak'd;
" And 'tis not done;—th' attempt, and not the deed,
" Confounds us.——Hark! I laid their daggers ready,
" He could not miſs 'em.——Had he not reſembled
" My father as he ſlept, I had done't——My huſband!
Macb. I've done the deed——didſt thou not hear a noiſe?
Lady. I heard the owl ſcream, and the crickets cry.
Did not you ſpeak?
Macb. When?
Lady. Now.
Macb. As I deſcended?
Lady. Ay.
Macb. Hark!——who lies in th' ſecond chamber?
Lady. Donald Bane.
Macb. This is a ſorry ſight. [*Looks on his hands.*
Lady. A fooliſh thought, to ſay, a ſorry ſight.
Macb. "There's one did laugh in's ſleep, and one cry'd, Murther!
" They wak'd each other; and I ſtood and heard them;
" But they did ſay their prayers, and addreſs them
" Again to ſleep.

Lad

dy. There are two lodg'd together.
cb. " One cry'd, God bleſs us! and, Amen! the other;
they had ſeen me with theſe hangman's hands.
ſtening their fear, I could not ſay Amen,
hen they did ſay, God bleſs us.
dy. Conſider it not ſo deeply.
cb. But wherefore could not I pronounce Amen?
moſt need of bleſſing, and Amen
: in my throat.
dy. Theſe deeds muſt not be thought on
theſe ways; ſo, it will make us mad. [more!
cb. " Methought I heard a voice cry, Sleep no
cbeth doth murther Sleep; the innocent ſleep;
ep that knits up the ravell'd ſleeve of care,
e birth of each day's life, ſore labour's bath,
m of hurt minds, great nature's ſecond courſe,
ef nouriſher in life's feaſt.———
dy. What do you mean?
cb. " Still it cry'd, Sleep no more, to all the houſe;
mis hath murther'd Sleep, and therefore Cawdor
ll ſleep no more; Macbeth ſhall ſleep no more!
dy. Who was it that thus cry'd? why, worthy Thane,
o unbend your noble ſtrength, to think
in-ſickly of things; go, get ſome water,
aſh this filthy witneſs from your hand.
lid you bring theſe daggers from the place?
muſt lie there. Go, carry them, and ſmear
eepy grooms with blood.
cb. I'll go no more;
fraid to think what I have done;
on't again I dare not.
dy. " Infirm of purpoſe!
e me the daggers; the ſleeping and the dead
but as pictures; 'tis the eye of childhood
t fears a painted devil. If he do bleed,
d the faces of the grooms withal,
muſt ſeem their guilt. [*Exit.*

Knock within.

b. *Whence is that knocking!* [Starting.

" How

" How is't with me, when every noiſe appals me?
What hands are here? hah! they pluck out mine eyes
Will all great Neptune's ocean waſh this blood
Clean from my hand? No, this my hand will rather *
Make the green ocean red.

Enter Lady Macbeth.

Lady. " My hands are of your colour; but I ſhame
" To wear a heart ſo white; I hear a knocking [*Knock*
" At the ſouth entry. Retire we to our chamber;
" A little water clears us of this deed.
" How eaſy is it then? your conſtancy
Hath left you unattended—Hark, more knocking!
[*Knock*
" Get on your night-gown, leſt occaſion call us,
" And ſhew us to be watchers; be not loſt
" So poorly in your thoughts.
Macb. To know my deed, 'twere beſt not know myſelf
Wake, Duncan, with this knocking: 'would thou
couldſt †! [*Exeunt*

SCEN

* ——— hand will rather
Thy multitudinous ſea incarnadine,
Making the green one red———
Enter Lady, &c.

† ———'would thou couldſt! [*Exeunt*

SCENE IV. *Enter a Porter.*

[*Knocking within.*] *Port.* Here's a knocking indeed: if a man were porter of hell-gate, he ſhould have old turning the key. [*Knock.*] Knock, knock, knock. Who's there, i' th' name of Belzebub? here's a farmer that hang'd himſelf in the expectation of plenty: come in time, have napkins enough about you, here you'll ſweat for't. [*Knock.*] Knock, knock. Who's there, i' th' other devil's name? 'Faith, here's an equivocator, that could ſwear in both the ſcales againſt either ſcale, who committed treaſon enough for God's ſake, yet could not equivocate to heav'n: oh, come in, equivocator. [*Knock.*] Knock, knock, knock. Who's there? 'Faith, here's an Engliſh tailor come hither for ſtealing out of a French hoſe: come in, tailor, here you may roaſt your gooſe. [*Knock.*] Knock, knock. Never at quiet! what are you? but this place is too cold for hell. I'll devil-porter it no further: I had thought to have let in ſome of all profeſſions, that go the primroſe way to th' everlaſting bonfire. [*Knock.*] Anon, anon, I pray you, remember the porter.

B

SCENE IV.

Enter Macduff, Lenox, and Porter.

Macd. Is thy maſter ſtirring?
Our knocking has awak'd him; here he comes.
Len. Good morrow, Noble Sir.

Enter Macbeth.

Macb. Good morrow, both
Macd. Is the King ſtirring, worthy Thane?
Macb. Not yet.
Macd. He did command me to call timely on him; I've almoſt ſlipt the hour.
Macb. I'll bring you to him.
Macd. I know this is a joyful trouble to you: But yet 'tis one.
Macb. The labour we delight in, phyſics * pain; This is the door.
Macd. I'll make ſo bold to call, for 'tis my limited † ſervice. [*Exit Macduff.*
Len. Goes the King hence to-day?
Macb. He did appoint ſo.
Len. The night has been unruly. Where we lay, Our

Enter Macduff and Lenox.

Macd. Was it ſo late, friend, ere you went to bed, That you do lie ſo late?
Port. 'Faith, Sir, we were carouſing till the ſecond cock: And drink, Sir, is a great provoker of three things.
Macd. What three things doth drink eſpecially provoke?
Port. Marry, Sir, noſe-painting, ſleep, and urine. Lechery, Sir, it provokes, and unprovokes; it provokes the deſire, but it takes away the performance. Therefore much drink may be ſaid to be an equivocator with lechery: it makes him, and it mars him; it ſets him on, and it takes him off; it perſuades him, and diſheartens him; makes him ſtand to, and not ſtand to; in concluſion, equivocates him into a ſleep, and, giving him the lye, leaves him.
Macd. I believe, drink gave thee the lye laſt night.
Port. That it did, Sir, i' th' very throat o' me; but I requited him for his lye; and, I think, being too ſtrong for him, though he took my legs ſome time, yet I made a ſhift to caſt him.

SCENE, *&c.*

* *i. e. heals, cures.*
† *limited, for appointed.*

Our chimnies were blown down: and, as they ſay,
Lamentings heard i' th' air, ſtrange ſcreams of death,
Aunts propheſying with accents terrible
Of dire combuſtion, and confus'd events,
New hatch'd to th' woful time:
The obſcure bird clamour'd the live-long night.
Some ſay, the earth was fev'rous, and did ſhake.

Macb. 'Twas a rough night.

Len. My young remembrance cannot parallel
A fellow to it.

Enter Macduff.

Macd. O horror! horror! horror!
Nor tongue, nor heart, cannot conceive, nor name thee———

Macb. and *Len.* What is the matter?

Macd. Confuſion now hath made his maſter-piece;
Moſt ſacrilegious Murther hath broke ope
The Lord's anointed temple, and ſtole thence
The life o' th' building.

Macb. What is't you ſay? the life?———

Len. Mean you his Majeſty?

Macd. Approach the chamber, and deſtroy your ſight
With a new Gorgon.——Do not bid me ſpeak;
See, and then ſpeak yourſelves: awake! awake!

[*Exeunt Macbeth and Lenox.*

Ring the alarum bell——murther! and treaſon!
Banquo, and Donald Bane! Malcolm! awake!
Shake off this downy ſleep, death's counterfeit,
And look on death itſelf——up, up, and ſee
The great doom's image——Malcolm! Banquo!
As from your graves riſe up, and walk like ſprights,
To countenance this horror.———

SCENE V.

Bell rings. Enter Lady Macbeth.

Lady. What's the buſineſs,
That ſuch an hideous trumpet calls to parley
The ſleepers of the houſe? Speak.

Macd. Gentle Lady,
'Tis not for you to hear what I can ſpeak,
The repetition in a woman's ear
Would murther as it fell.——O Banquo, Banquo!

Enter Banquo.

Our royal maſter's murther'd.
Lady. Woe, alas!
What, in our houſe?———
Ban. Too cruel, any where.
Dear Macduff, I pr'ythee contradict thyſelf,
And ſay it is not ſo.

Enter Macbeth, Lenox, and Roſſe.

Macb. Had I but dy'd an hour before this chance,
I had liv'd a bleſſed time: for, from this inſtant,
There's nothing ſerious * in mortality;
All is but toys; renown and grace is dead;
The wine of life is drawn, and the mere lees
Is left this vault to brag of.

Enter Malcolm and Donald Bane.

Don. What is amiſs?
Macb. You are, and do not know't:
The ſpring, the head, the fountain of your blood
Is ſtopt; the very ſource of it is ſtopt.
Macd. Your royal father's murther'd.
Mal. Oh, by whom!
Len. Thoſe of his chamber, as it ſeem'd, had done't;
Their hands and faces were all badg'd with blood;
So were their daggers, which, unwip'd, we found
Upon their pillows; they ſtar'd and were diſtracted;
No man's life was to be truſted with them.
Macb. O, yet I do repent me of my fury,
That I did kill them.———
Macd. Wherefore did you ſo?
Macb. Who can be wiſe, amaz'd, temp'rate and fu-
rious,
Loyal and neutral † in a moment? no man.
The expedition of my violent love
Outrun the pauſer, reaſon. Here lay Duncan;
His ſilver ſkin lac'd with his golden blood,
And his gaſh'd ſtabs look'd like a breach in nature,
For ruin's waſteful entrance; there the murtherers,
Steep'd in the colours of their trade, their daggers

* *ſerious, for valuable.*
† *neutral, for unconcerned, indifferent.*

" Unmanly reech'd with gore; who could refrain,
" That had a heart to love, and in that heart
" Courage, to make's love known?
Lady. Help me hence, ho!—— [*Seeming to faint*
Macd. Look to the Lady.
Mal. Why do we hold our tongues,
That moſt may claim this argument for ours?
Don. What ſhould be ſpoken here,
Where our fate, hid with an augre-hole,
May ruſh, and ſeize us? Let's away, our tears
Are not yet brew'd.
Mal. Nor our ſtrong ſorrow on
The foot of motion.
Ban. Look to the Lady; [*Lady Macbeth is carried out*
And when we have our naked frailties hid,
That ſuffer in expoſure, let us meet,
And queſtion this moſt bloody piece of work,
To know it further. Fears and ſcruples ſhake us.
In the great hand of God I ſtand, and thence,
Againſt the undivulg'd pretence † I fight
Of treas'nous malice.
Macb. So do I.
All. So all.
Macb. Let's briefly put on manly readineſs,
And meet i' th' hall together.
All. Well contented. [*Exe. all but Mal. and Don.*
Mal. What will you do? let's not conſort with them
To ſhew an unfelt ſorrow, is an office
Which the falſe man does eaſy. I'll to England.
Don. To Ireland, I; our ſeparated fortune
Shall keep us both the ſafer; where we are,
There's daggers in mens' ſmiles; the near in blood,
The nearer bloody.
Mal. This murtherous ſhaft that's ſhot,
Hath not yet lighted; and our ſafeſt way
Is to avoid the aim. Therefore to horſe;
And let us not be dainty of leave-taking,
But ſhift away; there's warrant in that theft,
Which ſteals itſelf when there's no mercy left. [*Exe.*

SCE

† *pretence*, for *act*.

Lady. If he had been forgotten,
It had been as a gap in our great feaſt,
And all things unbecoming.
Macb. To-night we hold a ſolemn ſupper, Sir,
And I'll requeſt your preſence.
Ban. Lay your Highneſs'
Command upon me; to the which my duties
Are with a moſt indiſſoluble tie
For ever knit.
Macb. Ride you this afternoon?
Ban. Ay, my good Lord.
Macb. We ſhould have elſe deſir'd
Your good advice (which ſtill hath been both grave
And proſperous) in this day's council; but
We'll take to-morrow. Is it far you ride?
Ban. As far, my Lord, as will fill up the time
'Twixt this and ſupper. Go not my horſe the better,
I muſt become a borrower of the night
For a dark hour or twain.
Macb. Fail not our feaſt.
Ban. My Lord, I will not.
Macb. We hear our bloody couſins are beſtow'd
In England and in Ireland; not confeſſing
Their cruel parricide, filling their hearers
With ſtrange invention. But of that to-morrow;
When therewithal we ſhall have cauſe of ſtate,
Craving us jointly. Hie to horſe: adieu,
Till you return at night. Goes Fleance with you?
Ban. Ay, my good Lord; our time does call upon us.
Macb. I wiſh your horſes ſwift, and ſure of foot;
And ſo I do commend you to their backs.
Farewel. [*Exit Banquo.*
Let every man be maſter of his time
Till ſeven at night; to make ſociety
The ſweeter welcome, we will keep ourſelf
Till ſupper-time alone: till then God be with you.
[*Exeunt Lady Macbeth, and Lords.*

SCENE II. *Manent Macbeth and a Servant.*

Sirrah, a word with you: attend thoſe men
Our pleaſure?
Ser. They are, my Lord, without the palace-gate.

Macb. Bring them before us.——To be thus, is
nothing; [*Exit Servant.*
But to be ſafely thus.——Our fears in Banquo
Stick deep; and in his royalty of nature
Reigns that which would be fear'd. 'Tis much he dare
And to that dauntleſs temper of his mind,
He hath a wiſdom that doth guide his valour
To act in ſafety. There is none but he
Whoſe being I do fear: and, under him,
My genius is rebuk'd; as, it is ſaid,
Antony's was by Cæſar. He chid the ſiſters,
When firſt they put the name of King upon me,
And bade them ſpeak to him; then, prophet-like,
They hail'd him father to a line of Kings.
Upon my head they plac'd a fruitleſs crown,
And put a barren ſceptre in my gripe.
Thence to be wrench'd with an unlineal hand,
No ſon of mine ſucceeding. If 'tis ſo,
For Banquo's iſſue have I 'filed * my mind:
For them the gracious Duncan have I murther'd;
Put rancours in the veſſel of my peace
Only for them; and mine eternal jewel
Giv'n to the common enemy of man,
To make them Kings. The ſeed of Banquo Kings!
" Rather than ſo, come fate into the liſt,
" And champion me to th' utterance †!—Who's there?

Enter Servant, and two murtherers.

Go to the door, and ſtay there, till we call. [*Exit*
Was it not yeſterday we ſpoke together?
Mur. It was, ſo pleaſe your Highneſs.
Macb. Well then, now
You have conſider'd of my ſpeeches? Know,
That it was he, in the times paſt, which held you
So under fortune, which you thought had been
Our innocent ſelf. This I made good to you
In our laſt conf'rence, paſt in probation with ye
How you were borne in hand, how croſs'd, the in-
ments
Who wrought with them; and all things elſe that

* *i. e.* defiled.
† *i. e.* extremity.

To half a ſoul, and to a notion * craz'd,
Say, Thus did Banquo.

1 *Mur.* True, you made it known.

Macb. I did ſo; and went further, which is now
Our point of ſecond meeting. Do you find
Your patience ſo predominant in your nature,
That you can let this go? are you ſo goſpell'd,
To pray for this good man and for his iſſue,
Whoſe heavy hand hath bound you to the grave,
And beggar'd yours for ever?

1 *Mur.* We are men, my Liege.

Macb. "Ay, in the catalogue ye go for men,
"As hounds, and greyhounds, mongrels, ſpaniels, curs,
"Showghes, water-rugs, and demy wolves are clep'd
"All by the name of dogs; the valued file
"Diſtinguiſhes the ſwift, the ſlow, the ſubtle,
"The houſe-keeper, the hunter; every one
"According to the gift which bounteous nature
"Hath in him clos'd; whereby he does receive
"Particular addition, from the bill
"That writes them all alike; and ſo of men.
"Now, if you have a ſtation in the file,
"And not in the worſt rank of manhood, ſay it;
And I will put that buſineſs in your boſoms,
Whoſe execution takes your enemy off;
Grapples you to the heart in love of us,
Who wear our health but ſickly in his life,
Which in his death were perfect.

2 *Mur.* I am one
Whom the vile blows and buffets of the world
Have ſo incens'd, that I am reckleſs what
I do, to ſpite the world.

1 *Mur.* And I another,
So weary with diſaſtrous tuggs with fortune,
That I would ſet my life on any chance,
To mend it, or be rid on't.

Macb. Both of you
Know, Banquo was your enemy.

Mur. True, my Lord.

Macb. So is he mine: and in ſuch bloody diſtance †,
That

* *notion, for the underſtanding.*
† *diſtance, for enmity.*

That every minute of his being thrufts
Againſt my near'ſt of life: and though I could
With bare-fac'd power ſweep him from my ſight,
And bid my will avouch it; yet I muſt not,
For certain friends that are both his and mine,
Whoſe loves I may not drop; but wail his fall,
Whom I myſelf ſtruck down: and thence it is
That I to your aſſiſtance do make love,
Maſking the buſineſs from the common eye
For ſundry weighty reaſons.

. We ſhall, my Lord,
Perform what you command us.

1 *Mur.* Though our lives———

Macb. Your ſpirits ſhine through you. In this hour, [at moſt,
I will adviſe you where to plant yourſelves; [†
Acquaint you with the perfect ſpy o' th' time
The moment on't; (for't muſt be done to-night,
And ſomething from the palace; always thought,
That I require a clearneſs) and with him
(To leave no rubs nor botches in the work),
Fleance his ſon, that keeps him company,
(Whoſe abſence is no leſs material to me,
Than is his father's), muſt embrace the fate
Of that dark hour. Reſolve yourſelves apart,
I'll come to you anon.

Mur. We are reſolv'd, my Lord.

Macb. I'll call upon you ſtraight; abide within.
[*Exeunt Murtherers.*
It is concluded:—Banquo, thy ſoul's flight,
If it find heav'n, muſt find it out to-night. [*Exit.*

SCENE III. *Another apartment in the palace.*

Enter Lady Macbeth and a Servant.

Lady. Is Banquo gone from court?

Ser. Ay, Madam, but returns again to-night.

Lady. Say to the King, I would attend his leiſure
For a few words.

Ser. Madam, I will. [*Exit.*

Lady. Nought's had, all's ſpent,
Where our deſire is got without content.

† *i. e.* the critical juncture.

'Tis ſafer to be that which we deſtroy,
Than by deſtruction dwell in doubtful joy.

Enter Macbeth.

How now, my Lord, why do you keep alone?
Of ſorrieſt fancies your companions making,
Uſing thoſe thoughts, which ſhould indeed have dy'd
With them they think on? Things without all remedy
Should be without regard. What's done, is done.
Macb "We have ſcotch'd the ſnake, not kill'd it—
" She'll cloſe, and be herſelf; whilſt our poor malice
" Remains in danger of her former tooth.
" But let both worlds disjoint, and all things ſuffer,
" Ere we will eat our meal in fear, and ſleep
" In the affliction of theſe terrible dreams,
" That ſhake us nightly. Better be with the dead,
" (Whom we, to gain our place, have ſent to peace),
" Than on the torture of the mind to lie
" In reſtleſs ecſtaſy *.——Duncan is in his grave:
" After life's fitful fever, he ſleeps well.
" Treaſon has done his worſt; nor ſteel nor poiſon,
" Malice † domeſtic, foreign levy, nothing
" Can touch him further!
Lady. Come on.
Gentle my Lord, ſleek o'er your rugged looks;
Be bright and jovial 'mong your gueſts to-night.
Macb. So ſhall I, love; and ſo I pray be you.
Let your remembrance ſtill apply to Banquo.
Preſent him eminence ‡, both with eye and tongue.
Unſafe the while, that we muſt lave our honours
In theſe ſo flatt'ring ſtreams, and make our faces
Vizards t' our hearts, diſguiſing what they are!——
Lady. You muſt leave this.
Macb. O, full of ſcorpions is my mind, dear wife!
Thou know'ſt that Banquo and his Fleance lives.
Lady. But in them nature's § copy's not eternal.
Macb. There's comfort yet, they are aſſailable;
Then be thou jocund. " Ere the bat hath flown

" His

* *ecſtaſy*, for *madneſs*.
† *malice*, for *conſpiracy*.
‡ *i. e. do him the higheſt* honours.
§ *eternal*, for *immortal*.

" His cloyſter'd flight; ere to black Hecat's ſummons
" The ſhard-born beetle † with his drowſy hums
" Hath wrung night's yawning peal, there ſhould be done
" A deed of dreadful note.
Lady. What's to be done?
Macb. Be innocent of the knowledge, deareſt chuck,
Till thou applaud the deed. " Come, ſealing night,
" Scarf up the tender eye of pitiful day,
" And with thy bloody and inviſible hand
" Cancel and tear to pieces that great bond
" Which keeps me pale. Night thickens, and the crow
" Makes wing to th' rooky wood.
" Good things of day begin to droop and drowze.
" Whiles night's black agents to their prey do rouſe.
" Thou marvell'ſt at my words; but hold thee ſtill.
Things bad begun, make ſtrong themſelves by ill:
So pr'ythee go with me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Changes to a park; the caſtle at a diſtance.

Enter three Murtherers.

1 *Mur.* But who did bid thee join with us?
3 *Mur.* Macbeth.
2 *Mur.* He needs not our miſtruſt, ſince he delivers
[*Speaking to the firſt.*
Our offices, and what we have to do,
To the direction juſt.
1 *Mur.* Then ſtand with us.
The weſt yet glimmers with ſome ſtreaks of day.
Now ſpurs the lated traveller apace,
To gain the timely inn; and near approaches
The ſubject of our watch.
3 *Mur.* Hark, I hear horſes.
[*Banquo within.*] Give us light there, ho!
2 *Mur.* Then it is he: the reſt
That are within the note of expectation,
Already are i' th' court.
1 *Mur.* His horſes go about.
3 *Mur.* Almoſt a mile: but he does uſually,
(So all men do), from hence to th' palace-gate
Make it their walk. Exeunt

† *i. e.* the beetle hatched in clefts of wood.

Enter Banquo and Fleance, with a torch.

2 *Mur.* A light, a light.
3 *Mur.* 'Tis he.
1 *Mur.* Stand to't.
Ban. It will be rain to-night.
1 *Mur.* Let it come down. [*They aſſault Banquo.*
Ban. Oh, treachery!
Fly, Fleance, fly, fly, fly;
Thou may'ſt revenge. Oh ſlave!
[*Dies. Fleance eſcapes.*
3 *Mur.* Who did ſtrike out the light?
1 *Mur.* Was't not the way?
3 *Mur.* There's but one down; the ſon
Is fled.
2 *Mur.* We've loſt beſt half of our affair.
1 *Mur.* Well, let's away, and ſay how much is done.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *Changes to a room of ſtate in the caſtle.*

A banquet prepar'd. Enter Macbeth, Lady Roſſe, Lenox, Lords, and Attendants.

Macb. You know your own degrees, ſit down;
And firſt and laſt, the hearty welcome.
Lords. Thanks to your Majeſty.
Macb. Ourſelf will mingle with ſociety,
And play the humble hoſt.
Our hoſteſs keeps her ſtate, but in beſt time
We will require her welcome. [*They ſit.*
Lady. Pronounce it for me, Sir, to all our friends,
For my heart ſpeaks they're welcome.

Enter firſt Murtherer.

Macb. See they encounter thee with their hearts'
Both ſides are even: here I'll ſit i' th' midſt. [thanks.
Be large in mirth, anon we'll drink a meaſure
The table round——There's blood upon thy face.
[*To the Murtherer, aſide, at the door.*
Mur. 'Tis Banquo's then.
Macb. 'Tis better thee without, than he within.
Is he diſpatch'd?

Mur.

Mur. My Lord, his throat is cut, that I did for him.
Mach. Thou art the beſt of cut-throats; yet he's good
That did the like for Fleance: if thou didſt it,
Thou art the non-pareil.
Mur. Moſt Royal Sir,
Fleance is 'ſcap'd.
Mach. "Then comes my fit again. I had elſe been
perfect;
"Whole as the marble, founded as the rock;
"As broad and gen'ral as the caſing air:
"But now I'm cabbin'd, cribb'd, confin'd, bound in
"To ſaucy doubts and fears. But Banquo's ſafe?—
Mur. Ay, my good Lord: ſafe in a ditch he bides,
With twenty trenched gaſhes on his head;
The leaſt a death to Nature.
Mach. Thanks for that;
"There the grown ſerpent lies: the worm that's fled,
"Hath nature that in time will venom breed;
"No teeth for th' preſent. Get thee gone, to-morrow
We'll hear thee ourſelves again. [*Exit Murtherer.*
Lady. My royal Lord,
You do not give the cheer; the feaſt is cold,
That is not often vouched, while 'tis making
'Tis given with welcome. To feed, were beſt at home;
From thence, the ſauce to meat is ceremony;
Meeting were bare without it.
[*The Ghoſt of Banquo riſes, and ſits in Macbeth's place.*
Mach. Sweet remembrancer!
Now good digeſtion wait on appetite,
And health on both!
Len. May't pleaſe your Highneſs ſit?
Mach. Here had we now our country's honour roof'd,
Were the grac'd perſon of our Banquo preſent,——
(Whom may I rather challenge for unkindneſs,
Than pity for miſchance!)
Roſſe. His abſence, Sir,
Lays blame upon his promiſe. Pleaſe't your Highneſs
To grace us with your royal company?
Mach. The table's full. [*Starting.*
Len. Here's a place reſerv'd, Sir.
Mach. Where?
Len. Here, my good Lord.

What

hat is't that moves your Highneſs?
Macb. " Which of you have done this?
Lords. What, my good Lord?
Macb. " Thou canſt not ſay I did it: never ſhake
Thy goary locks at me."
Roſſe. Gentlemen, riſe; his Highneſs is not well.
Lady. Sit, worthy friends, my Lord is often thus,
nd hath been from his youth. Pray you keep ſeat.
he fit is momentary, on a thought
e will again be well. If much you note him,
ou ſhall offend him, and extend his paſſion;
eed, and regard him not.——Are you a man?
[*To Macbeth aſide.*
Macb. Ay, and a bold one, that dare look on that,
hich might appal the devil.
Lady. O proper ſtuff!
This is the very painting of your fear; [*Aſide.*
This is the air drawn dagger, which you ſaid
Led you to Duncan. Oh, theſe flaws and ſtarts
(Impoſtors of true fear) would well become
A woman's ſtory at a winter's fire,
Authoris'd by her grandam. Shame itſelf!
hy do you make ſuch faces? when all's done,
ou look but on a ſtool.
Macb. Pr'ythee ſee there!
ehold! look! lo! How ſay you?
[*Pointing to the Ghoſt.*
Why, what care I? if thou canſt nod, ſpeak too.—
f charnel-houſes and our graves muſt ſend
hoſe that we bury back, our monuments
hall be the maws of kites. [*The Ghoſt vaniſhes.*
Lady. What? quite unmann'd in folly?
Macb. If I ſtand here, I ſaw him.——
Lady. Fie, for ſhame!
Macb. " Blood hath been ſhed ere now i' th' olden
' Ere human ſtatute purg'd the gen'ral weal; [time,
' Ay, and ſince too, murthers have been perform'd
' Too terrible for th' ear. The times have been,
hat, when the brains were out, the man would die,
nd there an end; but now they riſe again
ith twenty mortal murthers on their crowns,
nd puſh us from our ſtools. This is more ſtrange

Than ſuch a murther is.
Lady. My worthy Lord,
Your noble friends do lack you.
Macb. I do forget.———
Do not muſe at me, my moſt worthy friends;
I have a ſtrange infirmity, which is nothing
To thoſe that know me. Come, love and health to all
Then I'll ſit down: give me ſome wine, fill full——
I drink to th' general joy of the whole table,
And to our dear friend Banquo, whom we miſs;
Would he were here! to all, and him, we thirſt,
And all to all.
Lords. Our duties, and the pledge.
[*The Ghoſt riſes again.*
Macb. Avaunt, and quit my ſight! Let the earth hide thee!
" Thy bones are marrowleſs, thy blood is cold;
" Thou haſt no ſpeculation in thoſe eyes
" Which thou doſt glare with."
Lady. Think of this, good Peers,
But as a thing of cuſtom; 'tis no other;
Only it ſpoils the pleaſure of the time.
Macb. What man dare, I dare:
Approach thou like the rugged Ruſſian bear,
The arm'd rhinoceros, or Hyrcanian tyger;
" Take any ſhape but that, and my firm nerves
" Shall never tremble: or be alive again,
" And dare me to the deſart with thy ſword;
" If trembling I inhibit *, then proteſt me
" The baby of a girl. Hence, horrible ſhadow!
" Unreal mock'ry, hence! Why ſo,—being gone,
[*The Ghoſt vaniſhes.*
I am a man again. Pray you ſit ſtill. [*The Lords riſe.*
Lady. You have diſplac'd the mirth, broke the good meeting
With moſt admir'd diſorder. Can't ſuch things be,
And overcome † us like a ſummer's cloud,
Without our ſpecial wonder?
Macb. You make me ſtrange
" Even

* *inhibit*, for *refuſe*.
† *overcome* is uſed for deceive.

'Ev'n to the diſpoſition that I owe *,
'Now when I think you can behold ſuch ſights,
'And keep the natural ruby of your cheeks,
'When mine is blanch'd with fear."
Roſſe. What ſights, my Lord?
Lady. I pray you ſpeak not; he grows worſe and worſe;
Queſtion enrages him: at once good night,
Stand not upon the order of your going,
But go at once.
Len. Good night, and better health
Attend his Majeſty!
Lady. Good night to all. [*Exeunt Lords.*
Macb. It will have blood; they ſay, blood will have blood;
Stones have been known to move, and trees to ſpeak;
Augurs, that underſtood relations †, have
By magpies, and by choughs, and rooks, brought forth
The ſecret'ſt man of blood.——What is the night?
Lady. Almoſt at odds with morning, which is which.
Macb. How ſay'ſt thou, that Macduff denies his perſon
At our great bidding?
Lady. Did you ſend to him, Sir?
Macb. I hear it by the way; but I will ſend.
There's not a Thane of them, but in his houſe
I keep a ſervant fee'd. I will to-morrow
(Betimes I will) unto the weyward ſiſters:
More ſhall they ſpeak: for now I'm bent to know,
By the worſt means, the worſt, for mine own good.
All cauſes ſhall give way; I am in blood
Stept in ſo far, that, ſhould I wade no more,
Returning were as tedious as going o'er.
Strange things I have in head, that will to hand;
Which muſt be acted ere they may be ſcann'd.
Lady. You lack the ſeaſon of all natures, ſleep.
Macb. Come, we'll to ſleep; my ſtrange and ſelf-abuſe
Is the initiate fear, that wants hard uſe ‡:
We're but young in deed. *Exeunt.*

SCENE

* Which in plain Engliſh, is only, *You make me juſt mad.*

† By *relations* is meant the relation one thing is ſuppoſed to bear to another.

‡ *initiate fear*, for that fear which attends thoſe who are but new-*ly initiated in ill*; and *hard uſe*, for uſe that makes hardy.

SCENE VI. *Changes to the heath.*

Thunder. Enter the three Witches, meeting Hecate.

1 *Witch.* Why, how now, Hecat'? you look angrily.
Hec. Have I not reaſon, beldams, as you are?
Saucy, and over-bold! how did you dare
To trade and traffic with Macbeth
In riddles, and affairs of death?
And I, the miſtreſs of your charms,
The cloſe contriver of all harms,
Was never call'd to bear my part,
Or ſhew the glory of our art?
And, which is worſe, all you have done
Hath been but for a wayward ſon;
Spightful and wrathful, who, as others do,
Loves for his own ends, not for you.
But make amends now; get you gone,
And at the pit of Acheron
Meet me i' th' morning: thither he
Will come to know his deſtiny;
Your veſſels and your ſpells provide,
Your charms and every thing beſide.
I am for th' air: this night I'll ſpend
Unto a diſmal fatal end.
Great buſineſs muſt be wrought ere noon:
Upon the corner of the moon
There hangs a vap'rous drop, profound;
I'll catch it ere it come to ground;
And that diſtill'd by magic ſleights,
Shall raiſe ſuch artificial ſprights,
As, by the ſtrength of their illuſion,
Shall draw him on to his confuſion.
He ſhall ſpurn fate, ſcorn death, and bear
His hopes 'bove wiſdom, grace, and fear:
And you all know, Security
Is mortal's chiefeſt enemy. [*Muſic and a ſong.*
Hark, I am call'd; my little ſpirit, ſee,
Sits in the foggy cloud, and ſtays for me.
[*Sing within. Come away, come away,* &c.
1 *Witch.* Come, let's make haſte, ſhe'll ſoon be back again. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE VII. *Changes to a chamber.*

Enter Lenox, and another Lord.

Len. My former ſpeeches have but hit your thoughts,
Which can interpret farther: only I ſay
Things have been ſtrangely borne. The gracious Duncan
Was pitied of Macbeth—marry, he was dead:——
And the right-valiant Banquo walk'd too late.
Whom you may ſay, if't pleaſe you, Fleance kill'd,
For Fleance fled: men muſt not walk too late.
You cannot want the thought, how monſtrous too
It was for Malcolm, and for Donald Bane,
To kill their gracious father, damned fact!
How did it grieve Macbeth? did he not ſtraight
In pious rage the two delinquents tear,
That were the ſlaves of drink, and thralls of ſleep?
Was not that nobly done? ay, wiſely too;
For 'twould have anger'd any heart alive,
To hear the men deny't. So that, I ſay,
He has borne all things well; and I do think,
That had he Duncan's ſons under his key,
(As, an't pleaſe Heav'n, he ſhall not), they ſhould find
What 'twere to kill a father: ſo ſhould Fleance.
But peace! for from broad words, and 'cauſe he fail'd
His preſence at the tyrant's feaſt, I hear
Macduff lives in diſgrace. Sir, can you tell
Where he beſtows himſelf?

Lord. The ſon of Duncan,
From whom this tyrant holds the due of birth,
Lives in the Engliſh court; and is receiv'd
Of the moſt pious Edward with ſuch grace,
That the malevolence of fortune nothing
Takes from his high reſpect. Thither Macduff
Is gone to pray the King upon his aid
To wake Northumberland, and warlike Siward;
That by the help of theſe (with him above
To ratify the work) we may again
Give to our tables meat, ſleep to our nights;
Free from our feaſts and banquets bloody knives;
Do faithful homage, and receive free † honours;

† *free, for grateful.*

All which we pine for now. And this report
Hath ſo exaſp'rated their King, that he
Prepares for ſome attempt of war.

Len. Sent he to Macduff?

Lord. He did; and with an abſolute, *Sir, not I*,
The cloudy meſſenger turns me his back,
And hums; as who ſhould ſay, You'll rue the time
That clogs me with this anſwer.

Len. And that well might
Adviſe him to a care to hold what diſtance
His wiſdom can provide. Some holy angel
Fly to the court of England, and unfold
His meſſage ere he come; that a ſwift bleſſing
May ſoon return to this our ſuffering country,
Under a hand accurs'd!

Lord. I'll ſend my pray'rs with him. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

A dark cave; in the middle a great cauldron burning.

Thunder. Enter the three Witches.

2 *Witch.* THRICE the brinded cat hath mew'd.

2 *Witch.* Twice and once the hedge-pig whin'd.

3 *Witch.* Harper cries, 'Tis time, 'tis time.

1 *Witch.* Round about the cauldron go,
In the poiſon'd entremes throw.

[*They march round the cauldron, and throw in the ſeveral ingredients, as for the preparation of their charm.*

Toad, that under the cold ſtone,
Days and nights has, thirty-one,
Swelter'd venom ſleeping got;
Boil thou firſt i' th' charmed pot.

All. Double, double, toil and trouble;
Fire burn, and cauldron bubble.

2 *Witch.* Fillet of a fenny ſnake,
In the cauldron boil and bake;
Eye of newt, and toe of frog;
Wool of bat, and tongue of dog;

Adder's fork, and blind worm's ſting,
Lizard's leg, and owlet's wing:
For a charm of pow'rful trouble,
Like a hell-broth, boil and bubble.
All. Double, double, toil and trouble;
Fire burn, and cauldron bubble.
3 *Witch.* Scale of dragon, tooth of wolf,
Witches' mummy,; maw, and gulf
Of the ravening ſalt-ſea ſhark;
Root of hemlock, digg'd i' th' dark;
Liver of blaſpheming Jew:
Gall of Goat, and ſlips of yew,
Sliver'd in the moon's eclipſe;
Noſe of Turk, and Tartar's lips;
Finger of birth-ſtrangled babe,
Ditch-deliver'd by a drab;
Make the gruel thick, and ſlab.
Add thereto a tyger's chawdron,
For th' ingredients of our cauldron.
All. Double, double, toil and trouble;
Fire burn, and cauldron bubble.
2 *Witch.* Cool it with a baboon's blood,
Then the charm is firm and good.

Enter Hecate, and other three Witches.

Hec. Oh! well done! I commend your pains,
And every one ſhall ſhare i' th' gains.
And now about the cauldron ſing,
Like elves and fairies in a ring,
Inchanting all that you put in.

Muſic and a ſong.

Black ſpirits and white,
Blue ſpirits and grey,
Mingle, mingle, mingle,
You that mingle may.

2 *Witch.* By the pricking of my thumbs,
Something wicked this way comes:
Open locks, whoever knocks.

SCENE

SCENE II. *Enter Macbeth.*

Macb. How now, you ſecret, black, and midnight hags
What is't you do?

All. A deed without a name.

Macb. I conjure you, by that which you profeſs,
(Howe'er you come to know it), anſwer me.
'Though you untie the winds, and let them fight
'Againſt the churches; though the yeſty waves
'Confound and ſwallow Navigation up;
'Though bladed corn be lodg'd, and trees blown down
'Though caſtles topple on their warders' heads;
'Though palaces and pyramids do ſlope
'Their heads to their foundations; though the treaſure
'Of Nature's germins tumble all together,
'Even till deſtruction ſicken: anſwer me
To what I aſk you.

1 *Witch.* Speak.

2 *Witch.* Demand.

3 *Witch.* We'll anſwer.

1 *Witch.* Say, if th' hadſt rather hear it from our mouths,
Or from our maſters?

Macb. Call 'em: let me ſee 'em.

1 *Witch.* Pour in ſow's blood, that hath eaten
Her nine farrow; greaſe, that's ſweaten
From the murth'rer's gibbet, throw
Into the flame.

All. Come high or low;
Thyſelf and office deftly ſhow. *[Thunder.*

Apparition of an armed head riſes.

Macb. Tell me, thou unknown power——

1 *Witch.* He knows thy thought:
Hear his ſpeech, but ſay thou nought.

App. Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth! beware Macduff!
Beware the Thane of Fife——diſmiſs me——enough.
[Deſcends.

Macb. Whate'er thou art, for thy good caution, thanks.
Thou'ſt harp'd my fear aright. But one word more—

1 Witch.

1 *Witch.* He will not be commanded. Here's another
More potent than the firſt. [*Thunder.*

Apparition of a bloody child riſes.

App. Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth!
Macb. Had I three ears, I'd hear thee.
App. Be bloody, bold, and reſolute; laugh to ſcorn
The pow'r of man; for none of woman born
Shall harm Macbeth. [*Deſcends.*
Macb. Then live, Macduff; what need I fear of thee?
But yet I'll make aſſurance double ſure,
And take a bond of Fate; thou ſhalt not live,
That I may tell pale-hearted Fear it lyes,
And ſleep in ſpight of thunder. [*Thunder.*

Apparition of a child crowned, with a tree in his hand, riſes.

What is this
That riſes like the iſſue of a King,
And wears upon his baby-brow the round
And top of ſovereignty?
All. Liſten, but ſpeak not.
App. Be lion-mettled, proud, and take no care,
Who chafes, who frets, or where conſpirers are:
Macbeth ſhall never vanquiſh'd be, until
Great Birnan-wood to Dunſinane's high hill
Shall come againſt him. [*Deſcends.*
Macb. That will never be:
Who can impreſs the foreſt, bid the tree
Unfix his earth-bound root? Sweet boadments! good!
Rebellious head riſe never, till the wood
Of Birnan riſe, and our high-plac'd Macbeth
Shall live the leaſe of Nature, pay his breath
To Time and mortal cuſtom!——Yet my heart
Throbs to know one thing; tell me, (if your art
Can tell ſo much), ſhall Banquo's iſſue ever
Reign in this kingdom?
All. Seek to know no more.
[*The cauldron ſinks into the ground.*
Macb. I will be ſatisfy'd. Deny me this,
And an eternal curſe fall on you! Let me know
Why ſinks *that cauldron?* and what noiſe is this?
[Hautboys.
1 Witch.

1 *Witch.* Shew!
2 *Witch.* Shew!
3 *Witch.* Shew!
All. Shew his eyes, and grieve his heart;
Come like ſhadows, ſo depart.
[*Eight Kings appear and paſs over in order, the laſt holding a glaſs in his hand: with Banquo following them.*
Macb. Thou art too like the ſpirit of Banquo; down!
Thy crown doth ſear mine eye-balls.——And thy air
(Thou other gold-bound brow) is like the firſt——
A third is like the former——filthy hags!
Why do you ſhew me this?—A fourth?—Start, eye!
What! Will the line ſtretch out to th' crack of doom?—
Another yet?——A ſeventh! I'll ſee no more——
And yet the eighth appears, who bears a glaſs,
Which ſhews me many more; and ſome I ſee,
That twofold balls and treble ſceptres carry.
Horrible ſight! nay, now I ſee 'tis true;
For the blood-bolter'd Banquo ſmiles upon me,
And points at them for his. What, is this ſo?
1 *Witch.* Ay, Sir, all this is ſo. But why
Stands Macbeth thus amazedly?
Come, ſiſters, chear we up his ſprights,
And ſhew the beſt of our delights;
I'll charm the air to give a ſound,
While you perform your antic round;
That this great King may kindly ſay,
Our duties did his welcome pay. [*Muſic.*
[*The witches dance and vaniſh.*
Macb. Where are they? gone?——Let this pernicious hour
Stand aye accurſed in the Kalendar!
Come in, without there!

Enter Lenox.

Len. What's your Grace's will?
Macb. Saw you the weyward ſiſters?
Len. No, my Lord.
Macb. Came they not by you?
Len. No indeed, my Lord.
Macb. Infected by the air whereon they ride,
And damn'd all thoſe that truſt them! I did hear
The galloping of horſe. Who was't came by?

Len. 'Tis two or three, my Lord, that bring you word, Macduff is fled to England.

Macb. Fled to England?

Len. Ay, my good Lord.

Macb. Time, thou anticipat'ſt * my dread exploits:
The flighty purpoſe never is o'ertook †,
Unleſs the deed go with it. From this moment,
The very firſtlings of my heart ſhall be
The firſtlings of my hand. And even now
To crown my thoughts with acts, be't thought and done!
The caſtle of Macduff I will ſurpriſe,
Seize upon Fife, give to the edge o' th' ſword
His wife, his babes, and all unfortunate ſouls
That trace him in his line. No boaſting like a fool,
This deed I'll do before the purpoſe cool.
But no more ſights. Where are theſe gentlemen?
Come bring me where they are. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *Changes to Macduff's caſtle in Fife.*

Enter Lady Macduff, her Son, and Roſſe.

L. Macd. What had he done, to make him fly the land!

Roſſe. You muſt have patience, Madam.

L. Macd. He had none;
His flight was madneſs; when our actions do not,
Our fears do make us traitors.

Roſſe. You know not,
Whether it was his wiſdom, or his fear.

L. Macd. Wiſdom? to leave his wife, to leave his babes,
His manſion, and his titles, in a place
From whence himſelf does fly? He loves us not,
He wants the nat'ral touch; for the poor wren,
The moſt diminutive of birds, will fight,
Her young ones in her neſt, againſt the owl.
All is the fear, and nothing is the love;
As little is the wiſdom, where the flight
So runs againſt all reaſon.

Roſſe. My deareſt couſin,

I

* *i. e.* defeateſt.

† *o'ertook* is here uſed for *coming to effect*. The expreſſion is bad, but the ſenſe good; which is, that *purpoſes* delayed are generally defeated.

I pray you ſchool yourſelf; but for your huſband,
He's noble, wiſe, judicious, and beſt knows
The fits o' th' ſeaſon. I dare not ſpeak much further;
But cruel are the times, when we are traitors,
And do not know ourſelves: when we hold rumour *
From what we fear, yet know not what we fear;
But float upon a wild and violent ſea
Each way, and move. I take my leave of you;
'Tſhall not be long but I'll be here again:
Things at the worſt will ceaſe, or elſe climb upward
To what they were before. My pretty couſin,
Bleſſing upon you!

L. Macd. Father'd he is, and yet he's fatherleſs.

Roſſe. I am ſo much a fool, ſhould I ſtay longer,
It would be my diſgrace and your diſcomfort.
I take my leave at once. [*Exit Roſſe.*

L. Macd. Sirrah, your father's dead,
And what will you do now? how will you live?

Son. As birds do, mother.

L. Macd. What, on worms and flies?

Son. On what I get, I mean; and ſo do they.

L. Macd. Poor Bird! thou'dſt never fear the net, nor
The pit-fall, nor the gin. [lime

Son. Why ſhould I, mother? poor birds, they are not
ſet for.
My father is not dead for all your ſaying.

L. Macd. Yes, he is dead; how wilt thou do for a
father?

Son. Nay, how will you do for a huſband?

L. Macd. Why, I can buy me twenty at any market.

Son Then you'll buy 'em to ſell again.

L. Macd. Thou ſpeak'ſt with all thy wit, and yet i'
faith,
With wit enough for thee.

Son. Was my father a traitor, mother?

L. Macd. Ay, that he was.

Son. What is a traitor?

L. Macd. Why, one that ſwears and lyes.

Son. And be all traitors that do ſo?

L. Macd. Every one that does ſo, is a traitor, and
muſt be hang'd.

Son.

* *To hold rumour*, ſignifies to be govern'd by the authority of rumour.

n. And muſt they all be hang'd, that ſwear and lye?
. *Macd.* Every one.
n. Who muſt hang them!
. *Macd.* Why, the honeſt men.
n. Then the lyars and ſwearers are fools; for there
yars and ſwearers enow to beat the honeſt men, and
up them.
. *Macd.* God help thee, poor monkey! But how
thou do for a father?
n. If he were dead, you'd weep for him: if you
d not, it were a good ſign that I ſhould quickly
a new father.
. *Macd.* Poor pratler! how thou talk'ſt?

Enter a Meſſenger.

eſſ. Bleſs you, fair dame! I am not to you known,
ugh in your ſtate of honour I am perfect;
ubt ſome danger does approach you nearly.
ou will take a homely man's advice,
ot found here; hence with your little ones.
right you thus, methinks I am too ſavage;
lo worſhip * to you, were fell cruelty,
ch is too nigh your perſon. Heav'n preſerve you!
re abide no longer. [*Exit Meſſenger.*
. *Macd.* Whither ſhould I fly?
done no harm. But I remember now,
in this earthly world, where to do harm
ften laudable; to do good, ſometime
ounted dang'rous folly. Why then, alas!
I put up that womanly defence,
ſay, I'd done no harm?——What are theſe faces?

Enter Murtherers.

Mur. Where is your huſband?
L. Macd. I hope, in no place ſo unſanctified,
here ſuch as thou may'ſt find him.
Mur. He's a traitor.
Son. Thou ly'ſt, thou ſhag-ear'd villain.
Mur. What, you egg? [*Stabbing him.*
ung fry of treachery?

A a Son-

* *To do worſhip, ſignified, in* the phraſe of that time, to pay ob-
ance.

Son. He' as kill'd me, mother;
Run away, pray you.
[*Exit L. Macduff, crying murther; Murtherers pursue her.*

SCENE IV.

Changes to the King of England's palace.

Enter Malcolm and Macduff.

Mal. Let us ſeek out ſome deſolate † ſhade, and there
Weep our ſad boſoms empty.
Macd. Let us rather
" Hold faſt the mortal ſword; and, like good men,
" Beſtride our downfaln birth-doom: each new morn
" New widows howl, new orphans cry; new ſorrow
" Strike heav'n on the face, that it reſounds
" As if it felt with Scotland, and yell'd out
Like ſyllables of dolour.
Mal. " What I believe, I'll wail;
" What know, believe; and, what I can redreſs,
" As I ſhall find the time to friend, I will.
" What you have ſpoke, it may be ſo perchance;
" This tyrant, whoſe ſole name blifters our tongues,
" Was once thought honeſt: you have lov'd him well
" He hath not touch'd you yet. I'm young; but ſomething
" You may deſerve of him through me; 'tis wiſdom
To offer up a weak, poor, innocent lamb,
T' appeaſe an angry god.
Macd. I am not treacherous.
Mal. " But Macbeth is.
" A good and virtuous nature may recoil
" In an imperial charge. I crave your pardon.
That which you are, my thoughts cannot tranſpoſe;
Angels are bright ſtill, though the brighteſt fell:
" Though all things foul would wear the brows of grace,
" Yet grace muſt ſtill look ſo.
Macd. I've loſt my hopes.
Mal. " Perchance ev'n there where I did find my doubts.

† *deſolate*, for *ſolitary* ſimply.

hy in that rawneſs left you wife and children,
ioſe precious motives *, thoſe ſtrong knots of love,
ithout leave-taking?———I pray you,
iot my jealouſies be your diſhonours,
nine own ſafeties: you may be rightly juſt,
tever I ſhall think.
acd. Bleed, bleed, poor country!
'eat Tyranny, lay thou thy baſis ſure,
r goodneſs dares not check thee! Wear thou thy wrongs,
itle is affear'd. Fare thee well, Lord:
ıld not be the villain that thou think'ſt,
he whole ſpace that's in the tyrant's graſp,
the rich eaſt to boot.
al. Be not offended;
ak not as in abſolute fear of you.
nk our country ſinks beneath the yoke;
:eps, it bleeds, and each new day a gaſh
ded to her wounds. I think withal,
e would be hands uplifted in my right:
here from gracious England have I offer
oodly thouſands. But for all this,
ın I ſhall tread upon the tyrant's head,
vear it on my ſword, yet my poor country
l have more vices than it had before;
e ſuffer, and more ſundry ways than ever,
iim that ſhall ſucceed.
lacd. What ſhould he be?
lal. † It is myſelf I mean, in whom I know
the particulars of vice ſo grafted,
t, when they ſhall be open'd, black Macbeth
l ſeem as pure as ſnow, and the poor ſtate
:em him as a lamb, being compar'd
:h my confineleſs harms.
Macd. Not in the legions
horrid hell can come a devil more damn'd,
:vils to top Macbeth.
Mal. I grant him bloody,
curious, avaricious, falſe, deceitful,

motions, for pledges.
† *This conference of* Malcolm with Macduff, *is taken out of the Chronicles of Scotland.*

Sudden †, malicious, ſmacking of ev'ry ſin
That has a name. But there's no bottom, none,
In my voluptuouſneſs: your wives, your daughters,
Your matrons, and your maids, could not fill up
The ciſtern of my luſt; and my deſire
All continent impediments would o'er-bear,
That did oppoſe my will. Better Macbeth,
Than ſuch an one to reign.

Macd. " Boundleſs intemperance
" In nature is a tyranny; it hath been
" Th' untimely emptying of the happy throne,
" And fall of many kings. But fear not yet
To take upon you what is your's: you may
Convey your pleaſures in a ſpacious plenty,
And yet ſeem cold, the time you may ſo hoodwink:
We've willing dames enough; there cannot be
That vulture in you to devour ſo many,
As will to greatneſs dedicate themſelves,
Finding it ſo inclin'd.

Mal. With this, there grows,
In my moſt ill compos'd affection, ſuch
A ſtanchleſs avarice, that, were I King,
I ſhould cut off the Nobles for their lands;
Deſire his jewels, and this other's houſe;
And my more-having would be as a ſauce
To make me hunger more; that I ſhould forge
Quarrels unjuſt againſt the good and loyal,
Deſtroying them for wealth.

Macd. " This avarice
" Strikes deeper; grows with more pernicious root
" Than ſummer-teeming luſt; and it hath been
" The ſword of our ſlain kings: yet do not fear;
Scotland hath foyſons to fill up your will,
Of your mere own. All theſe are portable,
With other graces weigh'd.

Mal. But I have none. The king-becoming graces,
" As juſtice, verity, temp'rance, ſtableneſs,
" Bounty, perſev'rance, mercy, lowlineſs,
" Devotion, patience, courage, fortitude;
" I have no reliſh of them; but abound
" In the diviſion of each ſeveral crime,

" Acting

† *ſudden*, for *capricious*.

Acting it many ways. Nay, had I power, I ſhould
Sour the ſweet milk of concord into hate,
Uproar the univerſal peace, confound
All unity on earth.

Macd. Oh Scotland! Scotland!———

Mal. If ſuch a one be fit to govern, ſpeak:
am as I have ſpoken.

Macd. "Fit to govern?
No, not to live. O nation miſerable,
With an untitled tyrant, bloody-ſcepter'd!
When ſhalt thou ſee thy wholeſome days again?
Since that the trueſt iſſue of thy throne
By his own interdiction ſtands accurs'd,
And does blaſpheme his breed. Thy royal father
Was a moſt ſainted King; the Queen that bore thee,
Oft'ner upon her knees than on her feet,
Dy'd every day ſhe liv'd. Oh, fare thee well!
Theſe evils thou repeat'ſt † upon thyſelf,
Have baniſh'd me from Scotland. Oh, my breaſt!
Thy hope ends here.

Mal. "Macduff, this noble paſſion,
"Child of integrity, hath from my ſoul
Wip'd the black ſcruples; reconcil'd my thoughts
To thy good truth and honour. Deviliſh Macbeth
By many of theſe trains hath ſought to win me
Into his pow'r; and modeſt wiſdom plucks me
From over-credulous haſte. But God above
Deal between thee and me! for even now
I put myſelf to thy direction, and
Unſpeak mine own detraction; here abjure
The taints and blames I laid upon myſelf,
For ſtrangers to my nature. I am yet
Unknown to woman, never was forſworn,
Scarcely have coveted what was mine own,
At no time broke my faith, would not betray
The devil to his fellow, and delight
No leſs in truth than life: my firſt falſe-ſpeaking
Was this upon myſelf. What I am truly,
Is thine, and my poor country's, to command:
Whither, indeed, before thy here approach,
Old *Siward with ten* thouſand warlike men,

† *repeat, for reckon up, charge upon.*

All ready at appoint *, was ſetting forth.
Now we'll together, and the chance of goodneſs
Be like our warranted quarrel! Why are you ſilent?

Macd. Such welcome and unwelcome things at once
'Tis hard to reconcile †.

SCENE V. *Enter a Doctor.*

Mal. Well; more anon. Comes the King forth, I pray you?

Doct. Ay, Sir; there are a crew of wretched ſouls,
That ſtay his cure; their malady convinces ‡
The great aſſay of art. But, at his touch,
Such ſanctity hath heaven given his hand,
They preſently amend. [*Exit.*

Mal. I thank you, Doctor.

Macd. What's the diſeaſe he means?

Mal. 'Tis call'd *the evil;*
A moſt miraculous work in this good King,
Which often ſince my here remain in England
I've ſeen him do. How he ſolicits heav'n,
Himſelf beſt knows; but ſtrangely-viſited people,
All ſwoln and ulc'rous, pitiful to the eye,
The mere deſpair of ſurgery, he cures;
Hanging a golden ſtamp about their necks,
Put on with holy prayers: and 'tis ſpoken,
To the ſucceeding royalty he leaves
The healing benediction. With this ſtrange virtue,
He hath a heavenly gift of prophecy;
And ſundry bleſſings hang about his throne,
That ſpeak him full of grace.

SCENE VI. *Enter Roſſe.*

Macd. See who comes here!

Mal. My countryman; but yet I know him not.

Macd. My ever-gentle couſin, welcome hither.

Mal. I know him now. Good God betimes remove
The means that makes us ſtrangers!

Roſſe. Sir, Amen.

Macd. Stands Scotland where it did?

Roſſe.

* *i. e.* at the place appointed, at the rendezvous.
† *to reconcile*, for *to bear with temper*.
‡ *convinces*, for *defeats, overcomes*.

" Fell ſlaughter on their ſouls. Heav'n reſt them now!
al. Be this the whetſtone of your ſword, let grief
Convert to wrath: blunt not the heart, enrage it.
Macd. O, I could play the woman with mine eyes,
And braggart with my tongue. " But, gentle heav'n!
" Cut ſhort all intermiſſion: front to front,
" Bring thou this fiend of Scotland and myſelf;
" Within my ſword's length ſet him, if he 'ſcape,
" Then heav'n forgive him too!
Mal. This tune goes manly.
Come, go we to the King, our power is ready;
Our lack is nothing but our leave. " Macbeth
" Is ripe for ſhaking, and the powers above
" Put on their inſtruments. Receive what cheer you may;
The night is long that never finds the day. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

An antichamber in Macbeth's caſtle.

Enter a Doctor of Phyſic, and a gentlewoman.

Doct. I Have two nights watch'd with you, but can perceive no truth in your report. When was it ſhe laſt walk'd?

Gent. Since his Majeſty went into the field, I have ſeen her riſe from her bed, throw her night-gown upon her, unlock her cloſet, take forth paper, fold it, write upon't, read it, afterwards ſeal it, and again return to bed; yet all this while in a moſt faſt ſleep.

Doct. A great perturbation on nature! to receive at once the benefit of ſleep, and do the effects of watching. In this ſlumbry agitation, beſides her walking, and other actual performances, what (at any time) have you heard her ſay?

Gent. That, Sir, which I will not report after her.

Doct. You may to me, and 'tis moſt meet you ſhould.

Gent. Neither to you, nor any one, having no witneſs to confirm my ſpeech.

Enter

Enter Lady Macbeth with a taper.

Lo, you! here ſhe comes. This is her very guiſe, and, upon my life, faſt aſleep; obſerve her, ſtand cloſe.

Doct. How came ſhe by that light!

Gent. Why, it ſtood by her: ſhe has light by her continually, 'tis her command.

Doct. You ſee her eyes are open.

Gent. Ay, but her ſenſe is ſhut.

Doct. What is it ſhe does now? look how ſhe rubs her hands.

Gent. It is an accuſtom'd action with her, to ſeem thus waſhing her hands. I have known her continue in this a quarter of an hour.

Lady. Yet here's a ſpot.

Doct. Hark, ſhe ſpeaks. I will ſet down what comes from her, to fortify my remembrance the more ſtrongly.

Lady. Out, damned ſpot; out, I ſay——one; two; "why then, 'tis time to do't.——Hell is murky. Fie "my Lord, fie! a ſoldier, and afraid? what need we "fear who knows it, when none can call our power to "account?——Yet who would have thought the old "man to have ſo much blood in him?

Doct. Do you mark that?

Lady. The Thane of Fife had a wife; where is ſhe now? "What, will theſe hands ne'er be clean?——"No more o' that, my Lord, no more o' that: you "mar all with this ſtarting.

Doct. Go to, go to; you have known what you ſhould not.

Gent. She has ſpoke what ſhe ſhould not, I am ſure of that: heav'n knows what ſhe has known.

Lady. "Here's the ſmell of blood ſtill: all the perfumes of Arabia will not ſweeten this little hand. Oh! oh! oh!

Doct. What a ſigh is there? the heart is ſorely charg'd.

Gent. I would not have ſuch a heart in my boſom, for the dignity of the whole body.

Doct. Well, well, well——

Gent. Pray God it be, Sir.

Doct. This diſeaſe is beyond my practice: yet I have

in wn thoſe which have walk'd in their ſleep, who have lied holily in their beds.

Lady. " Waſh your hands, put on your night-gown, " look not ſo pale——I tell you yet again, Banquo's " buried; he cannot come out of his grave.

Doct. Even ſo?

Lady. " To bed, to bed; there's knocking at the " gate: come, come, come, come, give me your hand. " ——What's done, cannot be undone. To bed, to " bed, to bed. [*Exit Lady.*

Doct. Will ſhe go now to bed?

Gent. Directly.

Doct. Foul whiſperings are abroad; unnatural deeds
Do breed unnatural troubles. Infected minds
To their deaf pillows will diſcharge their ſecrets.
More needs ſhe the divine, than the phyſician.
Good God forgive us all! look after her;
Remove from her the means of all annoyance,
And ſtill keep eyes upon her; ſo good night.
My mind ſhe'as mated, and amaz'd my ſight.
I think, but dare not ſpeak.

Gent. Good night, good Doctor. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Changes to a field, with a wood at a diſtance.

Enter Menteth, Cathneſs, Angus, Lenox, and Soldiers.

Ment. The Engliſh power is near, led on by Malcolm,
His uncle Siward, and the good Macduff.
Revenges burn in them: for their dear cauſes
Would to the bleeding and the grim alarm
Excite the mortified man.

Ang. Near Birnan wood
Shall we well meet them; that way are they coming.

Cath. Who knows if Donald Bane be with his brother

Len. For certain, Sir, he is not. I've a file
Of all the gentry; there is Siward's ſon,
And many unrough youths, that even now
Proteſt their firſt of manhood.

Ment. What does the tyrant?

Cath. Great *Dunſinane* he ſtrongly fortifies.

Some

Some ſay he's mad; others, that leſſer hate him,
Do call it valiant fury: but for certain,
He cannot buckle his diſtemper'd cauſe
Within the belt of rule.

Ang. Now does he feel
His ſecret murthers ſticking on his hands:
Now minutely revolts upbraid his faith-breach;
Thoſe he commands, move only in command,
Nothing in love: now does he feel his title
Hang looſe about him, like a giant's robe
Upon a dwarfiſh thief.

Ment. Who then ſhall blame
His peſter'd ſenſes to recoil, and ſtart,
When all that is within him does condemn
Itſelf, for being there?

Cath. Well, march we on,
To give obedience where 'tis truly ow'd.
Meet we the medicine of the ſickly weal,
And with him pour we, in our country's purge,
Each drop of us.

Len. Or ſo much as it needs,
To dew the ſovereign flower, and drown the weeds.
Make we our march towards Birnan.

SCENE III. *The caſtle of Dunſinane.*

Enter Macbeth, Doctor, and Attendants.

Mach. Bring me no more reports, let them fly all.
Till Birnan wood remove to Dunſinane,
I cannot taint with fear. What's the boy Malcolm?
Was he not born of woman? Spirits, that know
All mortal conſequences †, have pronounc'd it:
Fear not, Macbeth; no man that's born of woman,
Shall e'er have power upon thee.——Then fly, falſe
And mingle with the Engliſh epicures. [Thanes.
The mind I ſway by, and the heart I bear,
Shall never ſagg with doubt, nor ſhake with fear.

Enter a Servant.

The devil damn thee black, thou cream-fac'd loun!
Where got'ſt thou that gooſe-look?

Ser.

† *conſequences*, for *events*.

Ser. There are ten thouſand———

Macb. Geeſe, villain?

Ser. Soldiers, Sir.

Macb. Go, prick thy face, and over-red thy fear,
Thou lily-liver'd boy. What ſoldiers, patch?
Death of thy ſoul! thoſe linen cheeks of thine
Are counſellors to fear. What ſoldiers, whey-face?

Ser. The Engliſh force, ſo pleaſe you.

Macb. " Take thy face hence—Seyton!—I'm ſick
at heart,
When I behold——Seyton, I ſay!——This puſh
Will cheer me ever, or diſeaſe me now.
I have liv'd long enough: my way † of life
Is fall'n into the ſear, the yellow leaf:
And that which ſhould accompany old age,
As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends,
I muſt not look to have; but in their ſtead,
Curſes not loud but deep, mouth-honour, breath,
Which the poor heart would fain deny, and dare not.
Seyton!———

Enter Seyton.

Sey. What is your gracious pleaſure?

Macb. What news more?

Sey. All is confirm'd, my Lord, which was reported.

Macb. I'll fight till from my bones my fleſh be hack'd.
Give me my armour.

Sey. 'Tis not needed yet.

Macb. I'll put it on.
Send out more horſes, ſkirre the country round;
Hang thoſe that talk of fear. Give me mine armour.
How does your patient, Doctor?

Doct. Not ſo ſick, my Lord,
As ſhe is troubled with thick-coming fancies,
That keep her from her reſt.

Macb. Cure her of that.
Canſt thou not miniſter to a mind diſeas'd,
Pluck from the memory a rooted ſorrow,
Raze out the written troubles of the brain,
And, with ſome ſweet oblivious antidote,
Cleanſe the ſtuff'd boſom of that perilous ſtuff

† Way is uſed for *courſe, progreſs.*

'Which weighs upon the heart?
Doct. Therein the patient
Muſt miniſter unto himſelf.
Macb. "Throw phyſic to the dogs, I'll none of it—
Come, put my armour on; give me my ſtaff.
Seyton, ſend out—Doctor, the Thanes fly from me—
Come, Sir, diſpatch——If thou could'ſt, Doctor, caſt
The water of my land, find her diſeaſe,
And purge it to a ſound and priſtine health;
I would applaud thee to the very echo,
That ſhould applaud again Pull't off, I ſay——
What rhubarb, ſenna, or what purgative drug,
Would ſcour theſe Engliſh hence? Hear'ſt thou of them?
Doct. Ay, my good Lord; your royal preparation
Makes us hear ſomething.
Macb. Bring it after me;
I will not be afraid of death and bane,
'Till Birnan foreſt come to Dunſinane.
Doct. Were I from Dunſinane away and clear,
Profit again ſhould hardly draw me here. [*Aſide. Exit.*

SCENE IV. *Changes to Birnan wood.*

Enter Malcolm, Siward, Macduff, Siward's ſon, Menteth, Cathneſs, Angus, and Soldiers marching.

Mal. Couſins, I hope the days are near at hand,
That chambers will be ſafe.
Ment. We doubt it nothing.
Siw. What wood is this before us?
Ment. The wood of Birnan.
Mal. Let every ſoldier hew him down a bough,
And bear't before him; thereby ſhall we ſhadow
The numbers of our hoſt, and make diſcov'ry
Err in report of us.
Sold. It ſhall be done.
Siw. We learn no other, but the confin'd tyrant
Keeps ſtill in Dunſinane, and will endure
Our ſetting down before't.
Mal. 'Tis his main hope:
For where there is advantage to be given,
Both more and leſs hath given him the revolt;
And none ſerve with him but conſtrained things,
Whoſe hearts are abſent too.

Macd.

Macd. Let our juſt cenſures
ttend the true event, and put we on
ıduſtrious ſoldierſhip.
Siw. The time approaches,
That will with due deciſion make us know
What we ſhall ſay we have, and what we owe *.
Thoughts ſpeculative their unſure hopes relate;
But certain iſſue ſtrokes muſt abitrate.
'owards which advance the war. [*Exeunt marching.*

SCENE V. *Changes to the caſtle of Dunſinane.*

Enter Macbeth, Seyton, and Soldiers with drums and colours.

Mach. Hang out our banners on the outward walls,
The cry is ſtill, *They come:* our caſtle's ſtrength
Will laugh a ſiege to ſcorn. Here let them lie,
Till famine and the ague eat them up.
Were they not 'forc'd † with thoſe that ſhould be ours,
We might have met them dareful, beard to beard,
And beat them backward home. What is that noiſe?
[*A cry within of women.*
Sey. It is the cry of women, my good Lord.
Mach. I have almoſt forgot the taſte of fears.
The time has been, my ſenſes would have cool'd
To hear a night-ſhriek; and my fell of hair
Would at a diſmal treatiſe rouſe and ſtir,
As life were in't. I have ſupp'd full with horrors;
Direneſs, familiar to my ſlaught'rous thoughts,
Cannot now ſtart me? Wherefore was that cry?
Sey. The Queen, my Lord, is dead.
Mach. She ſhould have dy'd hereafter;
There would have been a time for ſuch a word.
'To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,
'Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,
'To the laſt ſyllable of recorded time,
'And all our yeſterdays have lighted fools
'The way to duſky death. Out, out, brief candle!
'Life's but a walking ſhadow, a poor player,
'That ſtruts and frets his hour upon the ſtage,

* *i. e. property and allegiance.*
† *'forc'd, for reinforc'd.*

‘ And then is heard no more! It is a tale
‘ Told by an idiot, full of ſound and fury,
‘ Signifying nothing!

Enter a Meſſenger.

Thou com'ſt to uſe thy tongue: thy ſtory quickly.

Meſſ. My gracious Lord,
I ſhould report that which I'd ſay I ſaw,
But know not how to do't.

Mach. Well, ſay it, Sir.

Meſſ. As I did ſtand my watch upon the hill,
I look'd toward Birnan, and anon methought
The wood began to move.

Mach. Lyar, and ſlave! [*Striking him.*

Meſſ. Let me endure your wrath, if't be not ſo.
Within this three mile you may ſee it coming:
I ſay, a moving grove.

Mach. If thou ſpeak'ſt falſe,
Upon the next tree ſhalt thou hang alive,
Till famine cling thee: if thy ſpeech be ſooth,
I care not if thou doſt for me as much.——
I pull in reſolution †, and begin
To doubt the equivocation of the fiend,
That lyes like truth. *Fear not, till Birnan wood*
Do come to Dunſinane,——and now a wood
Comes towards Dunſinane. Arm, arm, and out!
If this which he avouches does appear,
There is nor flying hence, nor tarrying here.
I 'gin to be a-weary of the ſun,
And wiſh the ſtate o' th' world were now undone.
Ring the alarum-bell; blow, wind! come, wrack!
At leaſt we'll die with harneſs on our back. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI. *Before Dunſinane.*

Enter Malcolm, Siward, Macduff, and their army with boughs.

Mal. Now near enough: your leavy ſcreens throw down,
And ſhew like thoſe you are. You (worthy uncle)
Shall, with my couſin, your right-noble ſon,

Lead

† *reſolution*, for *confidence in another's word.*

Lead our firſt battle. Brave Macduff and we
Shall take upon's what elſe remains to do,
According to our order.
Siw. Fare you well:
Do we but find the tyrant's power to-night,
Let us be beaten if we cannot fight.
Macd. Make all our trumpets ſpeak, give them all breath,
Thoſe clam'rous harbingers of blood and death. [*Exe.*
[*Alarums continued.*

Enter Macbeth.

Macb. They've ty'd me to a ſtake, I cannot fly,
But, bear-like, I muſt fight the courſe. What's he
That was not born of woman? ſuch a one
Am I to fear, or none.

Enter young Siward.

Yo. Siw. What is thy name?
Macb. Thoul't be afraid to hear it.
Yo. Siw. No; though thou call'ſt thyſelf a hotter name
Than any is in hell.
Macb. My name's *Macbeth.*
Yo. Siw. The devil himſelf could not pronounce a title
More hateful to mine ear.
Macb. No, nor more fearful.
Yo. Siw. Thou lyeſt, abhorred tyrant; with my ſword
I'll prove the lye thou ſpeak'ſt.
[*Fight, and young Siward's ſlain.*
Macb. Thou waſt born of woman;———
But ſwords I ſmile at, weapons laugh to ſcorn,
Brandiſh'd by man that's of a woman born. [*Exit.*

Alarums. Enter Macduff.

Macd. That way the noiſe is. Tyrant, ſhew thy face;
If thou be'ſt ſlain, and with no ſtroke of mine,
My wife and childrens' ghoſts will haunt me ſtill.
I cannot ſtrike at wretched kernes, whoſe arms
Are hir'd to bear their ſtaves: or thou, Macbeth,
Or elſe my ſword with an unbatter'd edge
I ſheath again undeeded. There thou ſhould'ſt be—
By this great clatter, one of greateſt note

Seems bruited. Let me find him, Fortune!
And more I beg not. [*Exit.* *Alarum.*

Enter Malcolm, and Siward.

Siw. This way, my Lord, the caſtle's gently render'd:
The tyrant's people on both ſides do fight;
The Noble Thanes do bravely in the war;
The day almoſt itſelf profeſſes your's,
And little is to do.
Mal. We've met with foes
That ſtrike beſide us.
Siw. Enter, Sir, the caſtle. [*Exeunt.* *Alarum.*

SCENE VII. *Enter Macbeth.*

Mach. Why ſhould I play the Roman fool, and die
On mine own ſword? whilſt I ſee lives, the gaſhes
Do better upon them.

To him, enter Macduff.

Macd. Turn, hell-hound, turn.
Mach. Of all men elſe I have avoided thee:
But get thee back, my ſoul is too much charg'd
With blood of thine already.
Macd. I've no words;
My voice is in my ſword! thou bloodier villain,
Than terms can give thee out. [*Fight.* *Alarum.*
Mach. Thou loſeſt labour;
As eaſy may'ſt thou the intrenchant air
With thy keen ſword impreſs, as make me bleed:
Let fall thy blade on vulnerable creſts;
I bear a charmed life which muſt not yield
To one of woman born.
Macd. Deſpair thy charm!
And let the angel whom thou ſtill haſt ſerv'd,
Tell thee, Macduff was from his mother's womb
Untimely ripp'd.
Mach. Accurſed be that tongue that tells me ſo;
For it hath cow'd my better part of man:
And be theſe juggling fiends no more believ'd,
That palter with us in a double ſenſe;
That keep the word of promiſe to our ear,
And break it to our hope! I'll not fight with thee.

Macd.

Macd. Then yield thee, coward,
And live to be the ſhew and gaze o' th' time.
We'll have thee, as our rarer monſters are,
Painted upon a pole, and under writ,
Here may you ſee the tyrant.
Macb. I will not yield,
To kiſs the ground before young Malcom's feet,
And to be baited with the rabble's curſe.
Though Birnan wood be come to Dunſinane,
And thou, oppos'd, be of no woman born,
Yet I will try the laſt. Before my body
I throw my warlike ſhield. Lay on, Macduff;
And damn'd be he that firſt cries 'Hold, enough."
[*Exeunt fighting.* *Alarum.*

SCENE VIII.

Retreat and flouriſh. Enter with drum and colours, Malcolm, Siward, Roſſe, Thanes, and Soldiers.

Mal. I would the friend we miſs were ſafe arriv'd.
Siw. Some muſt go off: and yet by theſe I ſee
So great a day as this is cheaply bought.
Mal. Macduff is miſſing, and your noble ſon.
Roſſe. Your ſon, my Lord, has paid a ſoldier's debt:
He only liv'd but till he was a man;
The which no ſooner had his proweſs confirm'd,
In the unſhrinking ſtation where he fought,
But like a man he dy'd.
Siw. Then is he dead?
Roſſe. Ay, and brought off the field: your cauſe of ſorrow
Muſt not be meaſur'd by his worth, for then
It hath no end.
Siw. Had he his hurts before?
Roſſe. Ay, on the front.
Siw. Why then, God's ſoldier be he!
Had I as many ſons as I have hairs,
I would not wiſh them to a fairer death:
And ſo his knell is knoll'd.
Mal. He's worth more ſorrow,
And that I'll ſpend for him.
Siw. *He's worth no more;*

They

They say he parted well, and paid his score.
So, God be with him!——Here comes newer comfort

Enter Macduff, with Macbeth's head.

Macd. Hail, King! for so thou art. Behold where
stands
Th' usurper's cursed head; the time is free:
I see thee compass'd with thy kingdom's peers,
That speak my salutation in their minds:
Whose voices I desire aloud with mine;
Hail, King of Scotland!

All. Hail, King of Scotland! [*Flourish.*

Mal. We shall not spend a large expence of time,
Before we reckon with your sev'ral loves,
And make us even with you. Thanes and kinsmen,
Henceforth be Earls, the first that ever Scotland
In such an honour nam'd. What's more to do,
Which would be planted newly with the time,
As calling home our exil'd friends abroad,
That fled the snares of watchful tyranny;
Producing forth the cruel ministers
Of this dead butcher, and his fiend-like Queen;
Who, as 'tis thought, by self and violent hands
Took off her life;) this and what's needful else
That calls upon us, by the grace of God,
We will perform in measure, time and place:
So thanks to all at once, and to each one,
Whom we invite to see us crown'd at Scone.
[*Flourish. Exeunt Omnes.*

C. MARCIUS

C. MARCIUS CORIOLANUS †.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

'AIUS MARCIUS CORIOLANUS, *a Noble Roman, hated by the common people.*

itus Lartius, ominius, } *Generals against the Volscians, and friends to Coriolanus.*

Ienenius Agrippa, *friend to Coriolanus.*

cinius Velutus, nius Brutus, } *Tribunes of the people, and enemies to Coriolanus.*

Tullus Aufidius, *General of the Volscians.*
Lieutenant to Aufidius.
Young Marcius, *son to Coriolanus.*
Conspirators with Aufidius.

Volumnia, *mother to Coriolanus.*
Virgila, *wife to Coriolanus.*
Valeria, *friend to Virgilia.*

Roman and Volscian Senators, Ædiles, Lictors, Soldiers, Common People, Servants to Aufidius, and other Attendants.

he SCENE is partly in Rome, and partly in the territories of the Volscians and Antiates.

ACT I. SCENE. I.

A street in Rome.

nter a company of Mutinous Citizens with staves, clubs, and other weapons.

Cit. BEFORE we proceed any further, hear me peak.

All. Speak, speak.

1 *Cit.* You are all resolv'd rather to die, than to famish?

All. Resolv'd, resolv'd.

1 *Cit.* First, you know, Caius Marcius is the chief nemy to the people.

All. We know't, we know't.

1 *Cit.*

† *The whole history* exactly followed, and many of the principal eches copied from the life of Coriolanus in Plutarch.

1 *Cit.* Let us kill him, and we'll have corn at our own price. Is't a verdict?

All. No more talking on't, let't be done: away, away.

2 *Cit.* One word, good Citizens.

1 *Cit.* We are accounted poor Citizens; the Patricians, good: what authority ſurfeits on, would relieve us: if they would yield us but the ſuperfluity, while it were wholſome, we might gueſs they reliev'd us humanely: but they think we are too dear: the leanneſs that afflicts us, the object of our miſery, is as an inventory to particularize their abundance; our ſufferance is a gain to them. Let us revenge this with our pikes, ere we become rakes: for the gods know, I ſpeak this in hunger for bread, not in thirſt for revenge.

2 *Cit.* Would you proceed eſpecially againſt Caius Marcius.

All. Againſt him firſt: he's a very dog to the commonalty.

2 *Cit.* Conſider you what ſervices he has done for his country!

1 *Cit.* Very well; and could be content to give him good report for't, but that he pays himſelf with being proud.

All. Nay, but ſpeak not maliciouſly.

1 *Cit.* I ſay unto you, what he hath done famouſly, he did it to that end: though ſoft-conſcienc'd men can be content to ſay, it was for his country, he did it to pleaſe his mother, and partly to be proud; which he is, even to the altitude of his virtue.

2 *Cit.* What he cannot help in his nature, you account a vice † in him: you muſt in no ways ſay he is covetous.

1 *Cit.* If I muſt not, I need not be barren of accuſations; he hath faults, with ſurplus, to tire in repetition. [*Shouts within.*] What ſhouts are thoſe? the other ſide o' th' city is riſen; why ſtay we prating here? To the Capitol———

All. Come, come.

1 *Cit.* Soft——who comes here?

SCENE

† *vice* is here uſe inaccurately for crime.

SCENE II. *Enter Menenius Agrippa.*

2 *Cit.* Worthy Menenius Agrippa; one that hath always lov'd the people.

1 *Cit.* He's one honeſt enough; 'would all the reſt were ſo!

Men. What work's, my countrymen, in hand? where go you,
With bats and clubs! the matter——Speak, I pray you.

2 *Cit.* Our buſineſs is not unknown to the ſenate; they have had inkling, this fortnight, what we intend to do, which now we'll ſhew 'em in deeds: they ſay, poor ſuiters have ſtrong breaths; they ſhall know we have ſtrong arms too.

Men. Why, maſters, my good friends, mine honeſt neighbours,
Will you undo yourſelves?

2 *Cit.* We cannot, Sir, we are undone already.

Men. I tell you, friends, moſt charitable care
Have the Patricians of you. For your wants,
Your ſufferings in this dearth, you may as well
Strike at the heaven with your ſtaves, as lift them
Againſt the Roman ſtate; whoſe courſe will on
The way it takes, cracking ten thouſand curbs
Of more ſtrong links aſunder, than can ever
Appear in your impediment. For the dearth,
The gods, not the Patricians, make it; and
Your knees to them (not arms) muſt help. Alack,
Your are tranſported by calamity
Thither where more attends you; and you ſlander
The helms o' th' ſtate, who care for you like fathers,
When you curſe them as enemies.

2 *Cit.* Care for us!——true, indeed!——they ne'er car'd for us yet. Suffer us to famiſh, and their ſtorehouſes cramm'd with grain: make edicts for uſury, to ſupport uſurers; repeal daily any wholeſome act eſtabliſhed againſt the rich, and provide more piercing ſtatutes daily to chain up and reſtrain the poor. If the wars eat us not up, they will; and there's all the love they bear us.

Men. *Either you muſt*
Confeſs yourſelves wondrous malicious,

Or be accus'd of folly. I ſhall tell you
A pretty tale, (it may be you have heard it);
But, ſince it ſerves my purpoſe, I will venture
To ſcale't * a little more.

2 *Cit.* Well,
We'll hear it, Sir——yet you muſt not think
To fob off our diſgraces with a tale:
But, an't pleaſe you, deliver.

Men. There was a time, when all the body's members
Rebel'd againſt the belly; thus accus'd it;——
That only, like a gulph, it did remain
I' th' midſt o' th' body, idle and unactive,
Still cupboarding the viand, never bearing
Like labour with the reſt; where th' other inſtruments
Did ſee, and hear, deviſe, inſtruct, walk, feel,
And mutually participate, did miniſter
Unto the appetite, and affection common
Of the whole body. The belly anſwer'd——

2 *Cit.* Well, Sir, what anſwer made the belly?

Men. Sir, I ſhall tell you.——With a kind of ſmile,
Which ne'er came from the lungs, but even thus——
(For look you, I may make the belly ſmile,
As well as ſpeak), it tauntingly reply'd
To th' diſcontented members, th' mutinous parts,
That envied his receipt; even ſo moſt fitly †,
As you malign our ſenators, for that
They are not ſuch as you——

2 *Cit.* Your belly's anſwer——what!
The kingly-crowned head, the vigilant eye,
The counſellor heart, the arm our ſoldier,
Our ſteed the leg, the tongue our trumpeter;
With other muniments and petty helps
In this our fabric, if that they——

Men. What then?——'Fore me this fellow ſpeaks,
What then? what then?

2 *Cit.* Should by the cormorant belly be reſtrain'd,
Who is the ſink o' th' body,——

Men. Well,——what then?

2 *Cit.* The former agents, if they did complain,
What could the belly anſwer?

Men.

* weigh, examine, and apply it.
† *i. e.* exactly.

Men. I will tell you.
f you'll beſtow a ſmall (of what you have little)
'atience, a while, you'll hear the belly's anſwer.
2 *Cit.* Y'are long about it.
Men. Note me this, good friend.
Your moſt grave belly was deliberate,
Not raſh, like his accuſers; and thus anſwer'd:
True is it, my incorporate friends, quoth he,
That I receive the general food at firſt,
Which you do live upon; and fit it is,
Becauſe I am the ſtorehouſe and the ſhop
Of the whole body. But if you do remember,
I ſend it through the rivers of your blood,
Even to the court, the heart, to th' ſeat o' th' brain,
And through the cranks and offices of man;
The ſtrongeſt nerves, and ſmall inferior veins,
From me receive that natural competency,
Whereby they live. And though that all at once,
You, my good friends, (this ſays the belly), mark me—
2 *Cit.* Ay, Sir, well, well.
Men. Though all at once cannot
See what I do deliver out to each,
Yet I can make my audit up, that all
From me do back receive the flow'r of all,
And leave me but the bran. What ſay you to't?
2 *Cit.* It was an anſwer;——how apply you this?
Men. The ſenators of Rome are this good belly,
And you the mutinous members: for examine
Their counſels, and their cares; digeſt things rightly
Touching the weal o' th' common; you ſhall find
No public benefit which you receive,
But it proceeds or comes from them to you,
And no way from yourſelves. What do you think?
You, the great toe of this aſſembly!——
2 *Cit.* I the great toe! why, the great toe?
Men. For that being one o' th' loweſt, baſeſt, pooreſt,
Of this moſt wiſe rebellion, thou goeſt foremoſt:
Thou raſcal, that art worſt in blood to run,
Lead'ſt firſt, to win ſome 'vantage.——
But make you ready your ſtiff bats and clubs,
Rome and her rats are at the point of battle:
The one ſide muſt have bale.

SCENE III. *Enter Cauis Marcius.*

Hail, Noble Marcius!

Mar. Thanks. What's the matter, you diſſenſious
That, rubbing the poor itch of your opinion, [rogues
Make yourſelves ſcabs?

2 *Cit.* We have ever your good word.

Mar. He that will give good words to thee, will flatter
Beneath abhorring. What would ye have, ye curs,
That like not peace, nor war? The one affrights you,
The other makes you proud. He that truſts to you,
Where he ſhould find you lions, finds you hares;
Where foxes, geeſe. You are no ſurer, no,
Than is the coal of fire upon the ice,
Or hailſtone in the ſun. Your virtue is,
To make him worthy, whoſe offence ſubdues him,
And curſe that juſtice did it. Who deſerves greatneſs,
Deſerves your hate; and your affections are
A ſick man's appetite, who deſires moſt that
Which would increaſe his evil. He that depends
Upon your favours, ſwims with fins of lead,
And hews down oaks with ruſhes. Hang ye—truſt ye!
With every minute you do change a mind,
And call him noble that was now your hate;
Him vile that was your garland. What's the matter,
That in the ſeveral places of the city
You cry againſt the noble ſenate, who
(Under the gods) keep you in awe, which elſe
Would feed on one another?—What's their ſeeking?

Men. For corn at their own rates, whereof they ſay
The city is well ſtor'd.

Mar. Hang 'em: they ſay!
They'll ſit by th' fire, and preſume to know
What's done i' th' Capitol; who's like to riſe;
Who thrives, and who declines: ſide factions, and give
Conjectural marriages; making parties ſtrong,
And feeble ſuch as ſtand not in their liking,
Below their cobled ſhoes. They ſay there's grain enough!
Would the Nobility lay aſide their ruth,
And let me uſe my word. I'd make a quarry
With thouſands of theſe quarter'd ſlaves, as high

As I could pitch my lance.

Men. Nay, theſe are almoſt thoroughly perſuaded: For though abundantly they lack diſcretion, Yet are they paſſing cowardly. But, I beſeech you, What ſays the other troop?

Mar. They are diſſolv'd; hang 'em, They ſaid they were an hungry, ſigh'd forth proverbs; That *hunger broke ſtone walls*—that *dogs muſt eat*,— That *meat was made for mouths*—that *the gods ſent not Corn for the rich men only*——With theſe ſhreds They vented their complainings: which being anſwer'd, And a petition granted them, a ſtrange one, To break the heart of Generoſity, And make bold Power look pale; they threw their caps As they would hang them on the horns o' th' moon, Shouting their emulation.

Men. What is granted them?

Mar. Five Tribunes to defend their vulgar wiſdoms, Of their own choice. One's Junius Brutus, Sicinius Velutus, and I know not———s' death, The rabble ſhould have firſt unroof'd the city Ere ſo prevail'd with me! it will in time Win upon Power, and throw forth greater themes For Inſurrection's arguing.

Men. This is ſtrange.

Mar. Go, get you home, you fragments!

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſſ. Where's Caius Marcius?

Mar. Here———what's the matter?

Meſſ. The news is, Sir, the Volſcians are in arms.

Mar. I'm glad on't; then we ſhall have means to vent Our muſty ſuperfluity. See! our beſt elders———

SCENE IV.

Enter Sicinius Velutus, Junius Brutus, Cominius, Titus Lartius, with other Senators.

1 *Sen.* Marcius, 'tis true that you have lately told us, The Volſcians are in arms.

Mar. They have a leader,

Tullus Aufidius, that will put you to't.
I ſin in envying his Nobility:
And were I any thing but what I am,
I'd wiſh me only he.

Com. You have fought together!

Mar. Were half to half the world by th' ears, and he
Upon my party, I'd revolt, to make
Only my wars with him. He is a lion
That I am proud to hunt.

1 *Sen.* Then, worthy Marcius,
Attend upon Cominius to theſe wars.

Com. It is your former promiſe.

Mar. Sir, it is;
And I am conſtant. Titus Lartius, thou
Shalt ſee me once more ſtrike at Tullus' face.
What, art thou ſtiff? ſtand'ſt out?

Lart. No, Caius Marcius,
I'll lean upon one crutch, and fight with t' other,
Ere ſtay behind this buſineſs.

Men. O true bred!

1 *Sen.* Your company to th' Capitol, where I know
Our greateſt friends attend us.

Lart. Lead you on;
Follow, Cominius; we muſt follow you;
Right worthy your priority.

Com. Noble Lartius———

1 *Sen.* Hence to you homes———be gone.
[*To the Citizens.*

Mar. Nay, let them follow;
The Volſcians have much corn: take theſe rats thither,
To gnaw their garners. Worſhipful mutineers,
Your valour puts well forth; pray, follow.——
[*Exeunt.*

[*Citizens ſteal away.* *Manent Sicinius and Brutus.*

Sic. Was ever man ſo proud as is this Marcius?

Bru. He has no equal.

Sic. When we were choſen Tribunes for the people—

Bru. Mark'd you his lip and eyes?

Sic. Nay, but his taunts.

Bru. Being mov'd, he will not ſpare to gird the gods—

Sic. Be-mock the modeſt moon,———

Bru.

Bru. The prefent wars devour him! He is grown
Too proud to be ſo valiant.
Sic. Such a nature,
Tickled with good ſucceſs, diſdains the ſhadow
Which he treads on at noon; but I do wonder
His inſolence can brook to be commanded
Under Cominius.
Bru. Fame, at the which he aims,
In whom already he is well grac'd, cannot
Better be held, nor more attain'd, than by
A place below the firſt; for what miſcarries
Shall be the General's fault, though he perform
To the utmoſt of a man; and giddy Cenſure
Will then cry out of Marcius, Oh, if he
Had borne the buſineſs———
Sic. Beſides, if things go well,
Opinion, that ſo ſticks on Marcius, ſhall
Of his demerits rob Cominius.
Bru. Come;
Half all Cominius' honours are to Marcius,
Though Marcius earn'd them not; and all his faults
To Marcius ſhall be honours, though indeed
In aught he merit not.
Sic. Let's hence, and hear
How the diſpatch is made; and in what faſhion,
More than this ſingularity, he goes
Upon this preſent action.
Bru. Let's along. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *Changes to Corioli.*

Enter Tullus Aufidius, with Senators of Corioli.

1 *Sen.* So, your opinion is, Aufidius,
That they of Rome are entred in our counſels,
And know how we proceed.
Auf. Is it not your's?
Whatever hath been thought on in this ſtate,
That could be brought to bodily act, ere Rome
Had circumvention? 'Tis not four days gone
Since I heard thence—theſe are the words—I think
I have the letter here; yes—here it is:
They *have* preſs'd a power, but it is not known
[Reading. Whether

Whether for eaſt or weſt; the dearth is great,
The people mutinous; and it is rumour'd,
Cominius, Marcius your old enemy,
(Who is of Rome worſe hated than of you),
And Titus Lartius, a moſt valiant Roman,
Theſe three lead on this preparation
Whither 'tis bent——moſt likely 'tis for you:
Conſider of it.

1 Sen. Our army's in the field:
We never yet made doubt, but Rome was ready
To anſwer us.

Auf. Nor did you think it folly,
To keep your great pretences veil'd, till when
They needs muſt ſhew themſelves; which in the hatch
It ſeem'd, appear'd to Rome. By the diſcovery
We ſhall be ſhortned in our aim, which was
To take in many towns, ere (almoſt) Rome
Should know we were a-foot.

2 Sen. Noble Aufidius,
Take your commiſſion, hie you to your bands;
Let us alone to guard Corioli;
If they ſet down before's, 'fore they remove,
Bring up your army: but I think you'll find
They've not prepar'd for us.

Auf. O, doubt not that,
I ſpeak from certainties. Nay more,
Some parcels of their power are forth already,
And only hitherward. I leave your Honours.
If we and Caius Marcius chance to meet,
'Tis ſworn between us, we ſhall ever ſtrike
Till one can do no more.

All. The gods aſſiſt you!

Auf. And keep your Honours ſafe!

1 Sen. Farewel.

2 Sen. Farewel.

All. Farewel. [*Ex*

SCENE VI.

Changes to Caius Marcius's houſe in Rome.

Enter Volumnia and Virgilia; they ſit down on two ſtools, and ſow.

Vol. I pray you, daughter, ſing, or expreſs yo

in a more comfortable ſort. If my ſon were my huſband, I would freelier rejoice in that abſence wherein he won honour, than in the embracements of his bed, where he would ſhew moſt love. When yet he was but tender-bodied, and the only ſon of my womb; when youth with comelineſs plucked all gaze his way; when, for a day of kings' intreaties, a mother ſhould not ſell him an hour from her beholding; I conſidering how Honour would become ſuch a perſon, that it was no better than picture-like to hang by th' wall, if Renown made it not ſtir, was pleas'd to let him ſeek Danger where he was like to find Fame: to a cruel war I ſent him, from whence he return'd, his brows bound with oak. I tell thee, daughter, I ſprang not more in joy at firſt hearing he was a man-child, than now in firſt ſeeing he had proved himſelf a man.

Vir. But had he died in the buſineſs, madam; how then?

Vol. Then his good report ſhould have been my ſon; I therein would have found iſſue. Hear me profeſs ſincerely: Had I a dozen ſons each in my love alike, and none leſs dear than thine and my good Marcius, I had rather eleven die nobly for their country, than one voluptuouſly ſurfeit out of action.

Enter a Gentlewoman.

Gent. Madam, the Lady Valeria is come to viſit you.

Vir. 'Beſeech you, give me leave to retire myſelf.

Vol. Indeed thou ſhalt not.

" Methinks I hither hear your huſband's drum:
" I ſee him pluck Aufidius down by th' hair;
" As children from a bear, the Volſci ſhunning him;
" Methinks I ſee him ſtamp thus——and call thus——
" Come on, ye cowards, ye were got in fear,
" Though ye were born in Rome; his bloody brow
" With his mail'd hand then wiping, forth he goes
" Like to a harveſt-man, that's taſk'd to mow
" Or all, or loſe his hire.

Vir. " His bloody brow! oh, Jupiter, no blood!—

Vol. " Away, you fool; it more becomes a man,
" Than *gilt his* trophy. The breaſt of Hecuba,
" *When ſhe did* ſuckle Hector, look'd not lovelier

" Than

" Than Hector's forehead, when it ſpit forth blood
" At Grecian ſwords contending. Tell Valeria,
We are fit to bid her welcome. [*Exit Gent.*

Vir. Heav'ns bleſs my Lord from fell Aufidius!

Vol. He'll beat Aufidius' head below his knee,
And tread upon his neck.

Enter Valeria, with an Uſher, and a Gentlewoman.

Vol. My Ladies both, good day to you.

Vol. Sweet Madam———

Vir. I am glad to ſee your Ladyſhip———

Val. How do you both? you are manifeſt houſekeepers. What are you ſowing here? a fine ſpot, in good faith. How does your little ſon?

Vir. I thank your Ladyſhip; well, good Madam.

Vol. He had rather ſee the ſwords, and hear a drum, than look upon his ſchoolmaſter.

Val. O' my word, the father's ſon: I'll ſwear 'tis a very pretty boy. " O' my troth, I look'd on him o'
" Wedneſday half an hour together———h'as ſuch a
" confirm'd countenance. I ſaw him run after a gilded
" butterfly; and when he caught it, he let it go again,
" and after it again; and over and over he comes, and
" up again; and caught it again; and whether his fall
" enrag'd him, or how 'twas, he did ſo ſet his teeth,
" and did tear it; oh, I warrant how he mammock'd
" it!

Vol. One of's father's moods.

Val. Indeed, la, 'tis a noble child.

Vir. A crack, Madam.

Val. Come, lay aſide your ſtitchery; I muſt have you play the idle huſwife with me this afternoon.

Vir. No, good Madam, I will not out of doors.

Val. Not out of doors!

Vol. She ſhall, ſhe ſhall.

Vir. Indeed, no, by your patience; I'll not over the threſhold, till my Lord return from the wars.

Val. Fie, you confine yourſelf moſt unreaſonably. Come, you muſt go viſit the good Lady that lies in.

Vir. I will wiſh her ſpeedy ſtrength, and viſit her with my prayers; but I cannot go thither.

Vol. Why, I pray you?

Vir.

Vir. 'Tis not to ſave labour, nor that I want love.

Val. You would be another Penelope; yet they ſay, all the yarn ſhe ſpun in Ulyſſes's abſence, did but fill Ithaca full of moths. Come, I would your cambrick were ſenſible as your finger, that you might leave pricking it for pity. Come, you ſhall go with us.

Vir. No, good Madam, pardon me; indeed I will not forth.

Val. In truth, la, go with me, and I'll tell you excellent news of your huſband.

Vir. Oh, good Madam, there can be none yet.

Val Verily I do not jeſt with you; there came news from him laſt night.

Vir. Indeed, Madam———

Val. In earneſt 'tis true; I heard a ſenator ſpeak it. Thus it is——The Volſcians have an army forth, againſt whom Cominius the General is gone with one part of our Roman power. Your Lord and Titus Lartius are ſet down before their city Corioli; they nothing doubt prevailing, and to make it brief wars. This is true, on my honour; and ſo I pray go with us.

Vir. Give me excuſe, good Madam; I will obey you in every thing hereafter.

Vol. Let her alone, Lady, as ſhe is now, ſhe will but diſeaſe our better mirth.

Val. In troth I think ſhe would. Fare you well then. Come, good ſweet Lady. Pr'ythee, Virgilia, turn thy ſolemneſs out o' door, and go along with us.

Vir. No: at a word, Madam, indeed I muſt not. I wiſh you much mirth.

Val. Well, then farewel. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII. *Changes to the walls of Corioli.*

Enter Marcius, Titus Lartius, with Captains and Soldiers. To them a Meſſenger.

Mar. Yonder comes news: a wager they have met.

Lar. My horſe to your's, no.

Mar. 'Tis done.

Lart. Agreed.

Mar. Say, has our General met the enemy?

Meſſ. They lie in view, but have not ſpoke as yet.

Lart.

Lart. So, the good horſe is mine.
Mar. I'll buy him of you.
Lart. No, I'll not ſell, nor give him: lend him you I will
For half an hundred years. Summon the town.
Mar. How far off lies theſe armies?
Meſſ. Within a mile and half.
Mar. Then ſhall we hear their larum, and they ours.
Now, Mars, I pr'ythee, make us quick in work;
That we with ſmoking ſwords may march from hence,
To help our fielded friends! Come, blow the blaſt.

They ſound a parley. Enter two Senators with others on the walls.

Tullus Aufidius, is he within your walls?
1 *Sen.* No, nor a man that fears you leſs than he;
That's leſſer than a little. Hark, our drums
[*Drum afar off.*
Are bringing forth our youth: we'll break our walls,
Rather than they ſhall pound us up: our gates,
Which yet ſeem ſhut, we have but pinn'd with ruſhes;
They'll open of themſelves. Hark you, far off
[*Alarum far off.*
There is Aufidius. Liſt, what work he makes
Among your cloven army.
Mar. Oh, they are at it!———
Lart. Their noiſe be our inſtruction. Ladders, ho!

Enter the Volſcians.

Mar. They fear us not, but iſſue forth their city.
Now put your ſhields before your hearts, and fight
With hearts more proof than ſhields. Advance, brave Titus,
They do diſdain us much beyond our thoughts;
Which makes me ſweat with wrath. Come on, my fellows;
He that retires, I'll take him for a Volſcian,
And he ſhall feel mine edge.
[*Alarum; the Romans beat back to their trenches.*

SCENE VIII. *Re-enter Marcius.*

Mar. All the contagion of the ſouth light on you,
You ſhames of Rome, you!———herds of boils and plaguer
Plaiſter you o'er, that you may be abhorr'd Earth

Farther than ſeen, and one infect another
Againſt the wind a mile!——You ſouls of geeſe,
That bear the ſhapes of men, how have you run
From ſlaves, that apes would beat? Pluto and hell!
All hurt behind, backs red, and faces pale,
With flight, and agued fear! mend, and charge home,
Or, by the fires of heaven, I'll leave the foe,
And make my wars on you: look to't, come on;
If you'll ſtand faſt we'll beat them to their wives,
As they us to our trenches followed.

Another alarum, and Marcius follows them to the gates.

So now the gates are ope; now prove good ſeconds;
'Tis for the followers Fortune widens them,
Not for the fliers: mark me, and do the like.
[*He enters the gates and is ſhut in.*

1 *Sol.* Fool-hardineſs, not I.

2 *Sol.* Nor I.

3 *Sol.* See, they have ſhut him in. [*Alarum continues.*

All. To th' pot, I warrant him

Enter Titus Lartius.

Lart. What is become of Marcius?

All. Slain, Sir, doubtleſs.

1 *Sol.* Following the fliers at the very heels,
With them he enters; who, upon the ſudden,
Clapt to their gates; he is himſelf alone,
To anſwer all the city.

Lart. Oh, noble fellow!
Who, ſenſible, outdoes his ſenſeleſs ſword;
And, when it bows, ſtands up: thou art left, Marcius—
A carbuncle entire, as big as thou art,
Were not ſo rich a jewel. Thou waſt a ſoldier
Even to Cato's wiſh †, not fierce and terrible
Only in ſtrokes, but with thy grim looks, and
The thunder-like percuſſion of thy ſounds,
Thou mad'ſt thine enemies ſhake, as if the world
Were feverous, and did tremble.

Enter

† Plutarch, in the life of Coriolanus, relates this as the opinion of Cato the elder that a ſoldier ſhould carry terror in his looks *and tone of voice*: and the poet here, by following the hiſtorian inadvertently, is fallen into a great chronological impropriety.

Enter Marcius bleeding, aſſaulted by the enemy.

1 *Sol.* Look, Sir.———

Lart. O, 'tis Marcius.
Let's fetch him off, or make remain † alike.
[*They fight, and all enter the ci*

Enter certain Romans with ſpoils.

1 *Rom.* This will I carry to Rome.

2 *Rom.* And I this.

3 *Rom.* A murrian on't, I took this for ſilver.
[*Alarum continues ſtill afar (*

Enter Marcius and Titus Lartius, with a trumpet.

Mar. See here theſe movers, that do prize their l
At a crack'd drachm: cuſhions, leaden ſpoons, [no
Irons of a doit, doublets that hangmen would
Bury with thoſe that wore them, theſe baſe ſlaves,
Ere yet the fight be done, pack up; down with them
And hark, what noiſe the General makes!—to him;
There is the man of my ſoul's hate, Aufidius,
Piercing our Romans: then, valiant Titus, take
Convenient number to make good the city;
Whilſt I, with thoſe that have the ſpirit, will haſte
To help Cominius.

Lart. Worthy Sir, thou bleed'ſt;
Thy exerciſe hath been too violent
For a ſecond courſe of fight.

Mar. Sir, praiſe me not:
My work hath yet not warm'd me. Fare you well:
The blood I drop is rather phyſical
Than dangerous to me.
T' Aufidius thus I will appear, and fight.

Lart. Now the fair goddeſs Fortune
Fall deep in love with thee, and her great charms
Miſguide thy oppoſers' ſwords! bold gentleman!
Proſperity be thy page!

Mar. Thy friend no leſs,
Than thoſe ſhe placeth higheſt! So, farewel.

Lart. Thou worthieſt Marcius,——
Go ſound thy trumpet in the market-place;
[*To the Trum*

† An old way of ſpeaking, ſignifying but the ſame as remain.

Call thither all the officers o' th' town,
Where they ſhall know our mind. Away. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IX. *Changes to the Roman camp.*

Enter Cominius retreating, with Soldiers.

Com. Breathe you, my friends; well fought; we are come off
Like Romans, neither fooliſh in our ſtands,
Nor cowardly in retire: believe me, Sirs,
We ſhall be charg'd again. Whiles we have ſtruck,
By interims and conveying guſts, we have heard
The charges of our friends. Ye Roman gods,
Lead their ſucceſſes, as we wiſh our own;
That both our powers, with ſmiling fronts encountring,
May give you thankful ſacrifice! Thy news?

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſſ. The citizens of Corioli have iſſued,
And given to Lartius and to Marcius battle.
I ſaw our party to the trenches driven,
And then I came away.

Com. Though thou ſpeak'ſt truth,
Methinks thou ſpeak'ſt not well. How long is't ſince?

Meſſ. Above an hour, my Lord.

Com. 'Tis not a mile: briefly we heard their drums.
How could'ſt thou in a mile confound an hour,
And bring the news ſo late?

Meſſ. Spies of the Volſcians
Held me in chace, that I was forc'd to wheel
Three or four miles about; elſe had I, Sir,
Half an hour ſince brought my report.

Enter Marcius.

Com. Who's yonder,
That does appear as he were flea'd? O gods!
He has the ſtamp of Marcius, and I have
Before time ſeen him thus.

Mar. Come I too late?

Com. "The ſhepherd knows not thunder from a tabor,
"More than I know the ſound of Marcius' tongue
"From every meaner man."

Mar. Come I too late?

Com. Ay, if you come not in the blood of others,
But mantled in your own.

Mar. Oh! let me clip ye,
In arms as ſound, as when I woo'd; in heart
As merry, as when our nuptial-day was done,
And tapers burnt to bedward.

Com. Flower of warriors,
How is't with Titus Lartius?

Mar. As with a man buſied about decrees;
Condemning ſome to death, and ſome to exile,
Ranſoming him, or pitying *, threat'ning th' other;
Holding Corioli in the name of Rome,
Even like a fawning greyhound in the leaſh,
To let him ſlip at will.

Com. Where is that ſlave
Which told me they had beat you to your trenches?
Where is he; call him hither.

Mar. Let him alone;
He did inform the truth: but for our gentlemen,
The common file, (a plague! Tribunes for them!),
The mouſe ne'er ſhunn'd the cat, as they did budge
From raſcals worſe than they.

Com. But how prevail'd you?

Mar. Will the time ſerve to tell? I do not think.
Where is the enemy? are you lords o' th' field?
If not, why ceaſe you till you are ſo?

Com. Marcius, we have at diſadvantage fought,
And did retire to win our purpoſe.

Mar. How lies their battle? know you on what ſide
They have plac'd their men of truſt?

Com. As I gueſs, Marcius,
Their bands i' th' vaward are the Antiates
Of their beſt truſt: o'er them Aufidius,
Their very heart of hope.

Mar. I do beſeech you,
By all the battles wherein we have fought,
By th' blood we've ſhed together, by the vows
We've made to endure friends, that you directly
Set me againſt Aufidius, and his Antiates;

* *i. e.* remitting his ranſom.

And that you not delay * the preſent, but
Filling the air with ſwords advanc'd, and darts,
We prove this very hour.———

Com. Though I could wiſh
You were conducted to a gentle bath,
And balms applied to you, yet dare I never
Deny your aſking; take your choice of thoſe
That beſt can aid your action.

Mar. Thoſe are they
That moſt are willing: if any ſuch be here
(As it were ſin to doubt) that love this painting,
Wherein you ſee me ſmear'd; if any fear
Leſs for his perſon than ill report;
If any think brave death outweighs bad life,
And that his country's dearer than himſelf,
Let him alone (or many, if ſo minded)
Wave thus, t' expreſs his diſpoſition,
And follow Marcius.

[*They all ſhout, and wave their ſwords, take him up in their arms, and caſt up their caps.*

Oh! me alone, make you a ſword of me.
If theſe ſhews be not outward, which of you
But is four Volſcians? none of you but is
Able to bear againſt the great Aufidius
A ſhield as hard as his. A certain number
(Tho' thanks to all) muſt I ſelect from all.
The reſt ſhall bear the buſineſs in ſome other fight,
As cauſe † will be obey'd; pleaſe you to march,
And four ſhall quickly draw out my command,
Which men are beſt inclin'd.

Com. March on, my fellows.
Make good this oſtentation, and you ſhall
Divide in all with us. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE X. *Changes to Corioli.*

Titus Lartius having ſet a guard upon Corioli, going with drum and trumpet toward Cominius and Caius Marcius, enter with a Lieutenant, other Soldiers, and a ſcout.

Lart. So, let the ports be guarded; keep your duties,

* *delay*, for *let ſlip*.
† *cauſe*, for *occaſion*.

As I have ſet them down. If I do ſend, diſpatch
Thoſe centries to our aid; the reſt will ſerve
For a ſhort holding; if we loſe the field,
We cannot keep the town.

Lieut. Fear not our care, Sir.

Lart. Hence, and ſhut your gates upon's.
Our guider, come! to th' Roman camp conduct us.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE XI. *Changes to the Roman camp.*

Alarum, as in battle. Enter Marcius and Aufidius, at ſeveral doors.

Mar. I'll fight with none but thee: for I do hate thee
Worſe than a promiſe-breaker.

Auf. We hate alike.
Not Afric owns a ſerpent I abhor
More than thy fame, and envy; fix thy foot.

Mar Let the firſt budger die the other's ſlave,
And the gods doom him after!

Auf. If I fly, Marcius,
Halloo me like a hare.

Mar. Within theſe three hours, Tullus,
Alone I fought in your Corioli walls,
And made what work I pleas'd: 'tis not my blood
Wherein thou ſeeſt me maſk'd; for thy revenge,
Wrench up thy power to th' higheſt.

Auf. Wert thou the Hector
That was the whip of your bragg'd progeny,
Thou ſhould'ſt not 'ſcape me here,

[*Here they fight, and certain Volſcians come to the aid of Aufidius. Marcius fights, till they be driven in breathleſs.*

Officious, and not valiant!——you have ſham'd me
In your condemned ſeconds.

[*Exeunt Mar. and Auf. fighting.*

Flouriſh. Alarum. A retreat is ſounded. Enter at one door, Cominius with the Romans; at another door, Marcius, with his arm in a ſcarf.

Com. If I ſhould tell thee o'er this thy day's work,
Thou'lt not believe thy deeds: but I'll report it,
Where ſenators ſhall mingle tears with ſmiles;

Where

Where great Patricians ſhall attend and ſhrug;
I' th' end, admire; where ladies ſhall be frighted,
And, gladly quak'd, hear more; where the dull Tribunes,
That, with the fuſty Plebeians, hate thine honours,
Shall ſay againſt their hearts,—We thank the gods,
Our Rome hath ſuch a ſoldier!——
Yet cam'ſt thou to a morſel of this feaſt,
Having fully din'd before.

Enter Titus Lartius with his power, from the purſuit.

Lart. O General,
Here is the ſteed, we the capariſon,
Hadſt thou beheld——

Mar. "Pray now no more: my mother,
"Who has a charter to extol her blood,
"When ſhe does praiſe me, grieves me.
I have done as you have done; that's, what I can;
Induc'd, as you have been; that's for my country.
He that has but effected his good-will,
Hath overta'en mine act.

Com. You ſhall not be
The grave of your deſerving. Rome muſt know
The value of her own: 'twere a concealment,
Worſe than a theft, no leſs than a traducement,
To hide your doings; and to ſilence that,
Which, to the top and ſpire of praiſes vouch'd,
Would ſeem but modeſt: therefore I beſeech you,
(In ſign of what you are, not to reward
What you have done), before our army hear me.

Mar. I have ſome wounds upon me, and they ſmart
To hear themſelves remembred.

Com. Should they not,
Well might they feſter 'gainſt ingratitude,
And tent themſelves with death. Of all the horſes,
Whereof we have ta'en good, and good ſtore, of all
The treaſure in the field atchiev'd, and city,
We render you the tenth, to be ta'en forth,
Before the common diſtribution, at
Your own choice.

Mar. I thank you, General;
But cannot make my heart conſent to take
A bribe, to pay my ſword. I do refuſe it,

And ſtand upon my common part with thoſe
That have beheld the doing.

[*A long flouriſh. They all cry Marcius! Marcius! caſt up their caps and lances. Cominius and Lartius ſtand bare.*

Mar. May theſe ſame inſtruments, which you profane,
Never ſound more! when drums and trumpets ſhall
I' th' field prove flatterers, let camps, as cities,
Be made of falſe-fac'd ſoothing! When ſteel grows
Soft as the paraſite's ſilk, let hymns be made
An overture for th' wars!——No more, I ſay:
For that I have not waſh'd my noſe that bled,
Or foil'd ſome debile wretch, which without note
Here's many elſe have done; you ſhout me forth
In acclamations hyperbolical;
As if I lov'd, my little ſhould be dieted
In praiſes ſauc'd with lyes.

Com. Too modeſt are you:
More cruel to your good report, than grateful
To us, that give you truly; by your patience,
If 'gainſt yourſelf you be incens'd, we'll put you
(Like one that means his proper harm) in manacles;
Then reaſon ſafely with you: therefore be it known,
As to us, to all the world, that Caius Marcius
Wears this war's garland: in token of the which,
My noble ſteed, known to the camp, I give him,
With all his trim belonging; and from this time,
For what he did before Corioli, call him,
With all th' applauſe and clamour of the hoſt,
Caius Marcius Coriolanus. Bear th' addition nobly ever!

[*Flouriſh. Trumpets ſound and drums.*

Omnes. Caius Marcius Coriolanus!

Mar. "I will go waſh;
"And when my face is fair, you ſhall perceive
"Whether I bluſh or no. Howbeit, I thank you.
I mean to ſtride your ſteed, and at all times
To undercreſt your good addition *,
To th' fairneſs † of my power.

Com. So, to our tent:

Where,

* A phraſe from heraldry, ſignifying, that he would endeavour to ſupport his good opinion of him.

† *fairneſs*, for *utmoſt*.

Where, ere we do repoſe us, we will write
To Rome of our ſucceſs: you, Titus Lartius,
Muſt to Corioli back; ſend us to Rome
The beſt, with whom we may articulate,
For their own good, and ours.
Lart. I ſhall, my Lord.
Mar. The gods begin to mock me.
I, that but now refus'd moſt princely gifts,
Am bound to beg of my Lord General.
Com. Take't, 'tis your's: what is't?
Mar. I ſometime lay here in Corioli,
At a poor man's houſe. He us'd me kindly.
He cry'd to me. I ſaw him priſoner:
But then Aufidius was within my view,
And wrath o'erwhelm'd my pity. I requeſt you
To give my poor hoſt freedom.
Com. O well begg'd!
Were he the butcher of my ſon, he ſhould
Be free as is the wind. Deliver him, Titus.
Lart. Marcius, his name?
Mar. By Jupiter, forgot.———
I am weary; yea, my memory is tir'd:
Have we no wine here?
Com. Go we to our tent.
The blood upon you viſage dries; 'tis time
It ſhould be look'd to. Come. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE XII. *Changes to the camp of the Volſci.*

A flouriſh. Cornet. Enter Tullus Aufidius bloody, with two or three Soldiers.

Auf. The town is ta'en.
Sol. 'Twill be deliver'd back on good condition.
Auf. Condition!
I would I were a Roman; for I cannot,
Being a Volſcian, be that I am. Condition?
What good condition can a treaty find
I' th' part that is at mercy! Five times, Marcius,
I have fought with thee, ſo often haſt thou beat me;
And would'ſt do ſo, I think, ſhould we encounter
As often as we eat. By th' elements,
If e'er again I meet him beard to beard,
He's mine, or I am his: mine emulation

Hath

Hath not that honour in't it had; for where
I thought to cruſh him in an equal force,
True ſword to ſword; I'll potch at him ſome way,
Or wrath or craft may get him.

Sol. He's the devil.

Auf. Bolder, tho' not ſo ſubtle: my valour (poiſon'd,
With only ſuffering ſtain by him) for him
Shall fly out of itſelf. "Not ſleep nor ſanctuary,
"Being naked, ſick, nor fane, nor capitol,
"The prayers of prieſts, nor times of ſacrifice,
"Embarments of all fury, ſhall lift up
"Their rotten privilege and cuſtom 'gainſt
"My hate to Marcius. Where I find him, were it
"At home, upon my brother's guard, even there,
"Againſt the hoſpitable cannon, would I
"Waſh my fierce hand in's heart. Go you to th' city;
Learn how 'tis held; and what they are that muſt
Be hoſtages for Rome.

Sol. Will not you go?

Auf. I am attended at the cypreſs-grove. I pray you,
('Tis ſouth the city-mills), bring me word thither
How the world goes, that to the pace of it
I may ſpur on my journey.

Sol. I ſhall, Sir. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Rome.

Enter Menenius, with Sicinius and Brutus.

Men. THE augur tells me, we ſhall have news to-night.

Bru. Good or bad?

Men. Not according to the prayer of the people, for they love not Marcius.

Sic. Nature teaches beaſts to know their friends.

Men. Pray you, whom does the wolf love?

Sic. The lamb.

Men. Ay, to devour him, as the hungry Plebeians would the Noble Marcius.

Bru. He's a lamb indeed that baes like a bear.

Men. He's a bear indeed that lives like a lamb.

You are two old men, tell me one thing that I ſhall aſk you.

Both. Well, Sir;———

Men. In what enormity is Marcius poor, that you two have not in abundance?

Bru. He's poor in no one fault, but ſtor'd with all.

Sic. Eſpecially in pride.

Bru. And topping all others in boaſting.

Men. This is ſtrange now! do you two know how you are cenſur'd here in the city, I mean of us o' th' right hand file, do you?

Bru. Why,——how are we cenſur'd?

Men. Becauſe you talk of pride now, will you not be angry?

Both. Well, well, Sir, well.

Men. Why, 'tis no great matter; for a very little thief of occaſion will rob you of a great deal of patience:——give your diſpoſitions the reins, and be angry at your pleaſures; at the leaſt, if you take it as a pleaſure to you, in being ſo.———You blame Marcius for being proud.

Bru. We do it not alone, Sir.

Men. I know you can do very little alone; for your helps are many, or elſe your actions would grow wondrous ſingle; your abilities are too infant-like for doing much alone. You talk of pride——oh, that you could turn your eyes towards the napes of you necks, and make but an interior ſurvey of your good ſelves! Oh, that you could!

Bru. What then, Sir?

Men. Why, then you ſhould diſcover a brace of unmeriting, proud, violent, teſty magiſtrates, *alias* fools, as any in Rome.

Sic. Menenius, you are known well enough too.

Men. I am known to be a humorous Patrician, and one that loves a cup of hot wine with not a drop of allaying Tiber in't; ſaid to be ſomething imperfect, in favouring the firſt complaint; haſty and tinder-like, upon too trivial motion; one that converſes more with the buttock of the night, than with the forehead of the morning. *What I think, I utter*; and ſpend my malice *in my breath.* Meeting two ſuch weals-men as you are,

(I cannot cal' you Lycurguſes), if the drink you give me touch my palate adverſely, I make a crooked face at it. I can't ſay your Worſhips have deliver'd the matter well, when I find the aſs in compound with the major part of you ſyllables; and tho' I muſt be content to bear with thoſe that ſay you are reverend grave men, yet they lye deadly, that tell you, you have good faces: if you ſee this in the map of my microcoſm, follows it that I am known well enough too? what harm can your biſſon conſpectuities glean out of this character, if I be known well enough too?

Bru. Come, Sir, come, we know you well enough.

Men. You know neither me, yourſelves, nor any thing; you are ambitious for poor knaves' caps and legs †: you wear out a good wholeſome forenoon, in hearing a cauſe between an orange-wife and a foſſet-ſeller, and then adjourn a controverſy of three-pence to a ſecond day of audience.——When you are hearing a matter between party and party, if you chance to be pinch'd with the cholic, you make faces like mummers, ſet up the bloody flag againſt all patience, and, in roaring for a chamber-pot, diſmiſs the controverſy bleeding, the more intangled by your hearing: all the peace you make in their cauſe, is calling both the parties knaves. You are a pair of ſtrange ones.

Bru. Come, come, you are well underſtood to be a perfecter gyber of the table, than a neceſſary bencher in the Capitol.

Men. Our very prieſts muſt become mockers, if they ſhall encounter ſuch ridiculous ſubjects as you are; when you ſpeak beſt unto the purpoſe, it is not worth the wagging of your beards; and your beards deſerve not ſo honourable a grave, as to ſtuff a botcher's cuſhion, or to be intomb'd in an aſs's pack-ſaddle. Yet you muſt be ſaying, Marcius is proud; who, in a cheap eſtimation, is worth all your predeceſſors, ſince Deucalion; though peradventure ſome of the beſt of them were hereditary hangmen, Good-e'en to your Worſhips; more of your converſation would infect my brain, being the herdſmen of

† It appears from this whole ſpeech, that Shakeſpear miſtook the office of *Præfectus urbis* for the Tribune's office.

of the beaſtly Plebeians. I will be bold to take my leave of you. [*Brutus and Sicinius ſtand aſide.*

SCENE II.

As Menenius is going out, enter Volumnia, Virgilia, and Valeria.

How now my as fair as noble ladies, and the moon, were ſhe earthly, no nobler; whither do you follow your eyes ſo faſt?

Vol. Honourable Menenius, my boy Marcius approaches; for the love of Juno, let's go.

Men. Ha! Marcius coming home?

Vol. Ay, worthy Menenius, and with moſt proſperous approbation.

Men. Take my cup, Jupiter, and I thank thee—— hoo, Marcius coming home!

Both. Nay, 'tis true.

Vol. Look, here's a letter for him; the ſtate hath another, his wife another, and I think there's one at home for you.

Men. I will make my very houſe reel to-night: A letter for me!

Vir. Yes, certain, there's a letter for you, I ſaw't.

Men. A letter for me! it gives me an eſtate of ſeven years' health; in which time I will make a lip at the phyſician; the moſt ſovereign preſcription in Galen is but empiric, and to this preſervative of no better report than a horſe-drench. Is he not wounded? he was wont to come home wounded.

Vir. Oh. no, no, no.

Vol. Oh, he is wounded, I thank the gods for't.

Men. So do I too, if he be not too much; brings he a victory in his pocket, the wounds become him.

Vol. On's brows, Menenius; he comes the third time home with the oaken garland.

Men. Hath he diſciplin'd Aufidius ſoundly?

Vol. Titus Lartius writes, they fought together, but Aufidius got off.

Men. And 'twas time for him too, I'll warrant him that: if he had ſtaid by him, I would not have been

ſo

ſo *fidius'd* for all the cheſts in Corioli, and the gold that's in them. Is the ſenate poſſeſs'd of this?

Vol. Good Ladies, let's go. Yes, yes, yes; the ſenate has letters from the General, wherein he gives my ſon the whole name of the war: he hath in this action outdone his former deeds doubly.

Val. In troth there's wondrous things ſpoke of him.

Men. Wondrous! ay, I warrant you, and not without his true purchaſing.

Vir. The gods grant them true!

Vol. True? pow, waw.———

Men. True? I'll be ſworn they are true. Where is he wounded!——God ſave you good Worſhips; Marcius is coming home; he has more cauſe to be proud.—[*To the Tribunes.*] Where is he wounded?

Vol. I' th' ſhoulder, and i' th' left arm; there will be large cicatrices to ſhew the people, when he ſhall ſtand for his place. He received in the repulſe of Tarquin ſeven hurts i' th' body.

Men. One i' th' neck, and one too i' th' thigh; there's nine that I know.

Vol. He had, before this laſt expedition, twenty-five wounds upon him.

Men. Now 'tis twenty-ſeven; every gaſh was an enemy's grave. Hark, the trumpets.

[*A ſhout and flouriſh.*

Vol. Theſe are the uſhers of Marcius; before him he Carries noiſe, and behind him he leaves tears:
Death, that dark ſpirit, in's nervy arm doth lie;
Which being advanc'd, declines, and then men die.

SCENE III.

Trumpets ſound. Enter Cominius the General, and Titus Lartius; between them Coriolanus crown'd with an oaken garland, with Captains and Soldiers, and a Herald.

Her. Know, Rome, that all alone Marcius did fight
Within Corioli' gates, where he hath won,
With fame, a name to Caius Marcius.
Welcome to Rome, renowned Coriolanus!

[Sound. *Flouriſh.*
All.

All. Welcome to Rome, renowned Coriolanus!
Cor. No more of this, it does offend my heart;
Pray now, no more.
Com. Look, Sir, your mother,———
Cor. Oh!
You have, I know, petition'd all the gods
For my proſperity. [*Kneels.*
Vol. Nay, my good ſoldier, up:
My gentle Marcius, worthy Caius, and
By deed-atchieving honour newly nam'd,
What is it, Coriolanus, muſt I call thee?
But oh, thy wife———
Cor. "My gracious ſilence, hail!
Would'ſt thou have laugh'd, had I come coffin'd home,
That weep'ſt to ſee me triumph! Ah, my dear,
Such eyes the widows in Corioli wear,
And mothers that lack ſons.
Men. Now the gods crown thee!
Cor. And live you yet? O my ſweet Lady, pardon.
[*To Valeria.*
Vol. I know not where to turn. O welcome home;
And welcome, General! y'are welcome all.
Men. A hundred thouſand welcomes: I could weep,
And I could laugh, I'm light and heavy;—welcome!
A curſe begin at very root on's heart,
That is not glad to ſee thee ——You are three
That Rome ſhould doat on: yet, by the faith of men,
We've ſome old crab-trees here at home, that will not
Be grafted to your reliſh. Welcome, warriors!
We call a nettle, but a nettle; and
The faults of fools, but folly.
Com. Ever right.
Cor. Menenius, ever, ever.
Her. Give way there, and go on.
Cor. Your hand, and your's.
Ere in our own houſe I do ſhade my head,
The good Patricians muſt be viſited;
From whom I have receiv'd not only greetings,
But, with them, change of honours.
Vol. I have lived,
To ſee *inherited my very wiſhes,*
And buildings of my fancy; only one thing

Is wanting, which I doubt not but our Rome
Will caſt upon thee.

Cor. Know, good mother, I
Had rather be their ſervant in my way,
Than ſway with them in theirs.

Com. On, to the Capitol. [*Flouriſh. Cornets.*
[*Exeunt in ſtate, as before.*

SCENE IV. *Brutus and Sicinius come forward.*

Bru. 'All tongues ſpeak of him, and the bleared ſights
'Are ſpectacled to ſee him. Your prattling nurſe
'Into a rapture † lets her baby cry,
'While ſhe chats him: the kitchen malkin pins
'Her richeſt lockram 'bout her reechy neck,
'Clamb'ring the walls to eye him; ſtalls, bulks, windows,
'Are ſmother'd up, leads fill'd, and ridges hors'd
'With variable complexions; all agreeing
'In earneſtneſs to ſee him: ſeld-ſhown flamins
'Do preſs among the popular throngs, and puff
'To win a vulgar ſtation: our veil'd dames
'Commit the ware of white and damaſk in
'Their nicely-gawded cheeks, to th' wanton ſpoil
'Of Phœbus' burning kiſſes; ſuch a pother,
'As if that whatſoever god who leads him,
'Were ſlily crept into his human powers,
'And gave him graceful poſture.

Sic. On the ſudden,
I warrant him Conſul.

Bru. Then our office may,
During his power, go ſleep.

Sic. He cannot temp'rately tranſport his honours,
From where he ſhould begin and end, but will
Loſe thoſe he hath won.

Bru. In that there's comfort.

Sic. Doubt not,
The commoners, for whom we ſtand, but they,
Upon their ancient malice, will forget,
With the leaſt cauſe, theſe his new honours; which
That he will give, make I as little queſtion

As

† *rapture*, a common term, at that time uſed for *a fit*, ſimply. *So, to be rap'd*, ſignified, to be in a fit.

As he is prone to do't.

Bru. I heard him ſwear,
Were he to ſtand for Conſul, never would he
Appear i' th' market-place, nor on him put
The napleſs veſture of humility;
Nor ſhewing, as the manner is, his wounds
To th' people, beg their ſtinking breaths.

Sic. 'Tis right.

Bru. It was his word: oh, he would miſs it, rather
Than carry it, but by the ſuit o' th' gentry,
And the deſire o' th' Nobles.

Sic. I wiſh no better,
Than have him hold that purpoſe, and to put it
In execution.

Bru. 'Tis moſt like he will.

Sic. It ſhall be to him then, as our good wills,
A ſure deſtruction.

Bru. So it muſt fall out
To him, or our authorities. For an end,
We muſt ſuggeſt the people, in what hatred
He ſtill hath held them; that to's power he would
Have made them mules, ſilenc'd their pleaders, and
Diſproperty'd their freedoms: holding them,
In human action and capacity,
Of no more ſoul nor fitneſs for the world,
Than camels in the war; who have their provender
Only for bearing burdens and ſore blows
For ſinking under them.

Sic. This, as you ſay, ſuggeſted
At ſome time, when his ſoaring inſolence
Shall reach the people, (which time ſhall not want,
If he be put upon't; and that's as eaſy,
As to ſet dogs on ſheep), will be the fire
To kindle their dry ſtubble; and their blaze
Shall darken him for ever.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Bru. What's the matter?

Meſſ. You're ſent for to the Capitol. 'Tis thought,
That Marcius ſhall be Conſul: I have ſeen
The dumb men throng to ſee him, and the blind
To hear him ſpeak; the matrons flung their gloves,

Ladies and maids their ſcarfs and handkerchiefs,
Upon him as he paſs'd; the Nobles bended
As to Jove's ſtatue; and the commons made
A ſhower and thunder with their caps and ſhouts:
I never ſaw the like.

Bru. Let's to the Capitol,
And carry with us ears and eyes for th' time,
But hearts for the event.

Sic. Have with you. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *Changes to the Capitol.*

Enter two Officers, to lay cuſhions.

1 *Off.* Come, come, they are almoſt here. How many ſtand for Conſulſhips?

2 *Off.* Three, they ſay; but 'tis thought of every one Coriolanus will carry it.

1 *Off.* That's a brave fellow, but he's vengeance proud, and loves not the common people.

2 *Off.* 'Faith, there have been many great men that have flatter'd the people, who ne'er lov'd them; and there be many that they have loved, they know not wherefore; ſo that if they love they know not why they hate upon no better a ground. Therefore, for Coriolanus neither to care whether they love or hate him, manifeſts the true knowledge he has in their diſpoſition, and out of his noble careleſſneſs he lets them plainly ſee't.

1 *Off.* "If he did not care whether he had their love "or no, he wav'd indifferently 'twixt doing them neither "good nor harm: but he ſeeks their hate with "greater devotion than they can render it him; and "leaves nothing undone, that may fully diſcover him "their oppoſite. Now to ſeem to affect the malice and "diſpleaſure of the people, is as bad as that which "diſlikes, to flatter them for their love.

2 *Off.* He hath deſerved worthily of his country: and his aſcent is not by ſuch eaſy degrees as theirs who have been ſupple and courteous to the people; bonnetted without any further deed to heave them at all into their eſtimation and report: but he hath ſo planted his honours in their eyes, and his actions in their hearts, that

for their tongues to be ſilent, and not confeſs ſo much, were a kind of ingrateful injury; to report otherwiſe, were a malice, that, giving itſelf the lye, would pluck reproof and rebuke from ev'ry ear that heard it.

1 *Off.* No more of him, he is a worthy man. Make way, they are coming.

SCENE VI.

Enter the Patricians, and the Tribunes of the people, Lictors before them; Coriolanus, Menenius, Cominus the Conſul: Sicinius, and Brutus take their places by themſelves.

Men. Having determin'd of the Volſcians, and
To ſend for Titus Lartius, it remains,
As the main point of this our after-meeting,
To gratify his noble ſervice, that
Hath thus ſtood for his country. Therefore, pleaſe you,
Moſt reverend and grave elders, to deſire
The preſent Conſul and laſt General,
In our well-found ſucceſſes, to report
A little of that worthy work perform'd
By Caius Marcius Coriolanus; whom
We meet here, both to thank, and to remember
With honours like himſelf.

1 *Sen.* Speak, good Cominius:
Leave nothing out for length, and make us think,
Rather our ſtate's defective for requital,
Than that we ſtretch it out. Maſters o' th' people,
We do requeſt your kindeſt ear; and, after,
Your loving motion toward the common body,
To yield what paſſes here.

Sic. We are convented
Upon a pleaſing treaty; and have hearts
Inclinable to honour and advance
The theam of our † aſſembly.

Bru. Which the rather

† He ſhould have ſaid *your* aſſembly. For till the *Lex Attinia*, (the author of which is ſuppoſed by Sigonius [*De vetere Italia jure*] to have been contemporary with Quintus Metellus Macedonicus), *the Tribunes* had not the privilege of entering the ſenate, but had *ſeats placed for them* near the door on the outſide of the houſe.

We ſhall be bleſs'd to do, if he remember
A kinder value of the people, than
He hath hitherto priz'd them at.
Men. That's off, that's off:
I would you rather had been ſilent: pleaſe you
To hear Cominius ſpeak?
Bru. Moſt willingly:
But yet my caution was more pertinent,
Than the rebuke you give it.
Men. He loves your people,
But tye him not to be their bed-fellow.
Worthy Cominius, ſpeak.
[*Coriolanus riſes, and offers to go away.*
Nay, keep your place.
1 *Sen.* Sit, Coriolanus; never ſhame to hear
What you have nobly done.
Cor. Your Honour's pardon:
I had rather have my wounds to heal again,
Than hear ſay how I got them.
Bru. Sir, I hope
My words diſbench'd you not?
Cor. No, Sir; yet oft,
When blows have made me ſtay, I fled from words.
You ſooth not, therefore hurt not: but your people,
I love them as they weigh.——
Men. Pray now ſit down.
Cor. I had rather have one ſcratch my head i' th' ſun,
When the alarum were ſtruck, than idly ſit
To hear my nothings monſter'd. [*Exit Coriolanus.*
Men. Maſters of the people,
Your multiplying ſpawn how can he flatter,
That's thouſand to one good one, when you ſee,
He had rather venture all his limbs for honour,
Than one of's ears to hear't? Proceed, Cominius.
Com. I ſhall lack voice: the deeds of Coriolanus
Should not be utter'd feebly. It is held,
That valour is the chiefeſt virtue, and
Moſt dignifies the haver: if it be,
The man I ſpeak of, cannot in the world
Be ſingly counterpois'd. At ſixteen years,
When Tarquin made a head for Rome, he fought
Beyond the mark of others: our then Dictator,

Whom with all praiſe I point at, ſaw him fight,
When with his Amazonian chin he drove
The briſtled lips before him: he beſtrid
An o'er-preſs'd Roman, and i' th' Conſul's view
Slew three oppoſers: Tarquin's ſelf he met,
And ſtruck him on his knee: in that day's feats,
When he might act the woman in the ſcene,
He prov'd th' beſt man i' th' field, and for his meed
Was brow-bound with the oak. His pupil-age
Man-entred thus, he waxed like a ſea;
And, in the brunt of ſeventeen battles ſince,
He lurch'd all ſwords o' th' garland. For this laſt,
Before and in Corioli, let me ſay,
I cannot ſpeak him home: he ſtopt the fliers,
And by his rare example made the coward
Turn terror into ſport. As waves before
A veſſel under ſail, ſo men obey'd,
And fell below his ſtern: his ſword, (death's ſtamp),
Where it did mark, it took from face to foot:
He was a thing of blood, whoſe every motion
Was tim'd with dying cries: alone he enter'd
The mortal gate o' th' city, which he painted
With ſhunleſs deſtiny: aidleſs came off,
And with a ſudden reinforcement ſtruck
Corioli, like a planet. Nor's this all;
For by and by the din of war 'gain pierce
His ready ſenſe, when ſtraight his doubled ſpirit
Requicken'd what in fleſh was fatigate,
And to the battle came he; where he did
Run reeking o'er the lives of men, as if
'Twere a perpetual ſpoil; and till we call'd
Both field and city ours, he never ſtood
To eaſe his breaſt with panting.

Men. Worthy man!

1 *Sen.* He cannot but with meaſure fit the honours
Which we deviſe him.

Com. Our ſpoils he kick'd at,
And look'd upon things precious, as they were
The common muck o' th' world: he covets leſs
Than Miſery † itſelf would give, rewards
His deeds with doing them, and is content
To ſpend his time———

Men.

† *miſery*, for *avarice*; becauſe a *miſer* ſignifies an avaricious.

Men. To end it, he's right noble.
Let him be called for.
Sen. Call Coriolanus.
Off. He doth appear.

Enter Coriolanus.

Men. The ſenate, Coriolanus, are well pleas'd
To make thee Conſul.
Cor. I do owe them ſtill
My life and ſervices.
Men. It then remains,
That you do ſpeak to the people.
Cor. I beſeech you,
Let me o'erleap that cuſtom; for I cannot
Put on the gown, ſtand naked, and intreat them,
For my wounds' ſake, to give their ſuffrages.
Pleaſe you that I may paſs this doing.
Sic. Sir, the people muſt have their voices,
Nor will they bate one jot of ceremony.
Men. Put them not to't: pray, fit you to the cuſtom,
And take t'ye, as your predeceſſors have,
Your honour with the form.
Cor. It is a part
That I ſhall bluſh in acting, and might well
Be taken from the people.
Bru. Mark you that?
Cor. To brag unto them, Thus I did—and thus,—
Shew them the unaking ſcars, which I would hide,
As if I had receiv'd them for the hire
Of their breath only———
Men. Do not ſtand upon't:——
We recommend t'ye, Tribunes of the people,
Our purpoſe to them; and to our Noble Conſul
Wiſh we all joy and honour.
Sen. To Coriolanus come all joy and honour!
[*Flouriſh Cornet. Then exeunt.*

Manet Sicinius and Brutus.

Bru. You ſee how he intends to uſe the people.
Sic. May they perceive's intent! he will require them,
As if he did contemn what he requeſted
Should be in them to give.

Bru.

Bru. Come, we'll inform them
Of our proceedings here: on th' market place
I know they do attend us. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII. *Changes to the Forum.*

Enter ſeven or eight Citizens.

1 *Cit.* Once *, if he do require our voices, we ought not to deny him.

2 *Cit.* We may, Sir, if we will.

3 *Cit.* We have power in ourſelves to do it, but it is a power that we have no power to do; for if he ſhew us his wounds, and tell us his deeds, we are to put our tongues into thoſe wounds, and ſpeak for them: ſo, if he tells us his noble deeds, we muſt alſo tell him our noble acceptance of them. Ingratitude is monſtrous; and for the multitude to be ingrateful, were to make a monſter of the multitude; of the which, we being members, ſhould bring ourſelves to be monſtrous members.

1 *Cit.* And to make us no better thought of, a little help will ſerve: for once, when we ſtood up about the corn, he himſelf ſtuck not to call us the many-headed monſter.

3 *Cit.* We have been call'd ſo of many; not that our heads are ſome brown, ſome black, ſome auburn, ſome bald; but that our wits are ſo diverſely colour'd: and truly I think, if all our wits were to iſſue out of one ſcull they would fly eaſt, weſt, north, ſouth; and their conſent of one direct way would be at once to all points o' th' compaſs.

2 *Cit.* Think you ſo? which way do you judge my wit would fly?

3 *Cit.* Nay, your wit will not ſo ſoon out as another man's will, 'tis ſtrongly wedg'd up in a blockhead: but if it were at liberty, 'twould, ſure, ſouthward.

2 *Cit.* Why that way?

3 *Cit.* To looſe itſelf in a fog; where, being three "parts melted away with rotten dews, the fourth would "return for conſcience ſake, to help to get thee a wife.

2 *Cit.* You are never without you tricks——you *may, you may*——

3 *Cit.*

† *once, here means the ſame as when we ſay, once for all.*

3 *Cit.* Are you all reſolved to give your voices? bu
that's no matter, the greater part carries it. I ſay, if I
would incline to the people, there was never a worthi
man.

Enter Coriolanus in a gown, with Menenius.

Here he comes, in the gown of Humility; mark h
behaviour: we are not to ſtay all together, but to co
by him where he ſtands, by one's, by two's, and
three's. He's to make his requeſt by particulars, whe
in every one of us has a ſingle honour, in giving h
our own voices with our own tongues: therefore foll
me, and I'll direct you how you ſhall go by him.

All. Content, content.

Men. Oh, Sir, you are not right; have you not knov
The worthieſt men have don't?

Cor. What muſt I ſay?
I pray, Sir,——plague upon't, I cannot bring
My tongue to ſuch a pace! Look, Sir,—my wounds
I got them in my country's ſervice, when
Some certain of your brethren roar'd, and ran
From noiſe of our own drums.

Men. Oh me, the gods!
You muſt not ſpeak of that; you muſt deſire them
To think upon you.

Cor. Think upon me? hang 'em,
I would they would forget me, like the virtues
Which our divines loſe by 'em.

Men. You'll mar all.
I'll leave you: pray you ſpeak to 'em, I pray you,
In wholeſome manner. [*E*

Two Citizens approach.

Cor. Bid them waſh their faces,
And keep their teeth clean.——So, here comes a br
You know the cauſe, Sirs, of my ſtanding here.

1 *Cit.* We do, Sir; tell us what hath brought you t

Cor. Mine own deſert.

2 *Cit.* Your own deſert?

Cor. Ay, not mine own deſire.

1 *Cit.* How! not your own deſire?

Cor. No, Sir, 'twas never my deſire yet to trouble
poor with begging.

1 *Cit.* You muſt think, if we give you any thing, we ope to gain by you.

Cor. Well then, I pray your price o' th' conſulſhip?

1 *Cit.* The price is, to aſk it kindly.

Cor. Kindly, Sir, I pray let me ha't: I have wounds to ſhew you, which ſhall be your's in private. Your ood voice, Sir; what ſay you?

2 *Cit.* You ſhall ha't, worthy Sir.

Cor. A match, Sir; there's in all two worthy voices egg'd. I have your alms, adieu.

1 *Cit.* But this is ſomething odd.

2 *Cit.* An 'twere to give again:—but 'tis no matter.

[*Exeunt.*

Two other Citizens.

Cor. Pray you now, if it may ſtand with the tune of your voices that I may be Conſul, I have here the cuſtomary gown.

1 *Cit.* You have deſerved nobly of your country, and you have not deſerved nobly.

Cor. Your ænigma.———

1 *Cit.* You have been a ſcourge to her enemies; you have been a rod to her friends; you have not indeed loved the common people.

Cor. You ſhould account me the more virtuous, that I have not been common in my love. But I will, Sir, flatter my ſworn brother the people, to earn a dearer eſtimation of them; for 'tis a condition they account gentle: and ſince the wiſdom of their choice is rather to have my cap than my heart, I will practiſe the inſinuating nod, and be off to them moſt counterfeitly; that is, Sir, I will counterfeit the bewitchment of ſome popular man, and give it bountifully to the deſirers: therefore beſeech you, I may be Conſul.

2 *Cit.* We hope to find you our friend; and therefore give you our voices heartily.

1 *Cit.* You have received many wounds for your country.

Cor. I will not ſeal your knowledge with ſhewing them. I will make much of your voices, and ſo trouble you no further.

Both. The gods give you joy, Sir, heartily! [*Exeunt.*

Cor.

Cor. Moſt ſweet voices——-
Better it is to die, better to ſtarve,
Than crave the hire which firſt we do deſerve †.

Three Citizens more.

Here come more voices.
Your voices——for your voices I have fought,
Watch'd for your voices; for your voices, bear
Of wounds two dozen and odd: battles thrice ſix
I've ſeen, and heard of: for your voices have
Done many things, ſome leſs, ſome more:——you
Indeed I would be Conſul. [voices:—

1 *Cit.* He has done nobly, and cannot go with any honeſt man's voice.

2 *Cit.* Therefore let him be Conſul, the gods g him joy, and make him a good friend to the people.

All. Amen, amen. God ſave thee, Noble Conſul [*Exe*

Cor. Worthy voices!

Enter Menenius, with Brutus and Sicinius.

Men. You've ſtood your limitation: and the Tribu Endue you with the people's voice. Remains,
That in th' official marks inveſted, you
Anon do meet the ſenate

Cor. Is this done?

Sic. The cuſtom of requeſt you have diſcharg'd:
The people do admit you, and are ſummon'd
To meet anon, upon your approbation.

Cor. Where? at the ſenate-houſe?

Sic. There, Coriolanus.

† ——we do deſerve.
Why in this woolviſh gown ſhould I ſtand here,
To beg of Hob and Dick, that do appear,
Their needleſs voucher? Cuſtom calls me to't——
What Cuſtom wills in all things, ſhould we do't,
The duſt on antique time would lie unſwept,
And mountainous error be too highly heap'd,
For truth to o'er-peer.——Rather than fool it ſo,
Let the high office and the honour go
To one that would do thus.——I am half through;
The one part ſuffer'd, the other will I do.
Three Citizens, &c.

Cor. May I change theſe garments?

Sic. You may, Sir.

Cor. That I'll ſtraight do: and, knowing myſelf again, repair to th' ſenate-houſe.

Men. I'll keep you company. Will you along?

Bru. We ſtay here for the people.

Sic. Fare you well. [*Exeunt Coriol. and Men.*

SCENE VIII.

He has it now, and by his looks methinks
'Tis warm at's heart.

Bru. With a proud heart he wore
His humble weeds. Will you diſmiſs the people?

Enter Plebeians.

Sic. How now, my maſters? have you choſe this man?

1 *Cit.* He has our voices, Sir.

Bru. We pray the gods he may deſerve your loves!

2 *Cit.* Amen, Sir: to my poor unworthy notice,
He mock'd us, when he begg'd our voices.

3 *Cit.* Certainly he flouted us down-right.

1 *Cit.* No, 'tis his kind of ſpeech, he did not mock us.

2 *Cit.* Not one amongſt us, ſave yourſelf, but ſays
He us'd us ſcornfully: he ſhould have ſhew'd us
His marks of merit, wounds receiv'd for's country.

Sic. Why, ſo he did, I am ſure.

All. No, no man ſaw 'em.

3 *Cit.* He ſaid, he'd wounds, which he could ſhew in private;
And with his cap, thus waving it in ſcorn,
I would be Conſul, ſays he: aged cuſtom,
But by your voices, will not ſo permit me;
Your voices therefore: when we granted that,
Here was—I thank you for your voices—thank you—
Your moſt ſweet voices—now you have left your voices,
I have nothing further with you. Wa'n't this mockery?

Sic. Why, either you were ignorant to ſee't?
Or, ſeeing it, of ſuch childiſh friendlineſs
To yield your voices?

Bru. Could you not have told him
As you were leſſon'd? When he had no power,

But was a petty ſervant to the ſtate,
He was your enemy; ſtill ſpake againſt
Your liberties, and charters that you bear
I' th' body of the weal: and now arriving
At place of potency, and ſway o' th' ſtate,
If he ſhould ſtill malignantly remain
Faſt foe to the Plebeians, your voices might
Be curſes to yourſelves. You ſhould have ſaid,
That as his worthy deeds did claim no leſs
Than what he ſtood for; ſo his gracious nature
Would think upon you for your voices, and
Tranſlate his malice tow'rds you into love,
Standing your friendly lord.

Sic. Thus to have ſaid,
As you were fore-advis'd, had touch'd his ſpirit,
And try'd his inclination; from him pluck'd
Either his gracious promiſe, which you might,
As cauſe had call'd you up, have held him to;
Or elſe it would have gall'd his ſurly nature;
Which eaſily endures not article,
Tying him to aught; ſo putting him to rage,
You ſhould have ta'en th' advantage of his choler,
And pais'd him unelected.

Bru. Did you perceive,
He did ſolicit you in free contempt,
When he did need your loves? and do you think,
That his contempt ſhall not be bruiſing to you,
When he hath power to cruſh? Why, had your bodies
No heart among you? or had you tongues, to cry
Againſt the rectorſhip of judgment?

Sic. Have you
Ere now deny'd the aſker? and now again
On him that did not aſk, but mock, beſtow
Your ſu'd-for tongues?

3 *Cit.* He's not confirm'd, we may deny him yet.

2 *Cit.* And will deny him:
I'll have five hundred voices of that ſound.

1 *Cit.* I, twice five hundred, and their friends to pi
'em.

Bru. Get you hence inſtantly, and tell thoſe frien
They've choſe a Conſul that will from them take
Their liberties; make them of no more voice

T

Than dogs that are as often beat for barking,
As therefore kept to do ſo.

Sic. Let them aſſemble;
And on a ſafer judgment all revoke
Your ignorant election: inforce his pride,
And his old hate to you: beſides, forget not
With what contempt he wore the humble weed;
How in his ſuit he ſcorn'd you: but your loves,
Thinking upon his ſervices, took from you
The apprehenſion of his preſent portance;
Which gibingly, ungravely, he did faſhion
After th' inveterate hate he bears to you.

Bru. Nay, lay a fault on us, your Tribunes, that
We labour'd, no impediment between,
But that you muſt caſt your election on him.

Sic. Say you choſe him more after our commandment,
Than guided by your own affections;
And that your minds, preoccupied with what
You rather muſt do, than what you ſhould do,
Made you againſt the grain to voice him Conſul.
Lay the fault on us.

Bru. Ay, ſpare us not: ſay we read lectures to you,
How youngly he began to ſerve his country,
How long continued; and what ſtock he ſprings of,
The noble houſe of Marcius; from whence came
That Ancus Marcius, Numa's daughter's ſon;
Who, after great Hoſtilius, here was King:
Of the ſame houſe Publius and Quintus were,
That our beſt water brought by conduits hither.
And Cenſorinus, darling of the people,
(And nobly nam'd ſo for twice being Cenſor),
Was his great anceſtor †.

Sic. One thus deſcended,
That hath beſide well in his perſon wrought
To be ſet high in place, we did commend

† Plutarch, in his account of the Marcian family, enumerates the ſeveral great men who had ſprung from it; in which liſt ſtand Publius Marcius, and Quintus Marcius, and Cenſorinus; who, though they lived before Plutarch, came after Coriolanus. Shakeſpear therefore, by copying Plutarch too cloſely and haſtily, hath fallen into this inadvertency, of making a cotemporary with Coriolanus *mention the men* who lived long after him.

To your remembrances; but you have found,
Scaling his preſent bearing with his paſt,
That he's your fixed enemy, and revoke
Your ſudden approbation.

Bru. Say, you ne'er had done't
(Harp on that ſtill) but by our putting on;
And preſently, when you have drawn your number,
Repair to the Capitol.

All. We will ſo; almoſt all repent in their election.
[*Exeunt Plebeians.*

Bru. Let them go on:
This mutiny were better put in hazard,
Than ſtay paſt doubt for greater:
If, as his nature is, he fall in rage
With their refuſal, both obſerve and anſwer
The vantage of his anger.

Sic. To th' Capitol, come;
We will be there before the ſtream o' th' people:
And this ſhall ſeem, as partly 'tis, their own,
Which we have goaded onward. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

A public ſtreet in Rome.

Cornets. Enter Coriolanus, Menenius, Cominius, Titus Lartius, and other Senators.

Cor. TULLUS Aufidius then had made new head?

Lart. He had, my Lord; and that it was which caus'd
Our ſwifter compoſition.

Cor. So then the Volſcians ſtand but as at firſt,
Ready, when time ſhall prompt them, to make 'road
Upon's again.

Com. They're worn, Lord Conſul, ſo,
That we ſhall hardly in our ages ſee
Their banners wave again.

Cor. Saw you Aufidius?

Lart. On ſafeguard he came to me, and did curſe
Againſt the Volſcians, for they had ſo vilely
Yielded the town. He is retir'd to Antium.

Cor. Spoke he of me?

Lart. He did, my Lord.

Cor. How?———what?———

Lart. How often he had met you, ſword to ſword:
That of all things upon the earth he hated
Your perſon moſt: that he would pawn his fortunes
To hopeleſs reſtitution, ſo he might
Be call'd your vanquiſher.

Cor. At Antium lives he?

Lart. At Antium.

Cor. I wiſh I had a cauſe to ſeek him there;
To oppoſe his hatred fully.——Welcome home.
[*To Lartius.*

Enter Sicinius and Brutus.

Behold! theſe are the Tribunes of the people,
The tongues o' th' common mouth: I do deſpiſe them;
For they do prank them in authority
Againſt all noble ſufferance.

Sic. Paſs no further.

Cor. Hah!——what is that!———

Bru. It will be dangerous to go on—no further.

Cor. What makes this change?

Men. The matter?

Com. Hath he not paſs'd the Nobles and the commons?

Bru. Cominius, no.

Cor. Have I had childrens' voices?

Sen. Tribunes, give way; he ſhall to th' market-place.

Bru. The people are incens'd againſt him.

Sic. Stop,
Or all will fall in broil.

Cor. Are theſe your herd?
Muſt theſe have voices, that can yield them now, [ces?
And ſtraight diſclaim their tongues? What are your offi-
You being their mouths, why rule you not their teeth?
Have you not ſet them on?

Men. Be calm, be calm.

Cor. It is a purpos'd thing, and grows by plot,
To curb the will of the Nobility:
Suffer't, and live with ſuch as cannot rule,
Nor ever will be rul'd.

Bru. Call't not a plot;
The people cry, you mock'd them; and, of late,
When corn was given them gratis, you repin'd;

Scandal'd the ſuppliants for the people; call'd them
Time-pleaſers, flatterers, foes to nobleneſs.
Cor. Why, this was known before.
Bru. Not to them all.
Cor. Have you inform'd them ſince!
Bru. How! I inform them!
Cor. You are like to do ſuch buſineſs.
Bru. Not unlike, each way, to better your's.
Cor. Why then ſhould I be Conſul? by yond clouds
Let me deſerve ſo ill as you, and make me
Your fellow-tribune.
Sic. You ſhew too much of that,
For which the people ſtir; if you will paſs
To where you're bound, you muſt inquire your way
Which you are out of, with a gentler ſpirit;
Or never be ſo noble as a Conſul,
Nor yoke with him for Tribune.
Men. Let's be calm.
Com. The people are abus'd,—ſet on:—this paltring
Becomes not Rome: nor has Coriolanus
Deſerv'd this ſo diſhonour'd rub, laid falſely
I' th' plain way of his merit.
Cor. Tell me of corn!
This was my ſpeech, and I will ſpeak't again——
Men. Not now, not now.
Sen. Not in this heat, Sir, now.
Cor. Now, as I live, I will——
As for my nobler friends, I crave their pardons:
But for the mutable rank-ſcented many,
Let them regard me, as I do not flatter,
And there behold themſelves. I ſay again,
In ſoothing them, we nouriſh 'gainſt our ſenate
The cockle of rebellion, inſolence, ſedition,
Which we ourſelves have plow'd for, ſow'd, and ſcatter'd,
By mingling them with us, the honour'd number;
Who lack not virtue, no, nor power, but that
Which we have given to beggars.
Men. Well, no more——
Sen. No more words, we beſeech you——
Cor. How!——no more!——
As for my country I have ſhed my blood,
Not fearing outward force; ſo ſhall my lungs

Coin

Coin words till their decay, againſt thoſe meaſles,
Which we diſdain ſhould tetter us, yet ſeek
The very way to catch them.
Bru. You ſpeak o' th' people, as you were a god
To puniſh, not a man of their infirmity.
Sic. 'Twere well we let the people know't.
Men. What, what! his choler!
Cor. Choler! were I as patient as the midnight-ſleep,
By Jove, 'twould be my mind.
Sic. It is a mind
That ſhall remain a poiſon where it is,
Not poiſon any further.
Cor. Shall remain?
Hear you this Triton of the minnows? mark you
His abſolute *ſhall?*
Com. 'Twas from the canon.
Cor. Shall!
O good, but moſt unwiſe Patricians, why,
You grave, but reckleſs Senators, have you thus
Given Hydra here to chuſe an officer,
That with his peremptory *ſhall*, being but
The horn and noiſe o' th' monſters, wants not ſpirit
To ſay, he'll turn your current in a ditch,
And make your channel his? If he have power,
Then vail your ignorance *; if none, awake
Your dangerous lenity, if you are learned,
Be not as common fools; if you are not,
Let them have cuſhions by you. You're Plebeians.
If they be Senators; and they are no leſs,
When, both your voices blended, the great'ſt taſte
Moſt palates theirs. They chuſe their magiſtrate!
And ſuch a one as he, who puts his *ſhall*,
His popular *ſhall*, againſt a graver bench
Than ever frown'd in Greece †! By Jove himſelf,
It makes the Conſuls baſe; " and my ſoul akes
" To know, when two authorities are up,
" Neither ſupreme, how ſoon confuſion
" May enter 'twixt the gap of both, and take
" The one by th' other.
Com. Well——On to th' market-place.

Cor.

* *ignorance*, for *impotence*; becauſe it makes impotent.
† *i. e. that ever* projected or executed laws.

Cor. Who ever gave that counſel, to give forth
The corn o' th' ſtore-houſe, *gratis*, as 'twas us'd
Sometime in Greece———
Men. Well, well, no more of that.
Cor. Though there the people had more abſolute [power;
May, they nouriſh'd diſobedience, fed
The ruin of the ſtate.
Bru. Why ſhall the people give
One that ſpeaks thus their voice?
Cor. I'll give my reaſons,
More worthy than their voice. They know, the corn
Was not their recompence; reſting aſſur'd,
They ne'er did ſervice for't; being preſs'd to th' war,
Even when the navel of the ſtate was touch'd,
They would not thread the gates: this kind of ſervice
Did not deſerve corn *gratis*: being i' th' war,
Their mutinies and revolts, wherein they ſhew'd
Moſt valour, ſpoke not for them. Th' accuſation,
Which they have often made againſt the ſenate,
All cauſe unborn, could never be the native †
Of our ſo frank donation. Well, what then?
How ſhall this boſom-multiplied digeſt
The ſenate's courteſy? let deeds expreſs,
What's like to be their words—*We did requeſt it—*
We are the greater poll, and in true fear
They gave us our demands.——Thus we debaſe
The nature of our ſeats, and make the rabble
Call our cares, fears; which will in time break ope
The locks o' th' ſenate, and bring in the crows
To peck the eagles.———
Men. Come, enough.
Bru. Enough, with over meaſure.
Cor. No, take more;
What may be ſworn by. Both divine and human
Seal what I end withal!——This double worſhip,
Where one part does diſdain with cauſe, the other
Inſult without all reaſon; where gentry, title, wiſdom,
Cannot conclude but by the yea and no
Of gen'ral ignorance, it muſt omit
Real neceſſities; and give way the while
T' unſtable ſlightneſs; [purpoſe ſo barr'd, it follows,
Nothin

† *native*, for *natural birth*.

Nothing is done to purpoſe *]. Therefore beſeech you,
(You that will be leſs fearful than diſcreet;
That love the fundamental part of ſtate
More than you doubt the change of't; that prefer
A noble life before a long, and wiſh
To vamp a body with a dangerous phyſic,
That's ſure of death without), at once pluck out
The multitudinous tongue, let them not lick
The ſweet which is their poiſon. Your diſhonour
Mangles true judgment †, and bereaves the ſtate
Of that integrity which ſhould become ‡ it;
Not having power to do the good it would,
For the ill which doth controul it.

Bru. H'as ſaid enough.

Sic. H'as ſpoken like a traitor, and ſhall anſwer
As traitors do.

Cor. Thou wretch! deſpight o'erwhelm thee——
What ſhould the people do with theſe bald Tribunes?
On whom depending, their obedience fails
To th' greater bench. In a rebellion,
When what's not meet, but what muſt be, was law,
Then were they choſen; in a better hour,
Let what is meet be ſaid, it muſt be law,
And throw their power i' th' duſt.

Bru. Manifeſt treaſon——

Sic. This a Conſul? no.

Bru. The Ædiles, ho! let him be apprehended.

[*Ædiles enter.*

Sic. Go, call the people, in whoſe name myſelf
Attach thee as a traiterous innovator;
A foe to th' public weal. Obey, I charge thee,
And follow to thine anſwer. [*Laying hold on Coriolanus.*

Cor. Hence, old goat!

All. We'll ſurety him.

Com. Ag'd Sir, hands off.

Cor. Hence, rotten thing, or I ſhall ſhake thy bones
Out of thy garments,

Sic. Help me, citizens.

SCENE

* This ſeems to be ſpurious.

† *judgment*, for *government*.

‡ *become*, for *adorn*.

SCENE II.

Enter a rabble of Plebeians, with the Ædiles.

Men. On both ſides, more reſpect.
Sic. Here's he that would take from you all your power.
Bru. Seize him, Ædiles.
All. Down with him, down with him!
2 *Sen.* Weapons, weapons, weapons!
[*They all buſtle about Coriolanus.*
Tribunes, Patricians, citizens——what ho!——
Sicinius, Brutus, Coriolanus, citizens!
All. Peace, peace, peace; ſtay, hold, peace!
Men. What is about to be?—I am out of breath;
Confuſion's near, I cannot ſpeak,——you Tribunes,
Coriolanus, patience; ſpeak, Sicinius.
Sic. Hear me, people——peace
All. Let's hear our Tribune; peace; ſpeak, ſpeak, ſpeak.
Sic. You are at point to loſe your liberties.
Marcius would have all from you; Marcius,
Whom late you nam'd for Conſul.
Men. Fie, fie, fie.
This is the way to kindle, not to quench.
Sen. To unbuild the city, and to lay all flat.
Sic. What is the city, but the people?
All. True, the people are the city.
Bru. By the conſent of all, we were eſtabliſh'd
The people's magiſtrates.
All. You ſo remain.
Men. And ſo are like to do.
Cor. That is the way to lay the city flat;
To bring the roof to the foundation,
And bury all, which yet diſtinctly ranges,
In heaps and piles of ruin.
Sic. This deſerves death.
Bru. Or let us ſtand to our authority,
Or let us loſe it; we do here pronounce,
Upon the part o' th' people, in whoſe power
We were elected theirs, Marcius is worthy
Of preſent death.
Sic. Therefore lay hold on him;

him to th' rock Tarpeian, and from thence into deſtruction caſt him.

Bru. Ædiles, ſeize him.

All Ple. Yield, Marcius, yield.

Men. Hear me one word; 'beſeech you, Tribunes, hear me but a word———

Ædiles. Peace, peace.

Men. Be that you ſeem, truly your country's friends, And temp'rately proceed to what you would Thus violently redreſs.

Bru. Sir, thoſe cold ways That ſeem like prudent helps, are very poiſonous, Where the diſeaſe is violent. Lay hands on him, And bear him to the rock.

Cor. No; I'll die here. [*Coriolanus draws his ſword.* There's ſome among you have beheld me fighting; Come, try upon yourſelves, what you have ſeen me.

Men. Down with that ſword; Tribunes, withdraw a while.

Bru. Lay hands upon him.

Men. Help, Marcius, help———you that be noble, help him young and old.

All. Down with him, down with him.

[*In this mutiny, the Tribunes, the Ædiles, and the people, are beat in.*

SCENE III.

Men. Go, get you to your houſe; be gone, away, All will be nought elſe.

2 *Sen.* Get you gone.

Cor. Stand faſt, we have as many friends as enemies.

Men. Shall it be put to that?

Sen. The gods forbid?
I pr'ythee, noble friend, home to thy houſe, Leave us to cure this cauſe.

Men. For 'tis a ſore
You cannot tent yourſelf; begone, 'beſeech you.

Com. Come, Sir, along with us.

Men. I would they were Barbarians, (as they are, Though in Rome litter'd); not Romans, (as they are, Though calved in the porch o' th' Capitol). [not,
Begone, put not your worthy rage into your tongue,

One

One time will owe another.

Cor. On fair ground I could beat forty of them.

Men. I could myſelf take up a brace o' th' beſt of them; yea, the two Tribunes.

Com. But now 'tis odds beyond arithmetic;
And manhood is call'd fool'ry, when it ſtands
Againſt a falling fabrick. Will you hence,
Before the tag return, whoſe rage doth rend
Like interrupted waters, and o'erbear
What they are us'd to bear.

Men. Pray you be gone.
I'll try if my old wit be in requeſt
With thoſe that have but little; this muſt be patch'd
With cloth of any colour.

Com. Come, away.

[*Exeunt Coriolanus and Cominius.*

SCENE IV.

1 *Sen.* This man has marr'd his fortune.

Men. His nature is too noble for the world:
" He would not flatter Neptune for his trident,
" Or Jove for's power to thunder. His heart's his mouth:
" What his breaſt forges, that his tongue muſt vent;
" And, being angry, does forget that ever
" He heard the name of death. [*A noiſe within.*
Here's goodly work.

2 *Sen.* I would they were a-bed.

Men. I would they were in Tiber.——What, the vengeance,
Could he not ſpeak 'em fair? [

Enter Brutus and Sicinius, with the rabble again.

Sic. Where is this viper,
That would depopulate the city, and
Be every man himſelf?

Men. You worthy Tribunes——

Sic. He ſhall be thrown down the Tarpeian rock
With rigorous hands; he hath reſiſted law,
And therefore law ſhall ſcorn him further trial
Than the ſeverity of public power,
Which he ſo ſets at nought.

1 *Cit.* He ſhall well know, the Noble Tribunes are

The

The people's mouths, and we their hands.

All. He ſhall, be ſure on't.

Men. Sir, Sir,———

Sic. Peace.

Men. Do not cry havock, where you ſhould but hunt
With modeſt warrant.

Sic. Sir, how comes it you
Have holp to make this reſcue?

Men. Hear me ſpeak.
As I do know the Conſul's worthineſs,
So can I name his faults———

Sic. Conſul!———what Conſul!

Men. The Conſul Coriolanus.

Bru. He Conſul!———

All. No, no, no, no, no.

Men. If by the Tribunes' leave, and yours, good people,
I may be heard, I'd crave a word or two;
The which ſhall turn you to no further harm,
Than ſo much loſs of time.

Sic. Speak briefly then,
For we are peremptory to diſpatch
This viperous traitor. To eject him hence,
Were but our danger; and to keep him here,
Our certain death: therefore it is decreed,
He dies to-night.

Men. Now the good gods forbid,
That our renowned Rome, whoſe gratitude
Tow'rds her deſerving children is inroll'd
In Jove's own book, like an unnatural dam
Should now eat up her own!

Sic. He's a diſeaſe that muſt be cut away.

Men. Oh, he's but a limb that has diſeaſe;
Mortal, to cut it off; to cure it, eaſy.
What has he done to Rome that's worthy death?
Killing our enemies, the blood he hath loſt
(Which I dare vouch is more than that he hath
By many an ounce) he dropt it for his country;
And what is left, to loſe it by his country,
Were to us all that do't, and ſuffer it,
A brand to th' end o' th' world.

Sic. This is clean kam.

Bru. Merely awry. When he did love his country,

It honour'd him.

Sic. The ſervice of the foot
Being once gangren'd, it is not then reſpected
For what before it was.

Bru. We'll hear no more.
Purſue him to his houſe, and pluck him thence;
Leſt his infection, being of catching nature,
Spread further.

Men. One word more, one word.
This tiger-footed rage, when it ſhall find
The harm of unſcann'd ſwiftneſs, will (too late)
Tie leaden pounds to's heels. Proceed by proceſs,
Leſt parties, (as he is belov'd) break out,
And ſack great Rome with Romans.

Bru. If 'twere ſo——

Sic. What do ye talk?
Have we not had a taſte of his obedience,
Our Ædiles ſmote, ourſelves reſiſted? Come——

Men. Conſider this: he hath been bred i' th' wars
Since he could draw a ſword, and is ill-ſchool'd
In boulted language; meal and bran together
He throws without diſtinction. Give me leave
I'll go to him, and undertake to bring him
Where he ſhall anſwer by a lawful form,
In peace, to his utmoſt peril.

1 *Sen.* Noble Tribunes,
It is the humane way: the other courſe
Will prove too bloody, and the end of it
Unknown to the beginning.

Sic. Noble Menenius,
Be you then as the people's officer.
Maſters, lay down your weapons.

Bru. Go not home.

Sic. Meet on the Forum; we'll attend you there,
Where, if you bring not Marcius, we'll proceed
In our firſt way.

Men. I'll bring him to you.
Let me deſire your company; he muſt come,
[*To the Senators.*
Or what is worſe will follow.

1 *Sen.* Pray, let's to him. [*Exeunt.*

SCE

SCENE V. *Changes to Coriolanus's houſe.*

Enter Coriolanus, with Nobles.

Cor. Let them pull all about mine ears, preſent me
leath on the wheel, or at wild horſes' heels,
r pile ten hills on the Tarpeian rock,
hat the precipitation might down ſtretch
elow the beam of ſight; yet will I ſtill
e thus to them.

Enter Volumnia.

Nobl. You do the nobler.
Cor. I muſe, my mother
oes not approve me further, who was wont
o call them woollen vaſſals, things created
o buy and ſell with groats; to ſhew bare heads
n congregations; yawn, be ſtill, and wonder,
When one but of my ordinance ſtood up
o ſpeak of peace or war. (I talk of you)
[*To his mother.*
Why did you wiſh me milder? wou'd you have me
Falſe to my nature? rather ſay, I play
The m[illegible]am.
Vol. Sir, Sir, Sir,
I would have had you put your power well on,
Before you had worn it out.
Cor. Let it go.——
Vol. You might have been enough the man you are,
With ſtriving leſs to be ſo. Leſſer had been
The thwartings of your diſpoſition, if
You had not ſhew'd them how you were diſpos'd
Ere they lack'd power to croſs you.
Cor. Let them hang.
Vol. Ay, and burn too.

Enter Menenius with the Senators.

Men. Come, come, you've been too rough, ſomething too rough:
You muſt return, and mend it.
Sen. There's no remedy,
Unleſs, by not ſo doing, our good city
Cleave in the midſt, and periſh.

Vol. Pray, be counſell'd.
I have a heart as little apt as your's,
But yet a brain that leads my uſe of anger
To better vantage.
Men. Well ſaid, Noble woman.
Before he ſhould thus ſtoop to th' herd, but that
The violent fit o' th' times craves it as phyſic
For the whole ſtate, I'd put mine armour on,
Which I can ſcarcely bear.
Cor. What muſt I do?
Men. Return to the Tribunes.
Cor. Well, what then? what then?
Men. Repent what you have ſpoke.
Cor. For them?——I cannot do it for the gods,
Muſt I then do't to them?
Vol. You are too abſolute,
Tho' therein you can never be too noble,
But when extremities ſpeak. "I've heard you ſay,
"Honour and policy, like unſever'd friends,
"I' th' war do grow together: grant that, and tell me
"In peace, what each of them by th' other loſes,
"That they combine not there?
Cor. Tuſh, tuſh——
Men. A good demand.
Vol. If it be honour in your wars, to ſeem
The ſame you are not, which for your beſt ends
You call your policy: how is't leſs or worſe
That it ſhall hold companionſhip in peace
With honour, as in war; ſince that to both
It ſtands in like requeſt?
Cor. Why force you this?
Vol. Becauſe it lies on you to ſpeak to th' people:
Not by your own inſtruction, nor by th' matter
Which your heart prompts you to, but with ſuch words
But roated on your tongue; baſtards and ſyllables
Of no allowance, to your boſom's truth.
Now, this no more diſhonours you at all,
Than to take in a town with gentle words,
Which elſe would put you to your fortune, and
The hazard of much blood.——
I would diſſemble with my nature, where
My fortunes and my friends at ſtake, requir'd

I ſhould do ſo in honour. I am in this
Your wife, your ſon, theſe Senators, the Nobles.——
And you will rather ſhew our general lowts
How you can frown, than ſpend a fawn upon 'em,
For the inheritance of their loves, and ſafeguard
Of what that want might ruin!

Men. Noble Lady!
Come, go with us, ſpeak fair: you may ſalve ſo
Not what is dangerous preſent, but the loſs
Of what is paſt.

Vol. I pr'ythee now, my ſon,
" Go to them, with this bonnet in thy hand,
" And thus far having ſtretch'd it, (here be with them),
" Thy knee buſſing the ſtones; (for in ſuch buſineſs
" Action is eloquence, and the eyes of th' ignorant
" More learned than the ears); waving thy hand,
" Which ſoften thus, correcting thy ſtout heart,
" Now humble as the ripeſt mulberry,
" That will not hold the handling: or ſay to them,
" Thou art their ſoldier, and, being bred in broils,
" Haſt not the ſoft away, which thou doſt confeſs
" Were fit for thee to uſe, as they to claim,
" In aſking their good loves; but thou wilt frame
" Thyſelf (forſooth) hereafter theirs ſo far,
" As thou haſt power and perſon.

Men. This but done,
Ev'n as ſhe ſpeaks, why, all their hearts were your's:
For they have pardons, being aſk'd, as free,
As words to little purpoſe.

Vol. Pr'ythee now,
Go and be rul'd; altho' I know thou'dſt rather
" Follow thine enemy in a fiery gulph,
" Than flatter him in a bower.

Enter Cominius.

Here is Cominius.

Com. I've been i' th' market-place, and, Sir, 'tis fit
You have ſtrong party, or defend yourſelf
By calmneſs, or by abſence: all's in anger.

Men. Only fair ſpeech.

Com. I think 'twill ſerve, if he
Can thereto frame his ſpirit.

Vol. He muſt and will:
Pr'ythee now, ſay you will, and go about it.
Cor. Muſt I go ſhew them my unbarbed ſconce?
Muſt my baſe tongue give to my noble heart
A lye, that it muſt bear? Well, I will do't.
Yet were there but this ſingle plot † to loſe,
This mould of Marcius, they to duſt ſhould grind it,
And throw't againſt the wind. To th' market-place!
You've put me now to ſuch a part, which never
I ſhall diſcharge to the life.
Com. Come, come, we'll prompt you.
Vol. Ay, pr'ythee now, ſweet ſon: as thou haſt ſaid,
My praiſes made thee firſt a ſoldier; ſo,
To have my praiſe for this, perform a part
Thou haſt not done before.
Cor. Well, I muſt do't.
'Away, my diſpoſition, and poſſeſs me
'Some harlot's ſpirit! my throat of war be turn'd,
'Which quired with my drum, into a pipe
'Small as a eunuch's, or the virgin voice
'That babies lulls aſleep! the ſmiles of knaves
'Tent in my cheeks, and ſchoolboys' tears take up
'The glaſſes of my ſight! a beggar's tongue
'Make motion through my lips, and my arm'd knees,
'Which bow'd but in my ſtirrup, bend like his
'That hath receiv'd an alms!—I will not do't,—
'Leſt I ſurceaſe to honour mine own truth,
'And, by my body's action, teach my mind,
'A moſt inherent baſeneſs.
Vol. "At thy choice then.
"To beg of thee, it is my more diſhonour,
"Than thou of them. Come all to ruin, let
"Thy mother rather feel thy pride, than fear
"Thy dangerous ſtoutneſs: for I mock at death
"With as big heart as thou. Do as thou liſt:
"Thy valiantneſs was mine, thou ſuck'dſt it from me;
"But own thy pride thyſelf.
Cor. Pray be content.
Mother, I'm going to the market-place:
Chide me no more. I'll mountebank their loves,
Cog their hearts from them, and come home belov'd

† *i. e.* piece, portion.

Of all the trades in Rome. Look, I am going:
Commend me to my wife. I'll return Conſul,
Or never truſt to what my tongue can do
I' th' way of flattery further.

Vol. Do your will. [*Exit Volumnia.*

Com. Away, the Tribunes do attend you: arm
Yourſelf to anſwer mildly: for they're prepar'd
With accuſations, as I hear, more ſtrong
Than are upon you yet.

Cor. The word is, *mildly*.——Pray you, let us go.
Let them accuſe me by invention; I
Will anſwer in mine honour.

Men. Ay, but mildly.

Cor. Well, mildly be it then, mildly.— [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI. *Changes to the Forum.*

Enter Sicinius and Brutus.

Bru. In this point charge him home, that he affects
Tyrannic power: if he evade us there,
Inforce him with his envy to the people,
And that the ſpoil got on the Antiates,
Was ne'er diſtributed. What, will he come!

Enter an Ædile.

Æd. He's coming.

Bru. How accompanied?

Æd. With old Menenius, and thoſe Senators
That always favour'd him.

Sic. Have you a catalogue
Of all the voices that we have procur'd,
Set down by th' poll?

Æd. I have; 'tis ready, here.

Sic. Have you collected them by tribes?

Æd. I have.

Sic. Aſſemble preſently the people hither,
And, when they hear me ſay, it ſhall be ſo,
I' th' right and ſtrength o' th' Commons; (be it either
For death, for fine, or baniſhment), then let them,
If I ſay *Fine*, cry *Fine*; if *Death*, cry *Death*;
Inſiſting on the old prerogative
And power i' th' truth o' th' cauſe.

Æd.

Æd. I will inform them.

Bru. And when ſuch time they have begun to cry,
Let them not ceaſe, but with a din confus'd
Inforce the preſent execution
Of what we chance to ſentence.

Æd. Very well.

Sic. Make them be ſtrong and ready for this hint,
When we ſhall hap to give't them.

Bru. Go about it. [*Exit Edile.*
Put him to choler ſtraight; he hath been us'd
Ever to conquer, and to have his word
Off contradiction. Being once chaf'd, he cannot
Be rein'd again to temp'rance; then he ſpeaks
What's in his heart; and that is there, which looks
With us † to break his neck.

Enter Coriolanus, Menenius, and Cominius, with others.

Sic. Well, here he comes.

Men. Calmly, I do beſeech you.

Cor. Ay, as an hoſtler, that for the pooreſt piece
Will bear the knave by th' volume:——The honour'd gods
Keep Rome in ſafety, and the chairs of juſtice
Supply with worthy men, plant love amongſt you,
Throng our large temples with the ſhews of peace,
And not our ſtreets with war!

1 *Sen.* Amen, amen!

Men. A noble wiſh.

Enter the Ædile, with the Plebeians.

Sic. Draw near, ye people.

Æd. Liſt to your Tribunes: audience;
Peace, I ſay.

Cor. Firſt, hear me ſpeak.

Both Tri. Well, ſay. Peace, ho.

Cor. Shall I be charg'd no farther than this preſent?
Muſt all determine here?

Sic. I do demand,
If you ſubmit you to the people's voices,
Allow their officers, and are content
To ſuffer lawful cenſure for ſuch faults
As ſhall be prov'd upon you?

Cor.

† A familiar phraſe of that time, ſignifying work us with us.

Cor. I am content.
Men. Lo, Citizens, he ſays, he is content.
The warlike ſervice he has done, conſider;
Think on the wounds his body bears, which ſhew
Like graves i' th' holy church-yard.
Cor. Scratches with briars, ſcars to move laughter only.
Men. Conſider further,
That when he ſpeaks not like a citizen,
You find him like a ſoldier; do not take
His rougher accents for malicious ſounds;
But, as I ſay, ſuch as become a ſoldier,
Rather than envy, you———
Com. Well, well, no more.
Cor. What is the matter,
That being paſs'd for Conſul with full voice,
I'm ſo diſhonour'd, that the very hour
You take it off again?
Sic. Anſwer to us.
Cor. Say then: 'tis true, I ought ſo.
Sic. We charge you, that you have contriv'd to take
From Rome all ſeaſon'd office, and to wind
Yourſelf unto a power tyrannical;
For which you are a traitor to the people.
Cor. How? Traitor!———
Men. Nay, temperately: your promiſe.
Cor. The fires i' th' loweſt hell fold in the people!
Call me their traitor! thou injurious Tribune!
Within thine eyes ſat twenty thouſand deaths,
In thy hands clutch'd as many millions, in
Thy lying tongue both numbers; I would ſay,
Thou lyeſt, unto thee, with a voice as free
As I do pray the gods.
Sic. Mark you this, people?
All. To th' rock with him.
Sic. Peace.
We need not lay new matter to his charge:
What we have ſeen him do, and heard him ſpeak,
Beating your officers, curſing yourſelves,
Oppoſing laws with ſtrokes, and here defying
Thoſe whoſe great power muſt try him, even this
So criminal, and in ſuch capital kind,

Deſerves

Deſerves th' extremeſt death.
Bru. But ſince he hath
Serv'd well for Rome———
Cor. What do you prate of ſervice?
Bru. I talk of that, that know it.
Cor. You?———
Men. Is this the promiſe that you made your mother?
Com. Know, I pray you———
Cor. I'll know no farther:
Let them pronounce the ſteep Tarpeian death,
Vagabond exile, flaying, pent to linger
But with a grain a-day, I would not buy
Their mercy at the price of one fair word;
Nor check my courage for what they can give,
To have't with ſaying, Good morrow.
Sic. For that he has
(As much as in him lies) from time to time
Envy'd againſt the people; ſeeking means
To pluck away their power; has now at laſt
Giv'n hoſtile ſtrokes, and that not in the preſence
Of dreaded juſtice, but on the miniſters
That do diſtribute it; in the name o' th' people,
And in the power of us the Tribunes, we
(Ev'n from this inſtant) baniſh him our city;
In peril of precipitation
From off the rock Tarpeian, never more
To enter our Rome's gates. I' th' people's name,
I ſay, it ſhall be ſo.
All. It ſhall be ſo, it ſhall be ſo; let him away:
He's baniſh'd, and it ſhall be ſo.
Com. Hear me, my maſters, and my common friends—
Sic. He's ſentenc'd: no more hearing.
Com. Let me ſpeak.
I have been Conſul, and can ſhew for Rome
Her enemies' marks upon me. I do love
My country's good, with a reſpect more tender,
More holy, and profound, than mine own life,
My dear wife's eſtimate, her womb's increaſe,
And treaſure of my loins; then if I would
Speak that———
Sic. We know your drift. Speak what?
Bru. There's no more to be ſaid, but he is baniſh'd

s enemy to the people and his country.
: ſhall be ſo.
All. It ſhall be ſo, it ſhall be ſo.
Cor. " You common cry of curs, whoſe breath I hate,
As reek o' th' rotten fens; whoſe loves I prize,
As the dead carcaſes of unburied men,
That do corrupt my air: I baniſh you.
And here remain with your uncertainty!
Let every feeble rumour ſhake your hearts;
Your enemies, with nodding of their plumes,
Fan you into deſpair! have the power ſtill
To baniſh your defenders, till at length
Your ignorance, (which finds not till it feels),
Making but reſervation of yourſelves,
(Still your own enemies), deliver you,
As moſt abated † captives, to ſome nation
That won you without blows! Deſpiſing then,
For you, the city, thus I turn my back.
There is a world elſewhere——

[*Exeunt Coriolanus, Cominius, and others.*

[*The people ſhout, and throw up their caps.*

Æd. The people's enemy is gone, is gone!
All. Our enemy is baniſh'd; he is gone! Hoo! hoo!
Sic. Go ſee him out at gates, and follow him
As he hath follow'd you; with all deſpight
Give him deſerv'd vexation. Let a guard
Attend us through the city.
All. Come, come; let's ſee him out at the gates; come.
The gods preſerve our Noble Tribunes!——come.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Before the gates of Rome.

Enter Coriolanus, Volumnia, Virgilia, Menenius, Cominius, with the young Nobility of Rome.

Cor. COME, leave your tears: a brief farewel: the beaſt

With

† *Abated* here carries the ſenſe of *ſunk and diminiſhed in ſpirit and courage.*

With many heads butts me away. Nay, mother,
Where is your ancient courage? "You were us'd
"To ſay, Extremity was the trier of ſpirits;
"That common chances common men could bear;
"That when the ſea was calm, all boats alike
"Shew'd maſterſhip in floating. Fortune's blows,
"When moſt ſtruck home being gently * warded, craves
"A noble cunning. You were us'd to load me
"With precepts, that would make invincible
"The heart that conn'd them.
Vir. O heav'ns! O heav'ns!
Cor. Nay, I pr'ythee, woman———
Vol. Now the red peſtilence ſtrike all trades in Rome,
And occupations periſh!
Cor. What! what! what!
I ſhall be lov'd, when I am lack'd. Nay, mother,
Reſume that ſpirit, when you were wont to ſay,
If you had been the wife of Hercules,
Six of his labours you'd have done, and ſav'd
Your huſband ſo much ſweat. Cominius,
Droop not; adieu: farewel, my wife! my mother!
I'll do well yet. "The old and true Menenius,
"Thy tears are ſalter than a younger man's,
"And venomous to thine eyes. My ſometime General,
I've ſeen thee ſtern, and thou haſt oft beheld
Heart-hardning ſpectacles. Tell theſe ſad women,
'Tis fond to wail inevitable ſtrokes,
As 'tis to laugh at 'em. Mother, you wot,
My hazards ſtill have been your ſolace; and
Believ't not lightly, "though I go alone,
"Like to a lonely dragon, that his fen
"Makes fear'd, and talk'd of more than ſeen), your ſon
Will, or exceed the common, or be caught
With cautelous baits and practice.
Vol. My firſt † ſon,
Where will you go? take good Cominius
With thee a while; determine on ſome courſe,
More than a wild expoſure to each chance,
That ſtarts i' th' way before thee.

Cor.

* *gently*, for *nobly*.
† *i. e.* nobleſt, moſt eminent of men.

Cor. O the gods!
Com. I'll follow thee a month, deviſe with thee
Where thou ſhalt reſt, that thou may'ſt hear of us,
And we of thee. So, if the time thruſt forth
A cauſe for thy repeal, we ſhall not ſend
O'er the vaſt world to ſeek a ſingle man;
And loſe advantage, which doth ever cool
I' th' abſence of the needer.
Cor. Fare ye well:
Thou'ſt years upon thee, and thou art too full
Of the wars ſurfeits, to go rove with one
That's yet unbruis'd; bring me but out at gate.
Come, my ſweet wife, my deareſt mother, and
My friends of noble touch †: when I am forth,
Bid me farewel, and ſmile. I pray you, come.
While I remain above the ground, you ſhall
Hear from me ſtill, and never of me aught
But what is like me formerly.
Men. That's worthily
As any ear can hear. Come, let's not weep.
If I could ſhake off but one ſeven years
From theſe old arms and legs, by the good gods
I'd with thee every foot.
Cor. Give me thy hand. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Sicinius and Brutus with the Ædile.

Sic. Bid them all home, he's gone; and we'll no fur-
Vex'd are the Nobles, who, we ſee, have ſided [ther.
In his behalf.
Bru. Now we have ſhewn our power,
Let us ſeem humbler after it is done,
Than when it was a-doing.
Sic. Bid them home;
Say, their great enemy is gone, and they
Stand in their ancient ſtrength.
Bru. Diſmiſs them home.
Here comes his mother.

† *i. e. of true metal unallay'd.* A metaphor taken from trying *gold on the touchſtone.*

Enter Volumnia, Virgilia, and Menenius.

Sic. Let's not meet her.
Bru. Why?
Sic. They ſay ſhe's mad.
Bru. They have ta'en note of us: keep on your way.
Vol. Oh, y'are well met:
The hoorded plague o' th' gods requite your love!
Men. Peace, peace; be not ſo loud.
Vol. If that I could for weeping, you ſhould hear—
Nay, and you ſhall hear ſome.—Will you be gone?
You ſhall ſtay too. [*To Vir.*
Vir. I would I had the power
To ſay ſo to my huſband.
Sic. Are you mankind?
Vol. Ay, fool: is that a ſhame? note but this fool.
Was not a man my father? hadſt thou foxſhip
To baniſh him that ſtruck more blows for Rome,
Than thou haſt ſpoken words———
Sic. Oh bleſſed heav'ns!
Vol. More noble blows than ever thou wiſe words,
And for Rome's good—I'll tell thee what—yet go—
Nay, but thou ſhalt ſtay too———I would my ſon
Were in Arabia, and thy tribe before him,
His good ſword in his hand.
Sic. What then?
Vir. What then? he'd make an end of thy poſterity.
Vol. Baſtards, and all.
Good man, the wounds that he does bear for Rome!
Men. Come, come, peace.
Sic. I would he had continued to his country
As he began, and not unknit himſelf
The noble knot he made.
Bru. I would he had!
Vol. I would he had!——'Twas you incens'd the rabble:
Cats, that can judge as fitly of his worth,
As I can of thoſe myſteries which Heav'n
Will not have Earth to know.
Bru. Pray let us go.
Vol. Now, pray, Sir, get you gone.
You've done a brave deed. Ere you go, hear this:
As far as doth the Capitol exceed

The

The meaneſt houſe in Rome; ſo far my ſon,
This lady's huſband here, this (do you ſee)
Whom you have baniſh'd, does exceed you all.
Bru. Well, well, we'll leave you.
Sic. Why ſtay you to be baited
With one that wants her wits? [*Exeunt Tribunes.*
Vol. Take my prayers with you.
I wiſh the gods had nothing elſe to do,
But to confirm my curſes! Could I meet 'em
But once a-day, it would unlog my heart
Of what lies heavy to't.
Men. You've told them home,
And, by my troth, have cauſe. You'll ſup with me?
Vol. Anger's my meat, I ſup upon myſelf,
And ſo ſhall ſtarve with feeding. Come, let's go,
Leave this faint puling, and lament as I do, [*To Vir.*
In anger, Juno-like. Come, come, fie, fie! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *Changes to Antium.*

Enter a Roman and a Volſcian.

Rom. I know you well, Sir, and you know me; your name I think is *Adrian.*
Vol. It is ſo, Sir: truly I have forgot you.
Rom. I am a Roman; but my ſervices are as you are, againſt 'em. Know you me yet?
Vol. Nicanor? no.
Rom. The ſame, Sir.
Vol. You had more beard when I laſt ſaw you, but your favour is well appeal'd * by your tongue. What's the news in Rome? I have a note from the Volſcian ſtate to find you out there. You have well ſav'd me a day's journey.
Rom. There hath been in Rome ſtrange inſurrections: the people againſt the Senators, Patricians, and Nobles.
Vol. Hath been! is it ended then? Our ſtate thinks not ſo: they are in a moſt warlike preparation, and hope to come upon them in the heat of their diviſion.
Rom. The main blaze of it is paſt, but a ſmall thing would make it flame again. For the Nobles receive ſo to heart the baniſhment of that worthy Coriolanus, that they

* *i. e.* Brought into remembrance.

A heart of wreak in thee, that wilt revenge
Thine own particular wrongs, and ſtop thoſe maims
Of ſhame ſeen through thy country, ſpeed thee ſtraight,
And make my miſery ſerve thy turn: ſo uſe it,
That my revengeful ſervices may prove
As benefits to thee; for I will fight
Againſt my canker'd country with the ſpleen
Of all the under-fiends. But if ſo be
Thou dar'ſt not this, and that to prove more fortunes
Thou'rt tir'd; then, in a word, I alſo am
Longer to live moſt weary, and preſent
My throat to thee, and to thy ancient malice:
Which not to cut, would ſhew thee but a fool,
Since I have ever follow'd thee with hate,
Drawn tuns of blood out of thy country's breaſt,
And cannot live, but to thy ſhame, unleſs
It be to do thee ſervice.

Auf. Oh, Marcius, Marcius.
Each word thou'ſt ſpoke, hath weeded from my heart
A root of ancient envy. If Jupiter
Should from yond cloud ſpeak to me things divine,
And ſay, 'tis true; I'd not believe them more
Than thee, all-noble Marcius. Let me twine
Mine arms about that body, where-againſt
My grained aſh an hundred times hath broke,
And ſcar'd the moon with ſplinters: here I clip
The anvil of my ſword, and do conteſt
As hotly and as nobly with thy love,
As ever in ambitious ſtrength I did
Contend againſt thy valour. "Know thou firſt,
"I lov'd the maid I married; never man
"Sigh'd truer breath: but that I ſee thee here,
"Thou noble thing! more dances my rapt heart,
"Than when I firſt my wedded miſtreſs ſaw
"Beſtride my threſhold. Why, thou Mars! I tell thee,
We have a power on foot; and I had purpoſe
Once more to hew thy target from thy brawn,
Or loſe my arm for't: thou haſt beat me out
Twelve ſeveral times, and I have nightly ſince
"Dream'd of encounters 'twixt thyſelf and me.
"We have been down together in my ſleep,

"Unbuckling

"Unbuckling helms, fisting each other's throat,
"And wak'd half dead with nothing. Worthy Marcius,
Had we no quarrel else to Rome, but that
Thou art thence banish'd, we would muster all
From twelve to seventy; and pouring war
Into the bowels of ungrateful Rome,
Like a bold flood o'erbear. O come, go in,
And take our friendly Senators by th' hands,
Who now are here, taking their leave of me,
Who am prepar'd against your territories,
Though not for Rome itself.

Cor. You bless me, gods!

Auf. Therefore, most absolute Sir, if thou wilt have
The leading of thy own revenges, take
One half of my commission, and set down
As best thou art experienc'd, since thou know'st
Thy country's strength and weakness, thine own ways!
Whether to knock against the gates of Rome,
Or rudely visit them in parts remote,
To fright them, ere destroy. But come, come in.
Let me commend thee first to those, that shall
Say *Yea* to thy desires. A thousand welcomes!
And more a friend, than e'er an enemy:
Yet, Marcius, that was much.——Your hand; most
welcome! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *Enter two Servants.*

1 *Ser.* Here's a strange alteration.

2 *Ser.* By my hand, I had thought to have strucken him with a cudgel, and yet my mind gave me, his cloaths made a false report of him.

1 *Ser.* What an arm he has! he turn'd me about with his finger and his thumb, as one would set up a top.

2 *Ser.* Nay, I knew by his face that there was something in him. He had, Sir, a kind of face, methought ——I cannot tell how to term it.

1 *Ser.* He had so: looking as it were——'Would I were hanged, but I thought there was more in him than I could think.

2 *Ser.* So did I, I'll be sworn: he is simply the rarest man i' th' world.

1 *Ser.* I think he is; but a greater ſoldier than he, you wot one.

2 *Ser.* Who, my maſter?

1 *Ser.* Nay, it's no matter for that.

2 *Ser.* Worth ſix on him.

1 *Ser.* Nay, not ſo neither; but I take him to be the greater ſoldier.

2 *Ser.* 'Faith, look you, one cannot tell how to ſay that; for the defence of a town our General is excellent.

1 *Ser.* Ay, and for an aſſault too.

Enter a third Servant.

2 *Ser.* Oh, ſlaves, I can tell you news; news, you raſcals.

Both. What, what, what? let's partake.

3 *Ser.* I would not be a Roman, of all nations. I had as lieve be a condemn'd man.

Both. Wherefore? wherefore?

3 *Ser.* Why, here's he that was wont to thwack our General, Caius Marcius.

1 *Ser.* Why do you ſay, thwack our General?

3 *Ser.* I do not ſay, thwack our General; but he was always good enough for him.

2 *Ser.* Come, we are fellows and friends; he was ever too hard for him, I have heard him ſay ſo himſelf.

1 *Ser.* He was too hard for him directly, to ſay the truth on't: before Corioli, he ſcotch'd him and notch'd him like a carbonado.

2 *Ser.* And, had he been cannibally given, he might have broil'd and eaten him too.

1 *Ser.* But more of thy news;——

3 *Ser.* Why, he is ſo made on here within, as if he were ſon and heir to Mars: ſet at upper end o' th' table; no queſtion aſk'd him by any of the Senators, but they ſtand bald before him. Our General himſelf makes a miſtreſs of him, ſanctifies himſelf with's hands, and turns up the white o' th' eye to his diſcourſe. But the bottom of the news is, our General is cut i' th' middle, and but one half of what he was yeſterday. For the other has half, by the intreaty and grant of the whole table. He'll go, he ſays, and ſowle the porter

of Rome gates by th' ears. He will mow down all before him, and leave his paſſage poll'd.

2 *Ser.* And he's as like to do't as any man I can imagine.

3 *Ser.* Do't! he will do't: for, look you, Sir, he has as many friends as enemies; which friends, Sir, as it were, durſt not (look you, Sir) ſhew themſelves (as we term it) his friends, whilſt he's in directitude.

1 *Ser.* Directitude! what's that?

3 *Ser.* But when they ſhall ſee, Sir, his creſt up again, and the man in blood, they will out of their burroughs (like conies after rain), and revel all with him.

1 *Ser.* But when goes this forward?

3 *Ser.* To-morrow, to-day, preſently; you ſhall have the drum ſtruck up this afternoon. 'Tis, as it were, a parcel of their feaſt, and to be executed ere they wipe their lips.

2 *Ser.* Why, then we ſhall have a ſtirring world again: this peace is worth nothing, but to ruſt iron, increaſe tailors, and breed ballad-makers.

1 *Ser.* Let me have war, ſay I; it exceeds peace, as far as day does night; 'tis ſprightly, waking, audible, and full of vent. Peace is a very apoplexy, lethargy, mull'd, deaf, ſleepy, inſenſible, a getter of more baſtard children than war's a deſtroyer of men.

2 *Ser.* 'Tis ſo; and as war in ſome ſort may be ſaid to be a raviſher, ſo it cannot be denied, but peace is a great maker of cuckolds.

1 *Ser.* "Ay, and it makes men hate one another.

3 *Ser.* "Reaſon; becauſe they then leſs need one "another. The wars for my money. I hope to ſee Romans as cheap as Volſcians.

They are riſing, they are riſing.

Both. In, in, in, in. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI. *A public place in Rome.*

Enter Sicinius and Brutus.

Sic. We hear not of him, neither need we fear him.
His remedies are tame i' th' preſent peace
And quietneſs o' th' people, which before
Were in wild hurry. Here he makes his friends

Bluſh,

Bluſh, that the world goes well; who rather had,
Though they themſelves did ſuffer by't, beheld
Diſſentious numbers peſt'ring ſtreets, than ſee
Our tradeſmen ſinging in their ſhops, and going
About their functions friendly.

Enter Menenius.

Bru. We ſtood to't in good time. Is this Menenius?

Sic. 'Tis he, 'tis he. O, he is grown moſt kind of late. Hail, Sir!

Men. Hail to you both!

Sic. Your Coriolanus is not much miſs'd, but with his friends: the commonwealth doth ſtand, and ſo would do, were he more angry at it.

Men. All's well, and might have been much better, if he could have temporiz'd.

Sic. Where is he, hear you?

Men. Nay, I hear nothing.

His mother and his wife hear nothing from him.

Enter three or four Citizens.

All. The gods preſerve you both!

Sic. Good-e'en, neighbours.

Bru. Good-e'en to you all, good-e'en to you all.

1 *Cit.* Ourſelves, our wives, and children, on our knees,
Are bound to pray for you both.

Sic. Live and thrive!

Bru. Farewel, kind neighbours.
We wiſh'd Coriolanus had lov'd you, as we did.

All. Now the gods keep you!

Both Tri. Farewel, farewel. [*Exeunt Citizens.*

Sic. This is a happier and more comely time,
Than when theſe fellows ran about the ſtreets,
Crying confuſion.

Bru. Caius Marcius was
A worthy officer i' th' war, but inſolent,
O'ercome with pride, ambitious paſt all thinking,
Self-loving.

Sic. And affecting one ſole throne,
Without aſſiſtance.

Men. Nay, I think not ſo.

Sic. We had by this, to all our lamentation,

If he had gone forth Conſul, found it ſo.

Bru. The gods have well prevented it, and Rome
Sits ſafe and ſtill without him.

Enter Ædile.

Ædile. Worthy Tribunes,
There is a ſlave, whom we have put in priſon,
Reports, the Volſcians with two ſeveral powers
Are entered in the Roman territories,
And with the deepeſt malice of the war
Deſtroy what lies before 'em.

Men. 'Tis Auſidius,
Who, hearing of our Marcius' baniſhment,
Thruſts forth his horns again into the world;
Which were inſhell'd when Marcius ſtood for Rome,
And durſt not once peep out.

Sic. Come, what talk you of Marcius?

Bru. Go ſee this rumourer whipp'd. It cannot be
The Volſcians dare break with us.

Men. Cannot be!
We have record, that very well it can;
And three examples of the like have been
Within my age. But reaſon with the fellow,
Before you puniſh him, where he heard this;
Leſt you ſhould chance to whip your information,
And beat the meſſenger who bids beware
Of what is to be dreaded.

Sic. Tell not me:
I know this cannot be.

Bru. Not poſſible.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſſ. The Nobles in great earneſtneſs are going
All to the ſenate-houſe; ſome news is come,
That turns their countenances.

Sic. 'Tis this ſlave.
Go whip him 'fore the people's eyes: his raiſing!
Nothing but his report!

Meſſ. Yes, worthy Sir,
The ſlave's report is ſeconded, and more,
More fearful is delivered.

Sic. What more fearful?

Meſſ. It is ſpoke freely out of many mouths,
How probable I do not know, that Marcius,
Join'd with Aufidius, leads a pow'r 'gainſt Rome;
And vows revenge as ſpacious, as between
The young'ſt and oldeſt thing.

Sic. This is moſt likely!———

Bru. Rais'd only, that the weaker ſort may wiſh
Good Marcius home again.

Sic. The very trick on't.

Men. This is unlikely.
He and Aufidius can no more atone,
Than violenteſt contrarieties.

Enter another Meſſenger.

Meſſ. You are ſent for to the ſenate.
A fearful army, led by Caius Marcius,
Aſſociated with Aufidius, rages
Upon our territories; and have already
O'erborne their way, conſum'd with fire, and took
What lay before them.

Enter Cominius.

Com. Oh, you have made good work.

Men. What news? what news?

Com. You have holp to raviſh your own daughters, and
To melt the city-leads upon your pates,
To ſee your wives diſhonour'd to your noſes.

Men. What's the news? what's the news?

Com. Your temples burned in their cement †, and
Your franchiſes, whereon you ſtood, confin'd
Into an augre's bore.

Men. Pray now, the news?
You've made fair work, I fear me: pray, your news?
If Marcius ſhould be joined with the Volſcians,——

Com. If? he is their god; he leads them like a thing
Made by ſome other deity than Nature,
That ſhapes man better; and they follow him,
Againſt us brats, with no leſs confidence,
Than boys purſuing ſummer-butterflies,
Or butchers killing flies.

Men. You've made good work,
You and your apron-men; that ſtood ſo much
Upon

† *cement*, for cincture or incloſure.

Upon the voice of occupation, and
The breath of garlic-eaters.

Com. He'll ſhake your Rome about your ears.

Men. As Hercules did ſhake down mellow fruit:
You have made fair work!

Bru. But is this true, Sir?

Com. Ay, and you'll look pale
Before you find it other. All the regions
Do ſeemingly revolt; and who reſiſt,
Are mock'd for valiant ignorance,
And periſh conſtant fools. Who is't can blame him?
Your enemies and his find ſomething in him.

Men. We're all undone, unleſs
The Noble man have mercy.

Com. Who ſhall aſk it?
The Tribunes cannot do't for ſhame; the people
Deſerve ſuch pity of him, as the wolf
Does of the ſhepherds: his beſt friends, if they
Shou'd ſay, "Be good to Rome," they charge him even
As thoſe ſhould do that had deſerv'd his hate,
And therein ſhew'd like enemies.

Men. 'Tis true.
If he were putting to my houſe the brand
That would conſume it, I have not the face
To ſay, "'Beſeech you, ceaſe." You've made fair hands,
You and your crafts! you've crafted fair!

Com. You've brought
A trembling upon Rome, ſuch as was never
So incapable of help.

Tri. Say not, we brought it.

Men. How? was it we? we lov'd him; but, like beaſts,
And coward Nobles, gave way to your clufters,
Who did hoot him out o' th' city.

Com. But I fear
They'll roar him in again. Tullus Auſidius,
The ſecond name of men, obeys his 'points
As if he were his officer. Deſperation
Is all the policy, ſtrength, and defence,
That Rome can make againſt them.

SCENE VII. *Enter a troop of Citizens.*

Men. Here come the clufters.——

And is Aufidius with him?——You are they
That made the air unwholſome, when you caſt
Your ſtinking, greaſy caps, in hooting at
Coriolanus' exile. Now he's coming,
And not a hair upon a ſoldier's head,
Which will not prove a whip: as many coxcombs
As you threw caps up, will he tumble down,
And pay you for your voices. 'Tis no matter,
If he ſhould burn us all into one coal,
We have deſerv'd it.

Omnes. 'Faith, we hear fearful news.

1 *Cit.* For mine own part,
When I ſaid, Baniſh him; I ſaid, 'Twas pity.

2 *Cit.* And ſo did I.

3 *Cit.* And ſo did I; and to ſay the truth, ſo did very many of us; that we did, we did for the beſt; and though we willingly conſented to his baniſhment, yet it was againſt our will.

Com. Y' are goodly things; you, voices!——

Men. You have made good work,
You and your cry. Shall's to the Capitol?

Com. Oh, ay, what elſe? [*Exeunt.*

Sic. Go, maſters, get you home, be not diſmay'd.
Theſe are a ſide that would be glad to have
This true, which they ſo ſeem to fear. Go home,
And ſhew no ſign of fear.

1 *Cit.* The gods be good to us: come, maſters, let's home. I ever ſaid, we were i' th' wrong, when we baniſh'd him.

2 *Cit.* So did we all; but come, let's home.
[*Exeunt Citizens.*

Bru. I do not like this news.

Sic. Nor I.

Bru. Let's to the Capitol; 'would half my wealth
Would buy this for a lye!

Sic. Pray, let us go. [*Exeunt Tribunes.*

SCENE VIII. *A camp at a ſmall diſtance from Rome.*

Enter Aufidius, with his Lieutenant.

Auf. Do they ſtill fly to th' Roman?

Lieut. I do not know what witchcraft's in him; but
Your

Your ſoldiers uſe him as the grace 'fore meat,
Their talk at table, and their thanks at end:
And you are darken'd in this action, Sir,
Even by your own.

Auf. I cannot help it now,
Unleſs, by uſing means, I lame the foot
Of our deſign. He bears himſelf more proudly
Even to my perſon, than I thought he would
When firſt I did embrace him. Yet his nature
In that's no changeling, and I muſt excuſe
What cannot be amended.

Lieut. Yet I wiſh, Sir,
(I mean for your particular), you had not
Join'd in commiſſion with him; but had borne
The action of yourſelf, or elſe to him
Had left it ſolely.

Auf. I underſtand thee well; and be thou ſure,
When he ſhall come to his account, he knows not
What I can urge againſt him: though it ſeems,
And ſo he thinks, and is no leſs apparent
To th' vulgar eye, that he bears all things fairly;
And ſhews good huſbandry for the Volſcian ſtate,
Fights dragon-like, and does atchieve as ſoon
As draw his ſword; yet he hath left undone
That which ſhall break his neck, or hazard mine,
Whene'er we come to our account.

Lieut. Sir, I beſeech, think you he'll carry Rome?

Auf. All places yield to him ere he ſits down,
And the Nobility of Rome are his:
The Senators and Patricians love him too:
The Tribunes are no ſoldiers; and their people
Will be as raſh in the repeal, as haſty
To expel him thence. I think he'll be to Rome
As is the oſprey to the fiſh, who takes it
By ſovereignty of nature. Firſt, he was
A noble ſervant to them: but he could not
Carry his honours even; whether pride,
(Which out of daily fortune ever taints
The happy man); whether defect of judgment,
(To fail in the diſpoſing of thoſe chances
Whereof he was the lord); or whether nature,
(Not to be other than one thing; not moving

From th' caſk to th' cuſhion; but commanding peace
Even with the ſame auſterity and garb,
As he controll'd the war); but one of theſe,
(As he hath ſpices of them all), not all,
For I dare ſo far free him, made him fear'd,
So hated, and ſo baniſh'd: but he has merit
To choke it in the utt'rance; ſo our virtues
Lie in th' interpretation of the time;
And power, unto itſelf moſt commendable,
Hath not a tomb ſo evident, as a chair
T' extol what it hath done.
One fire drives out one fire; one nail, one nail;
Right's by right foiled, ſtrengths by ſtrengths do fail.
Come, let's away; when, Caius, Rome is thine,
Thou'rt poor'ſt of all, then ſhortly art thou mine. [*Exe.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

A public place in Rome.

Enter Menenius, Cominius, Sicinius, Brutus, with others.

Men. NO, I'll not go: you hear what he hath ſaid
Which was ſometime his General, who lov'd him
In a moſt dear particular. He call'd me father:
But what o' that? Go, you that baniſh'd him,
A mile before his tent, fall down, and knee
The way into his mercy. Nay, if he coy'd
To hear Cominius ſpeak, I'll keep at home.

Com. He would not ſeem to know me.

Men. Do you hear?

Com. Yet one time he did call me by my name:
I urg'd our old acquaintance, and the drops
That we have bled together. Coriolanus
He would not anſwer to; forbad all names;
He was a kind of nothing, titleleſs,
Till he had forg'd himſelf a name o' th' fire
Of burning Rome.

Men. Why, ſo; you've made good work:
A pair of Tribunes, that have reck'd for Rome,
To make coals cheap: a noble memory!

Com. I minded him, how royal 'twas to pardon
When it was leaſt expected. He reply'd,

It was a bare † petition of a ſtate
To one whom they had puniſh'd.
Men. Very well, could he ſay leſs?
Com. I offer'd to awaken his regard
For's private friends. His anſwer to me was,
He could not ſtay to pick them in a pile
Of noiſome muſty chaff. He ſad, 'twas folly,
For one poor grain or two, to leave unburn't,
And ſtill to noſe th' offence.
Men. For one poor grain or two?
I'm one of thoſe: his mother, wife, his child,
And this brave fellow too, we are the grains;
You are the muſty chaff; and you are ſmelt
Above the moon. We muſt be burnt for you.
Sic. Nay, pray, be patient: if you refuſe your aid
In this ſo-never-needed help, yet do not
Upbraid's with our diſtreſs. But, ſure, if you
Would be your country's pleader, your good tongue,
More than the inſtant army we can make,
Might ſtop our countryman.
Men. No: I'll not meddle.
Sic. Pray you go to him.
Men. What ſhould I do?
Bru. Only make trial what your love can do
For Rome, tow'rds Marcius.
Men. Well, and ſay, that Marcius
Return me, as Cominius is return'd,
Unheard: (what then?)
But as a diſcontented friend, grief-ſhot
With his unkindneſs. Say't be ſo?
Sic. Yet your good-will
Muſt have that thanks from Rome, after the meaſure
As you intended well.
Men. I'll undertake it:
I think he'll hear me. Yet to bite his lip,
And hum at good Cominius, much unhearts me.
" He was not taken well, he had not din'd.
" The veins unfill'd, our blood is cold, and then
" We powt upon the morning, are unapt
" To give or to forgive; but when we've ſtuff'd
" *Theſe pipes,* and theſe conveyances of blood

" With

† *bare, for mean, beggarly.*

" With wine and feeding, we have ſuppler ſouls
" Than in our prieſt-like faſts; therefore I'll watch him
" Till he be dieted to my requeſt,
And then I'll ſet upon him.

Bru. You know the very road into his kindneſs,
And cannot loſe your way.

Men. 'Good faith, I'll prove him,
Speed how it will. You ſhall ere long have knowledge
Of my ſucceſs. [*Exit.*

Com. He'll never hear him.

Sic. Not?

Com. I tell you, he does ſit in gold, his eye
Red as 'twould burn Rome; and his injury
The goaler to his pity. I kneel'd before him,
'Twas very faintly he ſaid, Riſe: diſmiſs'd me
Thus, with his ſpeechleſs hand. What he would do,
He ſent in writing after; what he would not,
Bound with an oath, not yield to new conditions:
So that all hope is vain, unleſs his mother
And wife, who (as I hear) mean to ſolicit him,
Force mercy to his country. Therefore hence,
And with our fair intreaties haſte them on. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Changes to the Volſcian camp.*

Enter Menenius to the Watch or Guard.

1 *Watch.* Stay: whence are you?

2 *Watch.* Stand, and go back.

Men. You guard like men, 'tis well. But, by your leave,
I am an officer of ſtate, and come
To ſpeak with Coriolanus.

1 *Watch.* Whence?

Men. From Rome.

1 *Watch.* You may not paſs, you muſt return: our General
Will no more hear from thence.

2 *Watch.* You'll ſee your Rome embrac'd with fire, before
You'll ſpeak with Coriolanus.

Men. Good my friends,
If you have heard your General talk of Rome,
And of his friends there, it is lots to blanks,
My name hath touch'd your ears; it is Menenius.

1 *Watch.* Be it ſo, go back: the virtue of your name

Is not here paſſable.

Men. I tell thee, fellow,
Thy General is my lover: I have been
The book of his good acts; whence men have read
His fame unparallel'd haply amplified:
For I have ever narrified * my friends,
(Of whom he's chief), with all the ſize that verity
Would without lapſing ſuffer: nay ſometimes,
Like to a bowl upon a ſubtle ground,
I've tumbled paſt the throw, and in his praiſe
Have almoſt ſtamp'd the leaſing. Therefore, fellow,
I muſt have leave to paſs.

1 *Watch.* 'Faith, Sir, if you had told as many lyes in his behalf, as you have utter'd words in your own, you ſhould not paſs here: no, though it were as virtuous to lye, as to live chaſtely. Therefore go back.

Men. Pr'ythee, fellow, remember, my name is *Menenius*, always factionary of the party of your Generals.

2 *Watch.* Howſoever you have been his lyar, (as you ſay you have), I am one, that telling true under him, muſt ſay, you cannot paſs. Therefore go back.

Men. Has he din'd, canſt thou tell? for I would not ſpeak with him till after dinner.

1 *Watch.* You are a Roman, are you?

Men. I am as thy General is.

1 *Watch.* Then you ſhould hate Rome, as he does. Can you, when you have puſh'd out of your gates, the very defender of them, and, in a violent popular ignorance, given your enemy your ſhield, think to front his engagements with the eaſy groans of old women, the virginal palms † of your daughters, or with the palſied interceſſion of ſuch a decay'd dotard as you ſeem to be? Can you think to blow out the intended fire your city is ready to flame in, with ſuch weak breath as this? No,

* *i. e.* made their encomium.

† By *virginal palms* may be underſtood the holding up the hands in ſupplication. But as this ſenſe is cold, and gives us even a ridiculous idea; and as the paſſions of the ſeveral interceſſors ſeem intended to be here repreſented, perhaps Shakeſpear might write *paſmes or pames. i. e. ſwooning-fits*, from the French, *paſmer*, or *pamer*.

No, you are deceiv'd; therefore back to Rome, and prepare for your execution; you are condemn'd, our General hath ſworn you out of reprieve and pardon.

Men. Sirrah, if thy captain knew I were here, he would uſe me with eſtimation.

1 *Watch.* Come, my captain knows you not.

Men. I mean, thy General.

1 *Watch.* My General cares not for you. Back, I ſay, go; leſt I let forth your half pint of blood: that's the utmoſt of your having. Back, back.

Men. Nay, but fellow, fellow,——

Enter Coriolanus, with Aufidius.

Cor. What's the matter?

Men. Now, you companion, I'll ſay an errand for you; you ſhall know now that I am in eſtimation; you ſhall perceive, that a jack-gardant cannot office me from my ſon Coriolanus; gueſs by my entertainment with him; if thou ſtands not i' th' ſtate of hanging, or of ſome death more long in ſpectatorſhip, and crueller in ſuffering, behold now preſently, and ſwoon for what's to come upon thee.——The glorious gods ſit in hourly ſynod about thy particular proſperity, and love thee no worſe than thy old father Menenius does! Oh my ſon, my ſon! thou art preparing fire for us; look thee, here's water to quench it. I was hardly mov'd to come to thee, but being aſſur'd, none but myſelf could move thee, I have been blown out of our gates with ſighs; and conjure thee to pardon Rome, and thy petitionary countrymen. The good gods aſſwage thy wrath, and turn the dregs of it upon this varlet here; this, who, like a block, hath denied my acceſs to thee——

Cor. Away!

Men. How, away?

Cor. Wife, mother, child, I know not. My affairs
Are ſervanted to others: though I owe
My revenge properly, remiſſion lies
In Volſcian breaſts. That we have been familiar,
Ingrate Forgetfulneſs ſhall priſon, rather
Than Pity note how much.——Therefore be gone;
Mine ears againſt your ſuits are ſtronger, than
Your gates againſt my force. Yet, for I lov'd thee,
Take this along; I write it for thy ſake, [Gives him a letter.
And

And would have ſent it. Another word, Menenius,
I will not hear thee ſpeak.—This man, Auffidius,
Was my belov'd in Rome; yet thou behold'ſt——
Auf. You keep a conſtant temper. [*Exeunt.*

Manent the Guard, and Menenius.

1 *Watch.* Now, Sir, is your name *Menenius?*
2 *Watch.* 'Tis a ſpell, you ſee, of much power: you know the way home again.
1 *Watch.* Do you hear, how we are ſhent for keeping your Greatneſs back?
2 *Watch.* What cauſe do you think I have to ſwoon?
Men. I neither care for the world, nor your General: for ſuch things as you, I can ſcarce think there's any, y'are ſo ſlight. He that hath a will to die by himſelf, fears it not from another. Let your General do his worſt: for you, be what you are, long; and your miſery increaſe with your age! I ſay to you, as I was ſaid to, Away——— [*Exit.*
1 *Watch.* A noble fellow, I warrrant him.
2 *Watch.* The worthy fellow is our General. He's the rock, the oak not to be wind-ſhaken. [*Exit Watch.*

SCENE III. *Re-enter Coriolanus and Auffidius.*

Cor. We will before the walls of Rome to-morrow
Set down our hoſt. My partner in this action,
You muſt report to the Volſcian Lords, how plainly
I've borne this buſineſs.
Auf. Only their ends you have reſpected; ſtopt
Your ears againſt the general ſuit of Rome;
Never admitted private whiſper, no,
Not with ſuch friends that fought them ſure of you.
Cor. This laſt old man,
Whom with a crack'd heart I have ſent to Rome,
Lov'd me above the meaſure of a father;
Nay, godded me indeed. Their lateſt refuge
Was to ſend him: for whoſe old love, I have
(Tho' I ſhew'd ſourly to him) once more offer'd
The firſt conditions, (which they did refuſe,
And cannot now accept), to grace him only,
That thought he could do more: a very little
I've yielded to. Freſh embaſſy, and ſuits,

Nor

Nor from the ſtate, nor private friends, hereafter
Will I lend ear to.——Ha! what ſhout is this?
[*Shout within.*
Shall I be tempted to infringe my vow,
In the ſame time 'tis made? I will not———

Enter Virgilia, Volumnia, Valeria, young Marcius, with Attendants, all in mourning.

" My wife comes foremoſt; then the honour'd mould
" Wherein this trunk was fram'd, and in her hand
" The grandchild to her blood. But, out, affection!
" All bond and privilege of nature break!
" Let it be virtuous, to be obſtinate.
" What is that curtſy worth? or thoſe dove's eyes,
" Which can make gods forſworn; I melt, and am not
" Of ſtronger earth than others: my mother bows,
" As if Olympus to a molehill ſhould
" In ſupplication nod; and my young boy
" Hath an aſpect of interceſſion, which
" Great Nature cries, *Deny not.* Let the Volſcians
" Plow Rome, and harrow Italy; I'll never
" Be ſuch a goſling to obey inſtinct; but ſtand
" As if a man were author of himſelf,
" And knew no other kin.
Virg. My Lord and huſband!
Cor. Theſe eyes are not the ſame I wore in Rome.
Virg. The ſorrow that delivers us thus chang'd,
Makes you think ſo.
Cor. " Like a dull actor now,
" I have forgot my part, and I am out,
" Even to a full diſgrace. Beſt of my fleſh,
" Forgive my tyranny; but do not ſay,
" For that, Forgive our Romans.—— O, a kiſs
" Long as my exile, ſweet as my revenge!
" Now by the jealous Queen of heav'n, that kiſs
" I carried from thee, dear; and my true lip
" Hath virgin'd it e'er ſince.——You gods! I prate;
" And the moſt noble mother of the world
" Leave unſaluted: ſink my knee i' th' earth; [*Kneels.*
Of thy deep duty more impreſſion ſhew
Than that of common ſons.
Vol. O ſtand up bleſs'd!

Whilſt

Whilſt with no ſofter cuſhion than the flint
I kneel before thee, and unproperly
Shew duty as miſtaken all the while [*Kneels.*
Between the child and parent.
Cor. What is this?
Your knees to me? to your corrected ſon?
Then let the pebbles on the hungry beach
Fillop the ſtars: then let the mutinous winds
Strike the proud cedars 'gainſt the fiery ſun;
Murd'ring impoſſibility, to make
What cannot be, ſlight work.
Vol. Thou art my warrior,
I holp to frame thee. Do you know this Lady?
Cor. "The noble ſiſter of Poplicola,
"The moon of Rome; chaſte as the icicle,
"That's curled by the froſt from pureſt ſnow,
"And hangs on Dian's temple. Dear Valeria!——
Vol. This is a poor epitome of your's,
[*Shewing young Marcius.*
Which by th' interpretation of full time
May ſhew like all yourſelf.
Cor. "The God of ſoldiers,
"With the conſent of ſupreme Jove, inform
"Thy thoughts with nobleneſs, that thou may'ſt prove
"To ſhame invulnerable, and ſtick i' th' wars
"Like a great ſea-mark, ſtanding every flaw,
"And ſaving thoſe that eye thee!"
Vol. Your knee, ſirrah.
Cor. That's my brave boy.
Vol. Even he, your wife, this lady, and myſelf,
Are ſuitors to you.
Cor. I beſeech you, peace:
Or, if you'd aſk, remember this before;
The thing I have forſworn to grant, may never
Be held by you denial. Do not bid me
Diſmiſs my ſoldiers, or capitulate
Again with Rome's mechanics. Tell me not
Wherein I ſeem unnatural: deſire not
T' allay my rages and revenges, with
Your colder reaſons.
Vol. Oh, no more; no more:
You've ſaid, you will not grant us any thing;

For we have nothing elſe to aſk, but that,
Which you deny already: yet we will aſk,
That if we fail in our requeſt, the blame
May hang upon your hardneſs; therefore hear us.
Cor. Aufidius, and you Volſcians, mark; for we'll
Hear nought from Rome in private.——Your requeſt?
Vol. Should we be ſilent and not ſpeak, our raiment
And ſtate of bodies would bewray what life
We've led ſince thy exile. "Think with thyſelf,
"How more unfortunate than all living women
"Are we come hither; ſince thy ſight, which ſhould
"Make our eyes flow with joy, hearts dance with comforts,
"Conſtrains them weep, and ſhake with fear and ſorrow;
"Making the mother, wife, and child to ſee,
"The ſon, the huſband, and the father tearing
"His country's bowels out: and to poor we,
"Thine enmity's moſt capital; thou barr'ſt us
"Our prayers to the gods, which is a comfort
"That all but we enjoy. For how can we,
Alas! how can we, for our country pray,
Whereto we're bound, together with thy victory,
Whereto we're bound? Alack! or we muſt loſe
The country, our dear nurſe; or elſe thy perſon,
Our comfort in the country. We muſt find
An eminent calamity, tho' we had
Our wiſh, which ſide ſhou'd win. "For either thou
"Muſt, as a foreign recreant, be led
"With manacles along our ſtreets; or elſe
"Triumphantly tread on thy country's ruin,
"And bear the palm, for having bravely ſhed
"Thy wife and childrens' blood. For myſelf, ſon,
"I purpoſe not to wait on fortune, till
"Theſe wars determine. If I can't perſuade thee
Rather to ſhew a noble grace to both parts,
Than ſeek the end of one; thou ſhalt no ſooner
March to aſſault thy country, than to tread
(Truſt to't, thou ſhalt not) on thy mother's womb,
That brought thee to this world.
Vir. Ay, and mine too,
That brought you forth this boy, to keep your name
Living to time.

Boy. "He ſhall not tread on me:
I'll run away till I'm bigger, but then I'll fight."
Cor. Not of a woman's tenderneſs to be,
Requires, nor child, nor woman's face, to ſee:
I've ſat too long.——
Vol. Nay, go not from us thus.
If it were ſo, that our requeſt did tend
To ſave the Romans, thereby to deſtroy
The Volſcians whom you ſerve, you might condemn us,
As poiſonous of your honour. No; our ſuit
Is, that you reconcile them: while the Volſcians
May ſay, This mercy we have ſhew'd; the Romans,
This we receiv'd; and each in either ſide
Give the all-hail to thee; and cry, Be bleſs'd
For making up this peace! Thou know'ſt, great ſon,
The end of war's uncertain; but this certain,
That if thou conquer Rome, the benefit
Which thou ſhalt thereby reap, is ſuch a name,
Whoſe repetition will be dogg'd with curſes;
Whoſe chronicle thus writ, 'The man was noble——
'But with his laſt attempt he wip'd it out,
'Deſtroy'd his country, and his name remains
'To th' enſuing age abhorr'd.' Speak to me, ſon:
Thou haſt affected the firſt ſtrains of honour,
To imitate the graces of the gods;
Who tear with thunder the wide cheeks o' th' air,
And yet do charge their ſulphur with a bolt,
That ſhould but rive an oak. Why doſt not ſpeak?
Think'ſt thou it honourable for a Noble man
Still to remember wrongs? Daughter, ſpeak you:
He cares not for your weeping. Speak thou, boy;
Perhaps thy childiſhneſs will move him more
Than can our reaſons. There's no man in the world
More bound to's mother; yet here he lets me prate
Like one i' th' ſtocks. Thou'ſt never in thy life
Shew'd thy dear mother any courteſy;
When ſhe, (poor hen), fond of no ſecond brood,
Has cluck'd thee to the wars, and ſafely home,
Loaden with honour. Say, my requeſt's unjuſt,
And ſpurn me back: but if it be not ſo,
Thou *art not* honeſt, and the gods will plague thee,
That thou reſtrain'ſt from me the duty which

To a mother's part belongs.——He turns away:
Down, Ladies; let us ſhame him with our knees.
To's ſirname *Coriolanus* 'longs more pride,
Than pity to our prayers. Down, and end;
This is the laſt. So we will home to Rome,
And die among our neighbours: nay, behold us.
This boy, that cannot tell what he would have,
But kneels, and holds up hands for fellowſhip,
Does reaſon our petition with more ſtrength
Than thou haſt to deny't. Come, let us go;
This fellow had a Volſcian to his mother;
His wife is in Corioli; and this child
Like him by chance: yet give us our diſpatch.
I'm huſh'd, until our city be afire;
And then I'll ſpeak a little.

Cor. "O mother, mother!———
[*Holds her by the hands, ſilent.*
"What have you done? Behold, the heav'ns do ope,
"The gods look down, and this unnatural ſcene
"They laugh at. Oh, my mother, mother! oh!
You've won a happy victory to Rome:
But for your ſon, believe it, oh, believe it,
Moſt dang'rouſly you have with him prevail'd,
If not moſt mortal to him. Let it come.——
Aufidius, though I cannot make true wars,
I'll frame convenient peace. Now, good Aufidius,
Were you in my ſtead, ſay, would you have heard
A mother leſs? or granted leſs, Aufidius?

Auf. I too was mov'd.

Cor. I dare be ſworn you were;
And, Sir, it is no little thing to make
Mine eyes to ſweat compaſſion. But, good Sir,
What peace you'll make, adviſe me: for my part
I'll not to Rome, I'll back with you, and pray you
Stand to me in this cauſe. O mother! wife!——

Auf. I'm glad thou'ſt ſet thy mercy and thy honour
At difference in thee; out of that I'll work
Myſelf my former fortune. [*Aſide.*

Cor. Ay, by and by; but we will drink together;
And you ſhall bear [*To Vol. Virg. &c.*
A better witneſs back than words, which we,
On like conditions, will have counterſeal'd.

Come

Come, enter with us.

Auf. Ladies, you deſerve
To have a temple built you: all the ſwords
In Italy, and her confederate arms,
Could not have made this peace. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *The Forum in Rome.*

Enter Menenius and Sicinius.

Men. See you yond coin o' th' Capitol, yond corner-ſtone?

Sic. Why, what of that?

Men. If it be poſſible for you to diſplace it with your little finger, there is ſome hope the ladies of Rome, eſpecially his mother, may prevail with him. But I ſay there is no hope in't; our throats are ſentenc'd, and ſtay upon execution.

Sic. Is't poſſible, that ſo ſhort a time can alter the condition of a man?

Men. There is difference between a grub and a butterfly, yet your butterfly was a grub: this Marcius is grown from man to dragon; he has wings, he's more than a creeping thing.

Sic. He lov'd his mother dearly.

Men. So did he me: and he no more remembers his mother now, than an eight-years-old horſe †. The tartneſs of his face ſours ripe grapes. When he walks, he moves like an engine, and the ground ſhrinks before his treading. He is able to pierce a corſlet with his eye; talks like a knell, and his hum is a battery. He fits in his ſtate as a thing made for Alexander. What he bids be done, is finiſh'd with his bidding. He wants nothing of a god, but eternity, and a heaven to throne in.

Sic. Yes, mercy, if you report him truly.

Men. I paint him in the character. Mark, what mercy his mother ſhall bring from him: there is no more mercy in him, than there is milk in a male tyger; that ſhall our poor city find; and all this is long of you.

Sic. The gods be good unto us!

Men. No, in ſuch a caſe the gods will not be good unto us. When we baniſh'd him, we reſpected not them;

† *Subintelligitur, remembers his dam.*

them; and he returning to break our necks, they reſpect not us.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſſ. Sir, if you'd ſave your life, fly to your houſe;
The Plebeians have got your fellow-tribune,
And hale him up and down; all ſwearing, if
The Roman ladies bring not comfort home,
They'll give him death by inches.

Enter another Meſſenger.

Sic. What's the news?

Meſſ. Good news, good news; the ladies have prevail'd,
The Volſcians are diſlodg'd, and Marcius gone.
A merrier day did never yet greet Rome,
No, not the expulſion of the Tarquins.

Sic. Friend,
Art certain this is true? is it moſt certain?

Meſſ. As certain as I know the ſun is fire.
Where have you lurk'd, that you make doubt of it?
Ne'er through an arch ſo hurried the blown tide,
As the recomforted through th' gates. Why, hark you;
[*Trumpets, hautboys, drums beat, all together.*
The trumpets, ſackbuts, pſalteries, and fifes,
Tabors and cymbals, and the ſhouting Romans
Make the ſun dance. Hark you! [*A ſhout within.*

Men. This is good news.
I will go meet the ladies. This Volumnia
Is worth of Conſuls, Senators, Patricians,
A city full; of Tribunes, ſuch as you,
A ſea and land full. You've pray'd well to-day,
This morning, for ten thouſand of your throats
I'd not have given a doit. Hark, how they joy!
[*Sound ſtill, with the ſhouts.*

Sic. Firſt, the gods bleſs you for your tidings: next,
Accept my thankfulneſs.

Meſſ. Sir, we have all great cauſe to give great thanks.

Sic. They're near the city?

Meſſ. Almoſt at point to enter.

Sic. We'll meet them, and help the joy. [*Exeunt.*

Enter

Enter two Senators, with the Ladies, paſſing over the ſtage; with other Lords.

Sen. Behold our patroneſs, the life of Rome:
Call all your tribes together, praiſe the gods,
And make triumphant fires: ſtrew flowers before them.
Unſhout the noiſe that baniſh'd Marcius;
Repeal him with the welcome of his mother.
Cry,——Welcome, Ladies, welcome!
All. Welcome, Ladies, welcome!——— [*Exeunt*
[*A flouriſh with drums and trumpets.*

SCENE V *Changes to a public place in Antium.*

Enter Tullus Aufidius, with Attendants.

Auf. Go tell the Lords o' th' city, I am here.
Deliver them this paper: having read it,
Bid them repair to th' market-place, where I,
Even in theirs and in the commons' ears,
Will vouch the truth of it. He I accuſe,
The city-ports by this hath enter'd; and
Intends t' appear before the people, hoping [come!
To purge himſelf with words. Diſpatch.——Moſt wel-

Enter three or four Conſpirators of Aufidius's faction.

1 *Con.* How is it with our General?
Auf. Even ſo,
As with a man by his own alms impoiſon'd,
And with his charity ſlain.
2 *Con.* Moſt Noble Sir,
If you hold the ſame intent wherein
You wiſh'd us parties, we'll deliver you
Of your great danger.
Auf. Sir, I cannot tell;
We muſt proceed, as we do find the people.
3 *Con.* The people will remain uncertain, whilſt
'Twixt you there's difference; but the fall of either
Makes the ſurvivor heir of all.
Auf. I know it;
And my pretext to ſtrike at him admits
A good conſtruction. I raiſed him, and pawn'd
Mine honour for his truth; who being ſo heighten'd,

He

He water'd his new plants with dews of flattery,
Seducing ſo my friends; and to this end
He bow'd his nature, never known before
But to be rough, unſwayable, and fierce.

3 *Con.* Sir, his ſtoutneſs
When he did ſtand for Conſul, which he loſt
By lack of ſtooping———

Auf. That I would have ſpoke of.
Being baniſh'd for't, he came unto my hearth,
Preſented to my knife his throat. I took him,
Made him joint ſervant with me; gave him way
In all his own deſires; nay, let him chuſe
Out of my files, his projects to accompliſh,
My beſt and freſheſt men; ſerv'd his deſignments
In mine own perſon; holp to reap the fame,
Which he did make all his; and took ſome pride
To do myſelf this wrong; till, at the laſt,
I ſeem'd his follower, not partner; and
He wag'd me with his countenance, as if
I had been mercenary.

1 *Con.* So he did, my Lord.
The army marvell'd at it, and at laſt,
When he had carried Rome, and that we looked
For no leſs ſpoil than glory———

Auf. There was it;———
(For which my ſinews ſhall be ſtretch'd upon him):
" At a few drops of womens' rheum, which are
" As cheap as lies, he ſold the blood and labour
" Of our great action; therefore ſhall he die,
And I'll renew me in his fall. But, hark!

[*Drums and trumpets ſound, with great ſhouts of the people.*

1 *Con.* Your native town you enter'd like a poſt,
And had no welcomes home: but he returns,
Splitting the air with noiſe.

2 *Con.* And patient fools,
Whoſe children he hath ſlain, their baſe throats tear,
Giving him glory.

3 *Con.* Therefore, at your vantage,
Ere he expreſs himſelf, or move the people
With what he would ſay, let him feel your ſword,
Which we will ſecond. When he lies along,

After your way his tale pronounc'd ſhall bury
His reaſons with his body.
Auf. Say no more,
Here come the Lords.

Enter the Lords of the city.

All Lords. You're moſt welcome home.
Auf. I have not deſerv'd it.
But, worthy Lords, have you with heed perus'd
What I have written to you?
All. We have.
1 *Lord.* And grieve to hear it.
What faults he made before the laſt, I think
Might have found eaſy fines: but there to end
Where he was to begin, and give away
The benefit of our levies, anſwering us
With our own charge, making a treaty where
There was a yielding; this admits no excuſe.
Auf. He approaches, you ſhall hear him.

SCENE VI.

Enter Coriolanus, marching with drums and colours, the Commons being with him.

Cor. Hail, Lords; I am return'd, your ſoldier;
No more infected with my country's love,
Than when I parted hence, but ſtill ſubſiſting
Under your great command. You are to know,
That proſperouſly I have attempted, and
With bloody paſſage led your wars, even to
The gates of Rome. Our ſpoils we have brought home,
Do more than counterpoiſe, a full third part,
The charges of the action. We've made peace
With no leſs honour to the Antiates,
Than ſhame to th' Romans: and we here deliver,
Subſcribed by the Conſuls and Patricians,
Together with the ſeal o' th' ſenate, what
We have compounded on.
Auf. Read it not, Noble Lords;
But tell the traitor, in the higheſt degree
He hath abus'd your powers.
Cor. Traitor!——how now!——

Auf.

Auf. Ay, traitor, Marcius.

Cor. Marcius!

Auf. Ay, Marcius, Caius Marcius; doſt thou think,
I'll grace thee with that robbery, thy ſtol'n name
Coriolanus in Corioli?
You Lords and heads o' th' ſtate, perfidiouſly
He has betray'd your buſineſs, and given up
For certain drops of ſalt, your city Rome!
I ſay, your city, to his wife and mother;
Breaking his oath and reſolution, like
A twiſt of rotten ſilk, never admitting
Counſel o' th' war; but at his nurſe's tears
He whin'd and roar'd away your victory,
That pages bluſh'd at him, and men of heart
Look'd wond'ring each at other.

Cor. Hear'ſt thou, Mars!———

Auf. Name not the god! thou boy of tears!

Cor. Ha!

Auf. No more.

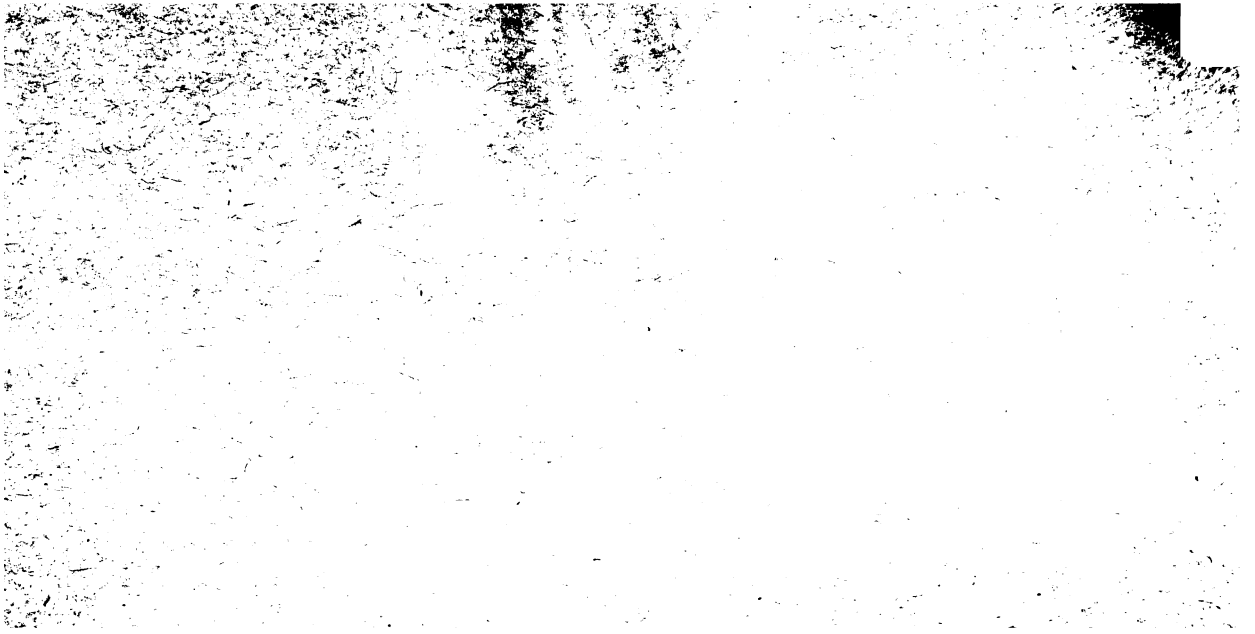
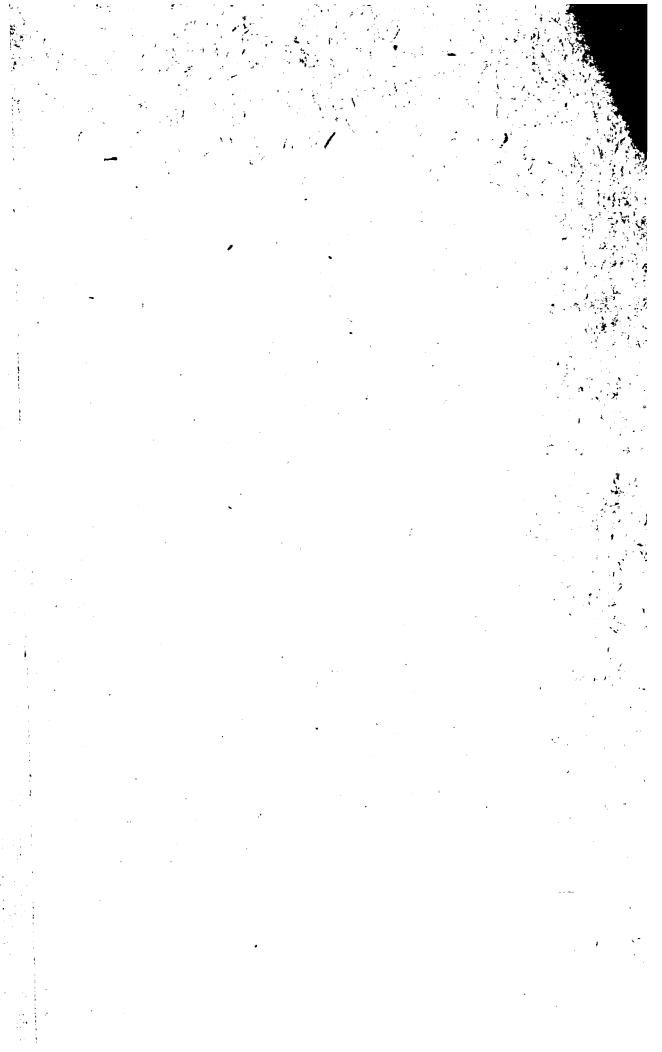
Cor. Meaſureleſs lyar, thou haſt made my heart
Too great for what contains it. Boy? O ſlave!——
Pardon me, Lords, 'tis the firſt time that ever
I'm forc'd to ſcold. Your judgments, my grave Lords,
Muſt give this cur the lye; and his own notion
(Who wears my ſtripes impreſs'd upon him, that
Muſt bear my beating to his grave) ſhall join
To thruſt the lye unto him.

1 *Lord.* Peace both, and hear me ſpeak.

Cor. Cut me to pieces, Volſcians, men and lads,
Stain all your edges in me. Boy? falſe hound!—
If you have writ your annals true, 'tis there
That, like an eagle in a dovecote, I
Flutter'd your Volſcians in Corioli.
Alone I did it. Boy!——

Auf. Why, Noble Lords,
Will you be put in mind of his blind fortune,
Which was your ſhame, by this unholy braggart,
'Fore your own eyes and ears?

All Con. Let him die for't.

All People. Tear him to pieces, do it preſently.
He kill'd my ſon,—my daughter,—kill'd my couſin,—
He kill'd my father,— [*The croud ſpeak promiſcuouſly.*

2 Lord